The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

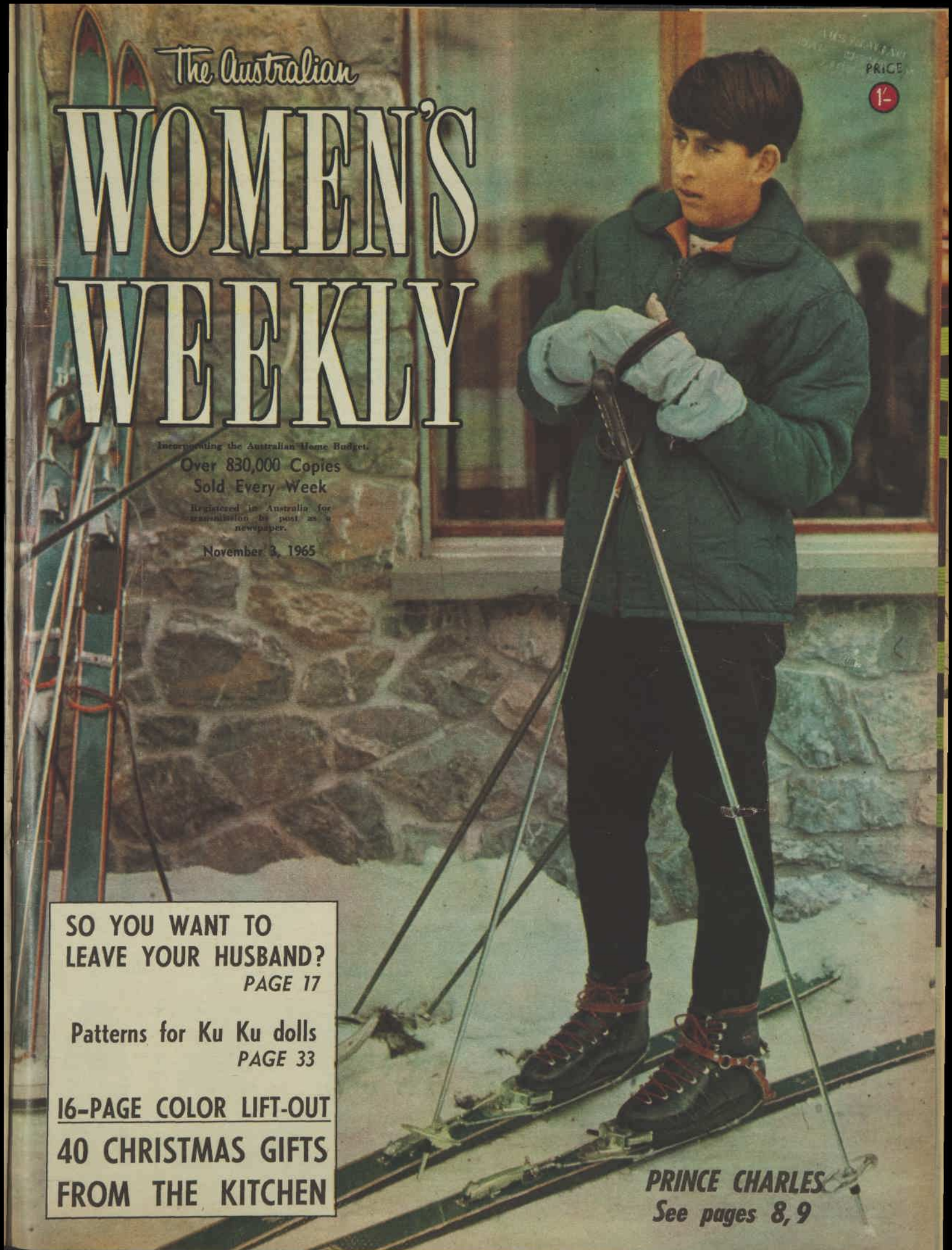
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November 3, 1965

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SO YOU WANT TO LEAVE YOUR HUSBAND?
PAGE 17

Patterns for Ku Ku dolls
PAGE 33

16-PAGE COLOR LIFT-OUT

40 CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM THE KITCHEN

PRINCE CHARLES
See pages 8, 9

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WORTH REPORTING

"WHAT would we be called as biscuit-barrel collectors — barrelologists?" mused Frank Andrews, of William Arnott Pty. Ltd., the biscuit makers, as he looked over the beginnings of the collection the firm is gathering.

"These old barrels are so linked with the history of biscuits, it seemed right to collect some this year — Arnott's 100th birthday year," Mr. Andrews explained.

Silver, cut and pressed glass, pewter, wood, china, and colored glass — 16 barrels of varying ages — now make up the collection.

The firm expects to display the assortment when they have found another 80 or so.

"I've found some of the best antiques around Parramatta," said Mr. Andrews. "I hunt them at weekends.

"But generally we're becoming international. For instance, the old Wedgwood barrel my father-in-law sent me from England."

Most expensive barrel in the collection to date is a silver one that cost £25. The cheapest, of pewter, cost £1.

Any reader who knows of a particularly interesting old biscuit barrel for sale is invited to write to Arnott's factory, George Street, Homebush, N.S.W.

OUR COVER

● Prince Charles, photographed this year at a European ski resort. Anne Matheson, of our London staff, says on this holiday Charles showed that the once shy small boy had developed self-assurance. His protest to the people who wanted to watch him learn to ski was to the point: "Must you keep following me around?" TIMBERTOP, Charles' Australian school, pages 8, 9.

A date— with history

A PRACTICAL and charming way to keep track of appointments throughout 1966 is the new desk diary published by the Women's Committee of the National Trust of Australia, N.S.W.

Included in the diary are 34 pages of photographs of N.S.W. buildings, old and new.

Lively notes point out architectural features of the houses, relate incidents in their pasts, and mention builders, architects, owners.

Part of a letter written in 1866 by an early occupant of "Denfield," at Campbelltown, is quoted beside the picture of the house:

"They are very much excited about here, the Mail was robbed ten days ago . . . The night before last they stopped it about a quarter of a mile from this house — the coachman and passengers came about 4 o'clock in the morning to tell us. These robberies take place in the night . . . they were hiding all their jewellery. Papa has loaded his pistol."

We were happy to help produce the diary by giving the Trust the technical assistance of our photographic studio.

The diary costs 30/- and is available in Sydney at Trust Headquarters, 115 Pitt Street, and at Angus and Robertson, Clay's Bookshop, and Moore's Bookshop.

● Some of the charming biscuit barrels (below) in the Arnott collection.



MODELS PRAISE SILKYMIT



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"FABULOUS... NO RAZOR NICKS!" *Penny Pardey*



"... SMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTH" *Tina Cornoley*

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MODERN ART INSPIRES NEW FASHION



● *Multi - colored squares banded in black and placed on a white ground is the striking color combination used for the dress shown at right.*

● *Mondrian Look (above) is portrayed by insets of black stripes on rose-red. St. Laurent donated several of his Mondrian models to the Musee des Arts Modernes in Paris.*

● *Bare-shouldered, turtle-necked one-piece dress (above) is made in navy wool jersey printed with squares of bright green. The Mondrian Look in fashion already has had a world-wide success.*

● Yves St. Laurent started something in creating the Mondrian Look for his autumn collection.

The look is inspired by painter Piet Mondrian, a devotee of American jazz who died in 1944, aged 72.

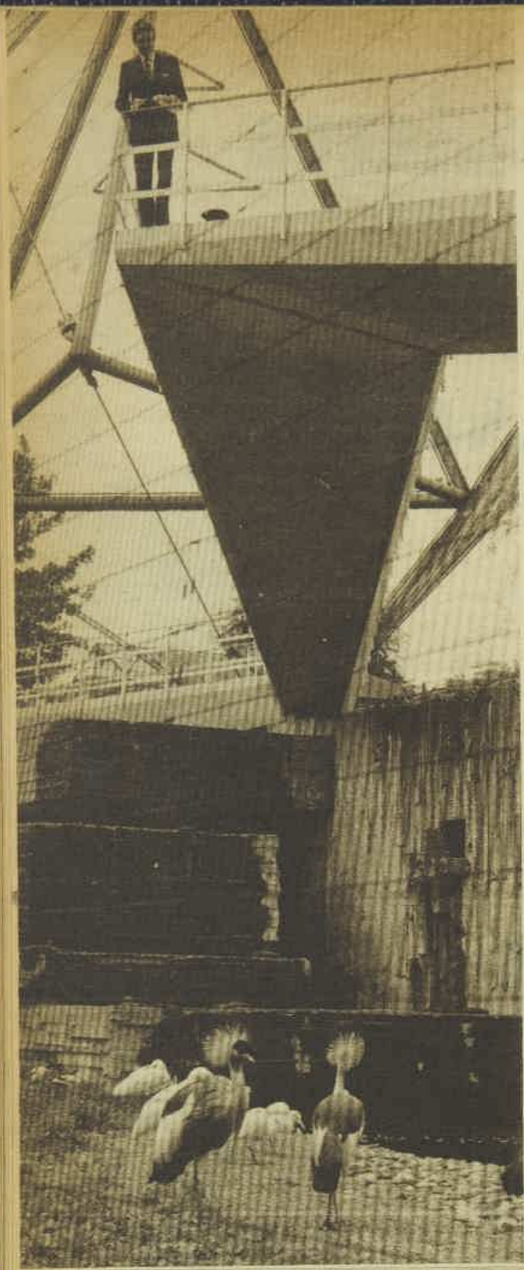
The Mondrian Look is jags and bands of bold color taken from the artist's palette and placed on a plain-colored background.

St. Laurent had his Mondrian fabrics specially woven in jersey. The jersey is used for straight one-piece dresses.

The look is already the rage of New York in every price bracket.

Young U.S. mods are creating their own Mondrian fashions by sewing bold color patches and bands on straight little shifts. It's a great fashion way to get rid of old fabric scraps. – *BETTY KEEP*

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A revealing interview with the man who has

TONY SNOWDON'S

"I AM basically a carpenter," said Lord Snowdon.

I had come that morning to his London home to talk about "Private View," the newly published book on London's art world.

The text is the combined effort of the distinguished art editor John Russell and Brian Robertson, the imaginative director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery, while the accompanying photographs, which would be considered remarkable in any context, are the work of Lord Snowdon. Altogether, a felicitous combination.

All the same, it was entirely suitable, I decided, that the first exchange of conversation, when my host came into his workroom on the ground floor of Kensington Palace, should include a reference to his inborn love for making things with his own hands.

The room is filled with examples of his expert craftsmanship.

His writing table I had been admiring particularly; very plain, made of teak, with a wide, flat surface, bound with what looked like dark green leather. Graceful and handsome, but clearly a working desk, with a stainless-steel frame.

"How much did it cost you to make?" I asked, enviously.

"About £11. The 'leather' is a composition material, foam-backed."

"And how much would it cost in a shop?" I persisted.

"I can tell you exactly, because a friend liked it so much he had it copied. Over £100." There was rightly pleasure in his voice at the comparison.

Behind the desk, between the long windows, there is a portrait of a young girl by that contemporary artist of rising reputation, Philip Sutton. Startlingly, the face has no features, so that your eyes concentrate on the painting of the dress itself, a conglomeration of Cezanne-like colors.

Your first impression is of an unfinished sketch for a portrait, and then, after a second and third scrutiny, you come to the realisation that, on the contrary, this is the finished article, uncompromisingly typical of the experimental era it represents.

"You like it? I am increasingly delighted by it every time I come into the room," my host exclaimed.

My eyes turned to the other equally dominating portrait over the mantelpiece, where there was a long, low, built-in electric fire he had designed in Welsh slate and stainless steel.

This picture was a complete contrast. A negro in silhouette against a dark, brooding landscape. Near it, on the same wall, was another much smaller oil, this time a reclining monkey, where I recognised the work of the famous Australian painter Sidney Nolan.

"Who is that other picture by?" I asked, nodding toward the fireplace.

"Patrick Proctor. He had his first show last year. This he did when a student."

● His throat dries up and his hands shake when he has to make a speech . . . He loathes "good taste" but adores bargain antiques . . . Wants never to "own" his children . . . After evening functions works at welding, to unwind.

My companion's tone stated clearly: I am not interested only in those who have arrived. And his enthusiasm I found infectious.

The vitality in his voice and animated expression matches the swift movements he makes as he walks about the room, showing you the things that it has amused him to collect, like the polished brass antique helmets of firemen, an advertisement for Fry's chocolate, a bygone poster for a steam fair.

The five years of his marriage have not reduced his movements to the inevitable slow motion of a formal royal progress. For instance, stuck almost carelessly by drawing-pins to a big bookcase-cum-screen (another self-built piece of furniture, which divides the room) there are some family pictures taken by himself.

These he has treated like snapshots, instead, as one might have expected, of incarcerating them in grand coroneted frames.

"I think photographs in a room should always have a transient look," he explained. "Tomorrow you take one down and put a later one up in its place."

Family movies

"You mean a less permanent effect in a room than in a book?" I suggested.

"Much less permanent. In any case, it's absurd to try to elevate photography into one of the major arts."

He was not speaking with false modesty, hoping to be contradicted. It was a statement of fact. A fullstop. I changed the subject.

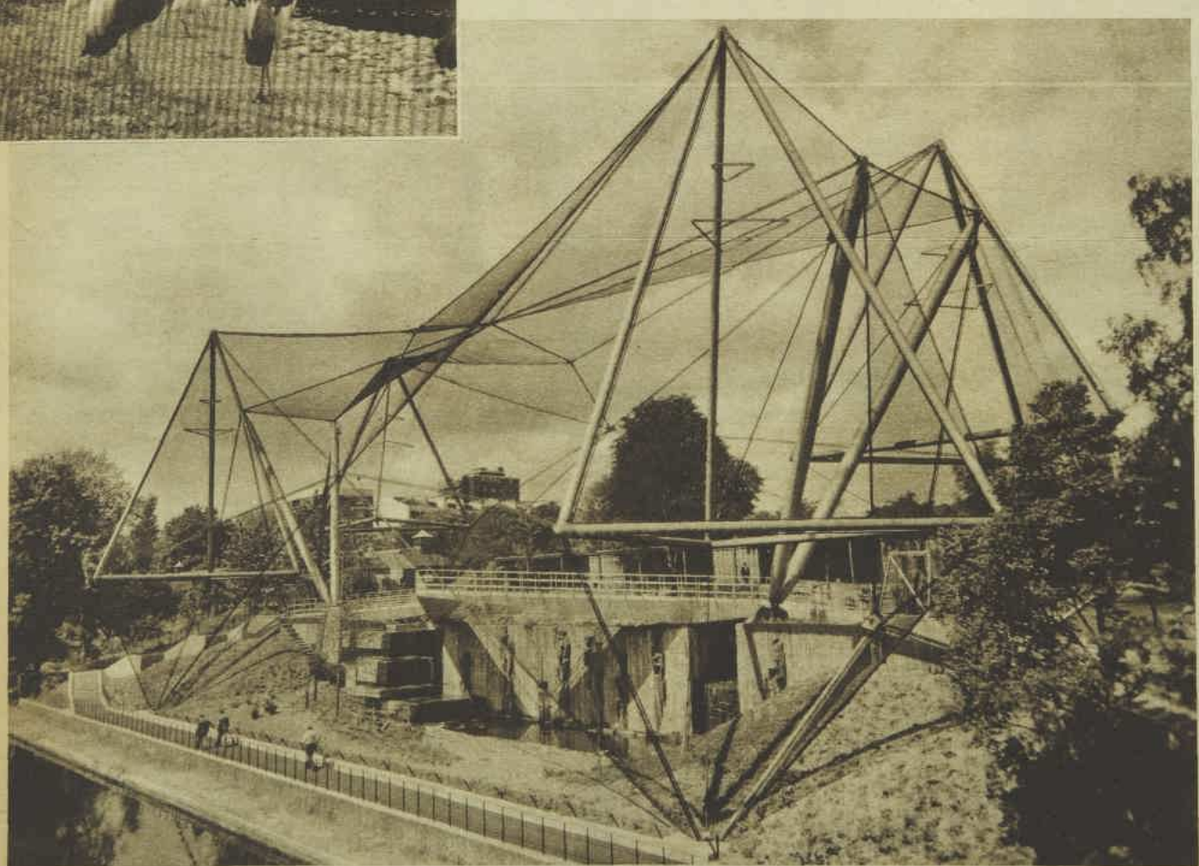
"I hear you're experimenting in making films?"

"Only for family consumption. How long do they run? Oh, about 20 minutes. That's how and where I show them."

On the other side of the room from the fireplace there was elaborate hi-fi equipment which he had made, and also a film projector placed against an aperture glassed like a port-hole. I looked through the lens and there was the reflection of a formal drawing-room next door.

A symphony in shaded blue silks that belonged to a different world, it was a surprise from which I turned away quickly, for I had come simply to discuss my host's burgeoning professional life.

And yet I could not help



IN THE BIRDCAGE which he designed at London Zoo, Lord Snowdon (figure at top) inspects the first inhabitants. The £120,000-sterling walk-through aviary was completed last May, is coming into use gradually. He has been helping with landscaping.

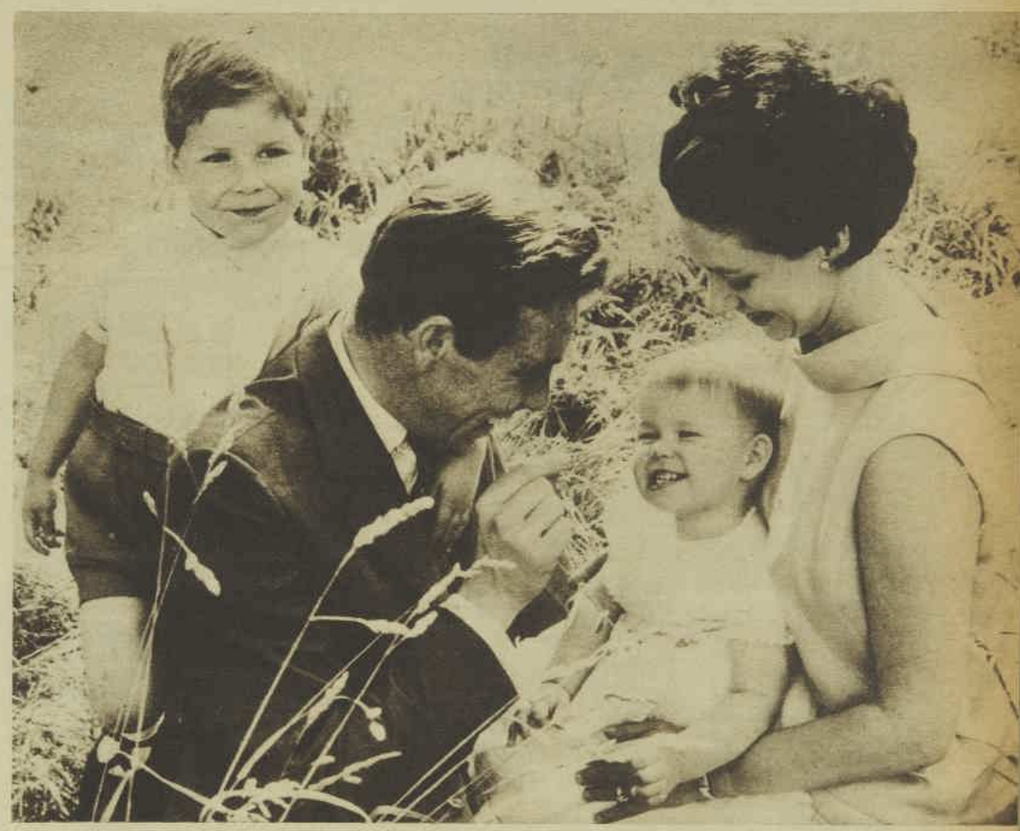
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managed to keep his enthusiasms

OTHER LIFE



LORD SNOWDON, the photographer-designer (left), enjoys stalking his children for charmingly natural pictures, month by month, but these are kept strictly private. To take the family picture below, he and Princess Margaret brought in the famous Cecil Beaton. Little David, Lord Linley, is four on November 3, and baby sister Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones was one year old last May Day.



By GODFREY WINN

reflecting to myself: here, in miniature, I had had a brief, unexpected glimpse of his other life. The part of his life when he acted as host to his wife's friends and his own, the fellow artists whom she in her turn had made so welcome, enjoying the widening of her own horizons, the opportunities afforded, such as their coming informal visit to America, to sharpen her already considerable catholic vision.

As though he could sense what was in my mind, he exclaimed: "I keep separate engagement books for my professional life and my other engagements.

"Which side is bigger? They about match." He pulled a wry face as he went on to tell how angry he had been when an American magazine made a sneering reference to his following in Princess Margaret's wake, on her visits to hospitals, with a camera in his hand.

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. He keeps the two sides of his life utterly separate. Moreover, his marriage to a member of the royal family has had disadvantages in the career to which he is dedicated.

He has had to prove over and over again that he has earned his Press pass the hard way.

"Live down"

I recalled some photographs Tony Snowdon had taken of the inmates of an old people's home. They were like black-and-white etchings by Rembrandt, only equalled by the more recent pictures he took the other day to match the text of a Cruelty to Children documentary.

Again, in the book that is about to be published there is a study of a nude model, posing at a London art school, where the flesh tints are worthy of Renoir. Grouped round her, the students sit and sketch in shadowy concentration, and the whole arrangement has a kind of perfection in its own genre.

Surely no one could still suggest that this was the work of an amateur, an apprentice, and yet —

"Have you found it very difficult to live down the royal label?" I asked bluntly.

"At first, yes. It was extremely difficult. No one would leave me alone. I was followed and surrounded by other photographers wherever I went, if it was out of doors, on a working assignment. It was almost impossible to concentrate on the job."

"Is it getting better now?"

"Much better, thank goodness." He smiled, looking suddenly almost as young as the college memento of himself on the wall coxing the university crew.

"Come on, I'll show you the rest of the practical side of the set-up if you'd like to see it. It's all downstairs in the basement. There's my dark-room and my secretary's room and my carpentry shop. I designed it all and put down the flooring myself. I saved a lot that way."

As he went on ahead of me I noticed that the limp from the polio attack he had suffered as a boy hardly shows today. However, the aftermath was enough to prevent him from ever taking part in competitive sport as a member of a team.

Being a rowing cox was the one exception open to him. That is why water-skiing means so much to Tony today. And underwater diving. They are the perfect recompenses.

"Dorothy, have you an advance copy of next week's mag?" he asked eagerly, when we reached his secretary's room. Cupboards of sweet - smelling pinewood everywhere, shining wooden floors.

Dorothy had a fresh country look and wasn't at all the sophisticated young lady I had somehow envisaged.

My companion turned over the pages to show me astonishing surrealist studies of the film director Richard Lester flying through the air. The biter bit. Once again, I was impressed by the photographer's versatility.

"Do you do your own developing?" I asked.

"No, that would be a waste of precious time, but I do still spend a lot of time printing, myself. Then when I have seen each batch I decide which ones are worth blowing up.

"It's in the enlarging, the visualising of the final effect on a page, that is the real technical challenge."

A moment later, as we reached his carpentry den, which is full of every kind of gadget, he confessed that he liked best of all working at night.

"I like to work all night sometimes," he went on. "When we get back from an evening function I often come down here and put in a couple of hours.

"I particularly find welding very satisfying. I suppose you could call it a kind of therapy. Certainly, working down here helps me to unwind, when I have been standing about all evening."

He meant, I felt, on show. "Which do you find more tiring?" I asked curiously. "The dinners and the balls, or the official visits to things like factories?"

"Oh, I like the visits to factories very much. I learn a lot. I am always fascinated by seeing how anything is made."

"But what about asking questions? I am always nervous myself when I am making a tour in an unknown sphere that I will make a fool of myself, asking something silly."

"I only ask questions when I really want to know the answer. I hate social chit-chat.

"On the other hand, nothing seems to help when I have to make a speech in public. I am so nervous that my throat completely dries up, and if I try to reach out for a glass of water my hand trembles so much that I think I am going to drop it."

I was astonished at this confession, because in ordinary conversation Tony is never at a loss for a word. He talks at a great pace, with an enviable range of vocabulary.

"I think good speech-makers are born, not made," I suggested. "Like Prince Philip," I added, and then wished that I hadn't. I was impinging again accidentally on my host's other existence, and I understood why he changed direction abruptly.

"Have you seen my aviary at the Zoo? No? Then would you like to? What time are we lunching? Would it be all right if I asked Dorothy to telephone your home and say we'll be a bit late?"

We had already arranged to send my car away so that Tony could drive himself to lunch with me in the Pimlico district, where I have lived for 30 years and where he himself once had a studio.

So up the stairs he darted ahead of me, and again I had difficulty in keeping up. In fact, a footman in a striped housecoat in the hall had not time to open the door of the blue Aston Martin standing outside at the courtyard steps.

Cheer-up gift

In a moment we were in it, and gaining speed, past the guardian policeman and away through the back roads, round Notting Hill Gate, that the driver at the wheel seemed to know like the back of his hand.

Indeed, he drove with the skill and panache of a racing motorist, but I had no qualms. I was clearly in safe hands. "Do you like driving fast?" When I nodded, he went on, "That's another kind of therapy for me. I've had this car only a few weeks. I think everyone should give themselves a present sometimes. Very good for the morale.



PUBLIC FIGURE. With Princess Margaret, visiting the Exhibition of Contemporary Arts of the Commonwealth at the Royal Festival Hall, he admires jewellery from Pakistan.

"I had a sort of depression over my work not long ago—do you ever have one? It's hell—so I gave myself this to cheer myself up."

We seemed to arrive at Regents Park much more quickly than I would have done in my own car. Perhaps because the two subjects that we discussed en route were so interesting, though diametrically diverse. For one concerned the freedom of the individual, to make his own way, to be someone in his own right; the other, a most pressing need for greater controls.

Above the noise of the traffic, the car's owner raised his voice to deplore the degree of haphazard building, in private hands, which was still being allowed to continue, changing the skyline

To page 12

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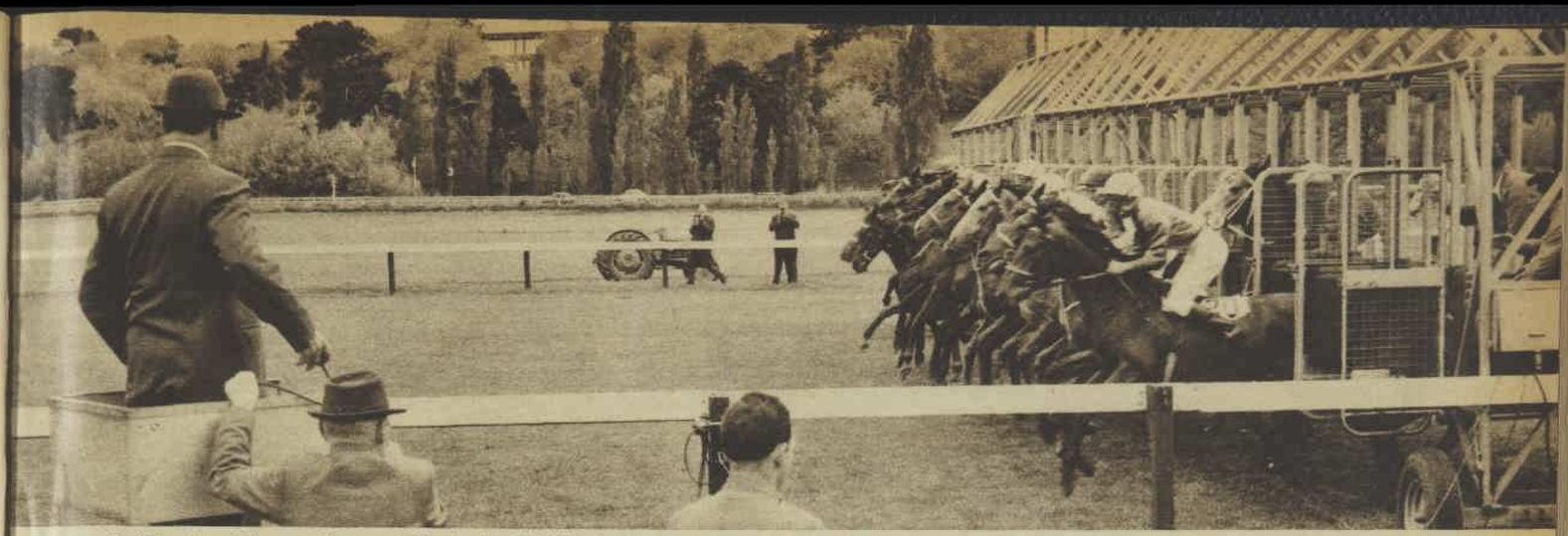
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● *"They're off" — and starter Mr. A. A. ("Bill") Armstrong, Country Party member for the Riverina in Federal Parliament, still has his thumb near the starting button. A starter for 35 years, on November 2 he will start his 15th Melbourne Cup.*

Non-punting politician will start Cup

● "Got a tip for the Cup, Bill?" is a much-asked question around Federal Parliament these days. In fact, it's one of the first things MPs ask Mr. Bill Armstrong, Country Party member for the Riverina in the House of Representatives.



● *Mr. Armstrong, who can reel off details of the 14 Melbourne Cups he has started — winners, placegetters, and weights.*

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

FOR good reason and good humor — Mr. A. A. ("Bill") Armstrong, 57 - year - old grazier from Deniliquin, N.S.W., is the Victoria Racing Club's official starter.

And on November 2 he will send off his 15th Melbourne Cup at Flemington racecourse — as long as Federal Parliament is not sitting that day.

Mr. Armstrong's tip is that it won't be. "I think the interest of my fellow parliamentarians saves the day," he commented wryly.

And that is the only tip Mr. Armstrong will give about the Cup.

"I'm not a punter," he said. "I never have been. This is a habit, not a virtue. Even when I'm on holiday and attend racing meetings, I don't bet.

"Many people have the idea that individuals connected with racing are tremendous bettors. If they are, they don't stay in racing long.

"My greatest interest in racing is breeding horses. I breed thoroughbreds for country racing. Mind you, I haven't produced any champions — just a couple of horses that have done well in Queensland.

"I regard starting as a relaxation. If I ever thought it would interfere with my parliamentary work, I'd give it up.

"In fact, it's more a help than a hindrance. At the races I meet a lot of country, interstate, and overseas people — they all help to widen your vision."

He believes a starter must be someone with a thorough understanding of horses — "someone able to look at a horse and judge instinctively if it's ready to go."

Bill Armstrong has been starting horses for 35 years. He began by dropping a flag at open races and picnic meetings and he has often started trotters.

He started his brother, a champion amateur rider, in many races.

"I used to ride," said Mr. Armstrong, "but" — patting his waistline — "I got too heavy and had to stick to playing polo."

Even during World War II, when he was in New Guinea as a major in the AIF, he was official starter for race meetings at Soputa.

"I got the job of straightening out racing after one horse won three different races in one day under three different names," he said with a laugh.

"The horse's real name was Padre Bill.

"When racing was organised on a more reasonable basis with a totalisator, we made thousands of pounds for the Prisoners of War Fund."

Big electorate

Mr. Armstrong, his wife — daughter of well - known Queensland pastoralist Mr. Edward Hill — and 25-year-old son Peter live on the family's 2000-acre property, "Woodbury," at East Deniliquin, on the New South Wales border.

Mrs. Armstrong will be at the Melbourne Cup this year, and she will have a few modest bets. She says that if she remembers she watches her husband in action at the starting barrier.

The Armstrongs' two eldest children, Janet and John, are married with children. Another son, Robert, 19, is a student.

Bill Armstrong returns home each weekend. He has his office in Deniliquin, one of the Riverina's wealthiest towns.

His electorate is one of the five biggest in Federal Parliament. "It's not nearly as big as the others, but it contains by far the most sheep," he said.

"I'm proud that I represent the most number of sheep — think of what that wool means in export. Between 12 and 15 million sheep are shorn each year in the Riverina."

The grazier-politician is a thick-set six-footer with rather stern, frowning eyebrows that make him appear serious. He seldom smiles, has the countryman's typical quiet, unruffled manner.

He is tanned and fit looking. ("The only exercise I seem to get these days is walking or playing tennis.")

He is always smoothly suited, and has an obvious liking for good three-piece English tweeds.

"Starters in England wear top hats and tails on important occasions," Mr. Armstrong said, giving the impression that he would not really enjoy mounting a starting platform wearing top hat and tails on Derby or Melbourne Cup Days.

He admits there is a certain degree of nervousness at the barrier on Melbourne Cup Day.

"I don't feel any different, but anxiety is apparent in some riders," he said.

"I don't remember a bad Cup start — as far as I'm concerned, anyhow.

"It takes longer to start a Melbourne Cup than most races because of the number of horses," he said. "It can take up to four or five minutes to line up a Cup field. We work on the principle of two minutes per 15 horses.

"Usually a Cup gets off on time.

"Since 1961 a Melbourne Cup field has been restricted to 26 starters. The biggest Cup I've started had 32 runners. The year Dalray won there were 30 in the field.

"Now, that was a Cup I remember well — not because it was a spectacular race, but Dalray was such an outstanding horse.

"He would be one of the greatest horses I've started.

"I'll never forget the Cup Rising Fast won after winning the Caulfield Cup. The following year he took off the Caulfield Cup again. And looked as if he'd set a record and win his second Melbourne Cup — but he ran second.

"Then there was Tulloch's Caulfield Cup. Another excellent Melbourne Cup run — not generally acknowledged — was made by Aquanita, carrying nine stone six pounds. He went to the front three furlongs from home and broke part of his gear. He finished third. It was a far more meritorious run than people generally think."

Most racegoers feel a bad start is a fierce handicap, and Mr. Armstrong agrees — if the race is a sprint.

"But a good start is not as vital as most racegoers think," he said.

"A horse can miss a start, particularly in a distance race, then settle down behind other horses and go to the front. If he takes the lead too soon, he could fall behind."

A ritual

Some of the greatest horses in Australian racing history have been under Bill Armstrong's thumb at the barrier.

He performs his starting ritual in an impressive way. He strides across the track, hands clasped behind his back. Near the barrier he produces a sheet of paper and takes a roll call of jockeys.

"Here, sir," they reply as he calls their names.

(A starter commands great respect on the course. Even when an anxious jockey shouts, "Don't let the horses go yet," he doesn't forget to add a loud "sir.")

Standing on the track near the barrier, Mr. Armstrong regularly dips into his jacket and fishes out a gold pocket watch to check the time.

When his assistants have led, cajoled, or pushed the horses into their stalls, he prepares to climb the starting platform.

The crowd waits for the announcer's words over the amplifiers — "The starter has mounted his platform."

He surveys the horses in the stalls, and as soon as the stage is set he presses the button. The stalls fly open and "THEY'RE OFF."

As the horses gallop down the straight he checks his watch again. If the race has got off spot on time a satisfied look comes across his face as he leaves the track to see the race from the course's clock tower.

That watch, by the way, has quite a history. The 80-year-old timepiece belonged to Bill Armstrong's grandfather and father and keeps split-second time.

He uses it only on race days.

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Charles' new world

● Timbertop branch of the Geelong Grammar School, in the foothills of the Australian Alps, is not considering a VIP welcome when Prince Charles arrives for the term beginning on February 1, 1966.

● *Prince Charles.*



● *Young Timbertop master Mr. David Odling-Smee in his study, which has an adjoining bedroom. It is typical of the accommodation Prince Charles will have in the separate unit in which single masters are housed.*

"WE cannot make any definite predictions at this early stage — everything is supposition," said Timbertop's Headmaster, Mr. M. F. Hanley.

Born in South Africa, Mr. Hanley came to Timbertop in 1963 with his wife and three sons.

"As far as we know, Prince Charles will fulfil the role of a 'young old boy'," he said.

"Many of these have helped out at Timbertop in previous years, when we have been short of single masters. Most have been university students who come up at the beginning of first term to help 'break-in' the new year of schoolboys.

"They have done anything required of them, even to acting as office boys. As they never stay more than a couple of weeks, we have no precedent for the full term Prince Charles will spend with us.

"It is likely he will bridge the gap between prefects and the masters.

"He is older than the other boys in the school, whose ages range from 14½ to 15½ when they come in."

If the general attitude of this year's students at Timbertop is any guide, the Prince will be received with an informality it is most probable he hopes to find.

The boys' general opinion is that his coming is a very good thing, and he will find much in the sport and activity of the school to match the standards he is used to at Gordonstoun.

As he travels the 17 miles between the town of Mansfield and Timbertop, Charles will notice other similarities.

The Delatite River, which winds beside the road, alternates quiet pools with scattered rushes over stony shallows bordered with weeping willows like many trout-streams in Britain.

Many farmhouses have drives of oaks, elms, poplars, and pines which will remind Charles of home.

Mr. Hanley is convinced the Prince will fit easily into Timbertop's easy atmosphere. "We have good master-boy relationship and most of our staff is young and enthusiastic," he said.

The full academic curriculum is the first consideration.

Sporting activities are what Mr. Hanley calls "Timbertop variety." Replacing cricket, football, and tennis, for which there are no facilities on the steep slopes of Mount Timbertop, are tug-of-wars, obstacle races, tree-climbing.

A student from Gordonstoun will accompany Charles to Timbertop; a Geelong student will go on exchange to Gordonstoun.

—Berenice Craig



● *Panoramic view of the school buildings with Mount Timbertop in the background. Pine plantations on the slopes at left were planted by the boys. The school has 135 pupils, housed in nine separate units.*



● *"Pig duty" (above) for, left to right, David Stafford, Peter Hay, and Ian Morrison. Fowls are kept and some vegetables are grown.*



● *Meal over, nine boys, rostered as "slushies" (right), operate the washing-up machine in a pantry linking dining-hall and kitchen.*

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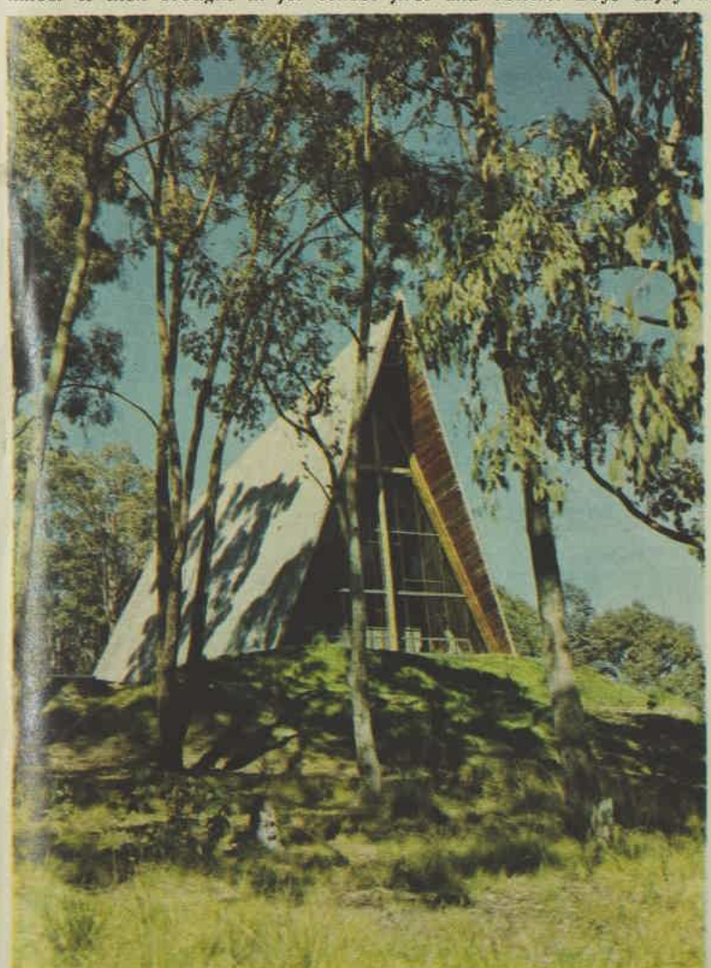
at Timbertop



● *Because Timbertop is surrounded by tall trees, cutting firebreaks is a task in which masters and boys join three afternoons a week after school. The timber is then brought in for school fires and boilers. Boys enjoy this chore.*



● *Headmaster Mr. M. F. Hanley with his youngest son, Richard (5), and Golden Labradors Flash and Thunder. Other Hanley sons are Andrew. 9, Ian, 7.*



● *Beautiful school chapel of St. John the Baptist is built of wood to a triangular snowfields design with steeply sloping sides. The end wall of the chapel is glass.*



● *Hiking party crosses the Delatite Creek, which runs through the school grounds at the foot of Mount Timbertop. Prince Charles is expected to join these hikes, which involve camping under the stars at night.*



● *Boys (right) muster for roll-call at 7.25 a.m. — before breakfast. School uniforms are not worn at Timbertop. Boys dress in slacks, jeans, shorts, and sweaters.*

— Pictures by Brian Ferguson

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ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Moppett after their marriage at St. Peter's Church, Watson's Bay. The bride was Miss Helen Golsby, daughter of Mrs. W. Golsby, of "Calabash," Meerringo, and the late Mr. Golsby. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Warnford Moppett, of Vaucluse.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Jacqueline Munsie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Munsie, "Willunga," Warialda.

Social Roundabout

By Mollie Lyons

I'VE been asked to so many parties in Sydney on Cup Day it sounds as if it might be almost as gay here on November 2 as it will be in Melbourne where plans for the four-day Spring Racing Carnival are in full swing.

Most of the Sydney parties have been arranged by charities and always one of the most popular is the one given by the Peter Pan Kindergarten Committee at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Coote at Bellevue Hill.

The party this year will have a "different" look — husbands have been invited as well, and to date I hear that many of them have already accepted.

The boutique (always an important highlight of the party because of the delicious array of goods the committee make for it) will once again be set up on the top terrace leading into the garden.

Other parties I've heard of include one at the Chevron Hilton Hotel arranged by the Forget-Me-Not Committee to aid the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, and another at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Terry Penna at Strathfield, arranged by St. Joseph's College Parents and Friends' Association.

★ ★ ★

I LIKED the invitation I received from the Town and Country Committee to their Melbourne Cup Day luncheon. Inside was pinned a small gold horseshoe studded with diamante and hung with red, blue, and green ribbons which president Mrs. Charles Eastment tells me is a replica of the badges committee members will wear at the party. More than 120 guests are expected, and provided the weather is fine luncheon will be served around the pool and in the terraced garden of Mrs. Bill Macrae's waterfront home at Vaucluse.

★ ★ ★

THE BABY BUNTING COMMITTEE (which works for Crown Street Hospital) will hold their annual Melbourne Cup luncheon party at The Hamlet at Pymble for the eighth consecutive year. I don't envy the judges their task of selecting the prettiest hat worn for the party, as president Mrs. Gordon Pettit told me that guests always wear their most glamorous models for this luncheon.

EXPERT'S SYDNEY VISIT

● Laurin Magee, U.S. home-planning expert, will give two lectures in Sydney on "How to Live With a House."

WELL-KNOWN TCN9 personality Miss Elaine White will introduce Miss Magee.

The lectures will be at Sydney Town Hall on November 1 and 3 at 10 a.m.

Tickets, 2/-, will be available at the Town Hall, or can be obtained in advance at Legacy, 169 Elizabeth Street; The Australian Gas Light Co., 477-487 Pitt Street; British Paints Macquarie Color Service, 32 York Street; and Monier Pty. Ltd., Monier Square, Villawood.

In all cases, presentation of the coupon below will reduce the admission price to 1/-.

All proceeds from admission charges will go to Legacy.

LAURIN MAGEE LECTURES

"How to Live With a House."

Admission on presentation of this coupon, 1/-.

★ ★ ★

AMONG Sydney people going down to Melbourne for the Cup will be Dr. and Mrs. Denis Rowe, who'll motor down and stay at the John Batman Motel. On the way back they plan to spend a few days at their property, "Cowl Cowl," Hillston.

★ ★ ★

ALSO staying at the same motel will be Dr. and Mrs. Neville Morgan, who'll be away for ten days touring through South Gippsland on the way back to visit relatives. They've solved their worries about the possibility of burglars while they're away by installing a caretaker in their home at Darling Point.

★ ★ ★

MR. and MRS. CHARLES PARSONS, jun., will fly down on October 26 for ten days and will stay at the Hotel Windsor. They'll be among guests at the annual cocktail party Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carlyon have at their Toorak home on Oaks night.

★ ★ ★

MR. and MRS. BILL ADAMS and their daughters, Caroline and Susan, plan to motor down on October 28. They'll be among guests at the Sunday luncheon Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke give each year at their country home, "Bolinda Vale," Clarkefield. There'll be about 80 guests, among them ambassadors and their wives from Canberra, and interstate visitors, who drive out into the country for the day and enjoy a sit-down luncheon in a marquee set up on the front lawn.

★ ★ ★

IN Melbourne the four days of the Racing Carnival are highlighted with dances and parties. On Derby Eve there's Mrs. G. I. Stevenson's annual cocktail party at Toorak, and the Derby Eve Ball at "Dunraven," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Clemens (also at Toorak), which aids the Victorian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

★ ★ ★

AFTER the Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Len Buxton have asked friends in for dinner at their home at Armadale, and the chairman of the VRC, Mr. Ross Grey Smith, and Mrs. Grey Smith and committee members and their wives will entertain their opposite numbers from interstate racing clubs at a dinner party in the committee rooms at Flemington.

★ ★ ★

ON Cup Eve the Governor, Sir Rohan Delacombe, and Lady Delacombe will entertain at a late-afternoon party at Government House, and later the same evening will be among official guests at the Navy League's annual Cup Week dinner ball at the Palais, St. Kilda.

★ ★ ★

BACHELOR Warwick Purser, of South Yarra, and formerly of Sydney (he has been living in Melbourne for nearly a year now), has also chosen Cup Eve for the dinner dance he's giving for more than 100 interstate and local friends at the Little Reata in Little Collins Street.

★ ★ ★

THE Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey, who will only just have paid their first official visit to Melbourne, will come back to "Edrington," their Berwick home, on October 31, from their visit to Adelaide.

★ ★ ★

DIPLOMATS and their wives coming from Canberra will include the British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnston, and Lady Johnston, who will be seeing their first Cup. They arrive in Melbourne on October 29 and will entertain in their South Yarra flat.

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AT RECEPTION. Mr. L. E. Tuompo, Vice-Consul for Finland, and Mrs. Tuompo, with Mr. Roger Levy, the French Trade Commissioner, and Mrs. Levy (left to right) at the Joint National Day Celebration at Menzies Hotel given by the sixteen members of the Corps of Honorary Consuls of N.S.W. BELOW: Mr. John Dundas-Smith, Consul-General for Chile (right), who is also Dean of the Corps, chatted with Mr. and Mrs. H. Harders during the reception.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Pirrie were among viewers at the opening of an exhibition of paintings by Ray Crooke at the Darlinghurst Galleries. Mr. Crooke came down from his home in Queensland especially for the exhibition, which will close on November 16.







ABOVE: Wife of the Consul-General for Switzerland, Mrs. J. J. Huber (left), and Mrs. H. E. Whang (centre), wife of the Consul-General for Korea, with Mrs. Armand Gandon, wife of the Consul-General for France, who was guest speaker at the combined women's luncheon of the United Nations' Association of Australia, which was held at the Hotel Chevron.

AT LEFT: Miss Mary Anne Harnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Harnett, of Darling Point, and her fiance, Mr. Tony Gale, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gale, of Vaucluse. They plan to marry in April.

AT RIGHT: Dr. P. Mazzarini, the Italian Commercial Counsellor, with Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Jacoby at the reception held in the Italian National Pavilion to celebrate Italy's official participation in the 3rd Sydney International Trade Fair.



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NEXT WEEK

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is packed with practical advice and basic hints — especially good for new drivers, but worthwhile reading for ALL motorists. Author Betty McKay deals with all aspects of motoring, from driving to car care. You'll find a handy "fact folder" to cut out and keep, too.

And:



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—

● An Australian sister was one of Sir Winston Churchill's nurses for two years, and —

"The Old Man" was a wilful patient

—but she remembers him, fondly, as "wonderful."

And:

"For most of us, knowledge of our world comes largely through sight, yet we look about with such unseeing eyes that we are partially blind" . . .

. . . American author Rachel Carson found, and shares with you

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In color . . .

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And:

● When you're planning a party, choose an interesting theme — like the Chinese and Hawaiian parties in our four-page feature

Buffet Party for 50

And:



Our new serial, by Vina Delmar, is

"THE ENCHANTED"

Lord Snowdon's other life

From page 5

of London until it was not only unrecognisable but also very often extremely shoddy looking.

If only there could be some kind of central committee with the power to insist on every new building of any size passing an aesthetic as well as a practical test, we agreed.

On the other hand, he was equally stirred by his dream of a classless society. "I hate all distinctions," he told me, "such as are imprisoned in phrases like 'the working classes' or 'the upper classes.'

"They are meaningless to me. Surely there should be one yardstick of judgment. Either someone is a nice person or they aren't."

At the Zoo turnstile a friendly doorman gave us a democratic greeting, and handed the aviary designer his key to the great steel structure which is more welcoming in real life than in pictures, and will be more welcoming still when some of the newness has worn off and it has become the habitat of hundreds, rather than a handful, of birds.

Painting rocks

Its designer is very conscious of this. He has already paid many extra visits to paint the rocks himself, to take away their new look and give them a weather-beaten hue, and to add plastic ferns to conceal the rawness, until nature has had time to soften the outlines.

"Do you know, it's almost as long as the nave of Westminster Abbey," he told me, and I had a sudden memory of the day I had watched him, inevitably a tiny, foreshortened figure, waiting for his bride to appear from the other end of the church.

Now some of the Zoo's lunchtime visitors, recognising the figure at my side, were cocking their cameras in our direction, rather than at the birds. Did he mind their attentions?

"Not in the least," he assured me crisply, "so long as they are just amateurs and don't get in the way."

I warned him that he would not find anywhere to park in my street. "It gets worse and worse," I said sourly. "You'd better try Chester Square."

However, he took no notice, and rather to my secret irritation he succeeded in finding one small space right outside my door, into which he proceeded to back with expert ease.

It really wasn't fair. I thought, sniffing for the first time in the air the aroma of the royal prerogative. Then the next moment, I was disarmed again.

"I was here, in Ebury Street, yesterday. Do you know Mr. Grant's shop? I am always buying things there."

"So am I," I echoed.

"He has such genuine bargains. Yesterday I found a charming old Victorian scrap screen, a bit battered, but repairable."

All through lunch he talked of his former neighbors in Pimlico, their shops and characters, and especially the shoemaker who had been closest to his studio. You felt that he could go back and live there tomorrow and would be instantly at home once more.

Looking round at the mixed array of furniture of different periods which I possess and which give my house its personality, he exclaimed: "I love this room, because it is filled with things you like, and is therefore an honest part of your character.

"I loathe 'good taste'." He spoke the words as though they were in italics. "You could go into fifty so-called elegant houses in London and they would all look alike because they had been handed over to the professional decorators. I prefer my own bad taste and to make my own mistakes."

We had meant to spend the time over coffee looking through "Private View," but instead he turned the visit into a private view of my own pictures, which I found most refreshing, considering how often friends come to a meal and never notice what is on the walls.

Instinctive

The introduction to the Russell-Robertson - Snowdon book rightly says that no country in the world has a livelier generation of artists and sculptors under 35, or one that has been swifter to establish a commanding international reputation.

Painters like Hamilton Fraser, described by many as the Turner of today, to whom a whole spread in color has been accorded in "Private View," and of whose work I have a striking example, a large canvas in dazzling blues and reds, depicting Venice like a shining bubble.

My guest, so much an artist in his own right, stood in front of this picture for a long time. Once again I was struck by his instinctive enthusiasm, uncorroded, like that of the very young, and it made me ask:

"If you could give your children one special quality, what would it be?"

It was the first time there had been a pause in the three hours and more we had spent together, and I added in explanation, "When I asked Tony Curtis that question in Hollywood, he gave me rather an unexpected answer. He said, "Intellect, meaning the power to reason at all times."

"Did he?" said Lord Snowdon. "When I think of my children, I always think of something my maternal grandmother once said. I suppose you could call it a kind of warning. 'Always remember that they are only lent to you by God for a certain time, and they owe you nothing.'

"I would like them to make a success of whatever they choose to do, whatever it may be. I suppose my grandmother meant, at all costs avoid being too possessive or trying to mould them your way," he added, as he looked at his watch.

Goodness, it was almost half-past three. "May I use your telephone?" He dialled, and inquired urgently, "Dorothy, what time are we due to leave? Ten to four? Right, I can just make it."

Back to his other life. He was gone in a flash, and after he was gone I got back my breath, wondering what public engagement he had that afternoon.

I pictured him driving out again through the Palace gates, in such a different car. The anonymous blue suit he had worn so casually would do for anything.

I was still thinking about the day, and how unexpectedly different most limelight figures are from their burdensome public image—*"I am basically a carpenter"* — when the front-door bell rang, and there was a telegraph boy with a yellow envelope.

I always dread telegrams but this was a pleasant surprise.

"Thank you so much for such a delicious and enjoyable lunch. Tony."

He has kept his own individuality, his working freedom, above all his integrity of spirit, I thought, but certainly he has acquired one quality himself from the other side. The patina of royal manners.

(c) Godfrey Winn 1965.



LIKES FAST CARS. Lord Snowdon peers into the cockpit of a racing car during an International Trophy Meeting at Silverstone.



AT A POTTER'S LATHE at the Wedgwood factory near Stoke-on-Trent during a visit with Princess Margaret. ("I am always fascinated by seeing how anything is made.")

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ELIZABETH AND JANET MORGAN in their teens. They will both be 91 next February.



TODAY'S picture of Mrs. Janet Hurn and Mrs. Elizabeth Andrewartha. Mrs. Andrewartha still wears a gold locket given to her by her father when she was 18 months old. (Mrs. Hurn also had a locket but it has been lost.)

THE TWINS DON'T *FEEL* NINETY

By *RITA DUNSTAN*

● If you want to enjoy life when you're 90, take a tip from Adelaide's 90-year-old twins, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrewartha and Mrs. Janet Hurn — *be your age and like it!*

DON'T sit around and mope at any age. Keep busy with life and life will keep busy with you.

This is the message they hope to pass on this week in Melbourne as guests of the Victorian Government at the Tenth Geriatric Conference held by the State Hospitals and Charities Commission.

Although the conference lasts only three days, Mrs. Andrewartha and Mrs. Hurn will have a week in Melbourne as the guests of Mrs. Andrewartha's daughter Mrs. Audrey Lavis, of Heathmont.

Between them the twins have 72 descendants.

Mrs. Andrewartha has seven children, 15 grandchildren, and 19 great-grandchildren. Mrs. Hurn has five children, 20 grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Their trip to Melbourne is their first experience of jet flying, although both have made short flights in other planes before.

For the past six years Mrs. Andrewartha has motored to Melbourne each year. This year she travelled back to Adelaide in one day and didn't feel tired, "but then I wasn't driving."

Two years ago Mrs. Hurn went to Sydney and back and loved it—"I went to the top of the AMP Building, the Museum, Taronga Park, everywhere."

Mrs. Andrewartha made her car trips with one of her daughters, Mrs. Olive Munro, of Kingswood. Mrs. Hurn went with her son Mr. John Hurn, of Watervale.

The twins' mother, Mrs. M. Morgan, was in good health and active until she died in 1957 at the age of 103 and ten months.

It is not surprising, then, to learn that Mrs. Andrewartha, who has been a widow for 48 years, still conducts all her own affairs, goes shopping in town, and never needs a shopping list.

Or that Mrs. Hurn makes patchwork quilts of 950 pieces and is constantly busy with other needlework. She has covered more than 100 coathangers this year.

She gives most of her work to charity fetes or to the Red Cross, of which she has been a member for 50 years.

"I can't *imagine* I'm 90," Mrs. Hurn said. "I don't *feel* 90. Mind you, I've always had good health. I don't suppose I've taken as much as a small bottle full of aspirin in my whole life.

"And I don't sit idle. Hard work is an ingredient of life, isn't it?"

Mrs. Hurn also has an excellent memory and does not have to take a list when shopping.

Mrs. Andrewartha believes that the company of young people helps to keep older people young.

"I like young people," she says. "I'm very proud of all mine."

The twins, who were born at Penang, near Moonta, S.A., grew up on a farm with their brother and two sisters.



AT LEFT: Miss Elizabeth Morgan at 21. Both twins loved riding —sidesaddle, of course.

Besides themselves, only one sister — Mrs. Olive Paterson, of Malvern, who is 85 — survives.

When their father died (the twins were then ten) their mother ran the farm and brought the family up by herself.

Some of daughter Elizabeth's children were still young when she herself became a widow. Janet's husband died 30 years ago.

Fortitude seems to be thoroughly bred in these women. Their paternal grandmother, who came to Australia in 1856 with five children, was widowed the day after she arrived.

The captain of the ship, the Morning Star, offered to take her back to her native Wales, but she decided to remain in the country her husband had chosen for their children.

Some years later, she married again, but that husband also died. She married a third time and her last husband outlived her.

"They were all happy marriages, too," said Mrs. Andrewartha, who believes that a happy marriage is the most wonderful thing in life.

"If you've lost your partner after happy years together you should be grateful for what you did have. Keep your grief to yourself and try to remember the marvellous times you had in your marriage."

When Mrs. Andrewartha produced a massive photograph album (at my request), Mrs. Hurn said, "Oh! I gave you that when you had your first baby."

It is quite an album. Covered in gold velvet, it is mounted on a stand so that it forms a picture-frame for the pages when opened.

It goes without saying, after this description of these two likeable people, that they are both very active physically and alert mentally.

Mrs. Hurn wears a hearing aid, but frequently removes it when she feels she can get on without it.

She pays regular visits to her twin sister, has lunch or afternoon tea, and catches a nearby bus to her home about 1½ miles away.

Neither of the twins has ever had to bother about diet. They eat what they like, and, they recall, so did their mother.

"There's one thing our mother loved to eat more than anything," they say. "Bread and butter — with plenty of butter!"

Mrs. Andrewartha, who has lived in her own house for 60 years, has a companion living with her. She likes to do all her own housework in the large nine-roomed house, except for three rooms occupied by her companion.

Mrs. Hurn lives with her daughter Mrs. James Tiddy, of Myrtle Bank.

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NOVEMBER

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FRUIT TREES	CATERPILLARS, RED SPIDER, APHIS, THRIPS, BRONZE BUG	
ROSES, GLADIOLI, AZALEA	APHIS, ROSE WEEVIL, THRIPS, THRIPS, LACE WING, RED SPIDER, LEAF MINER	
FRUIT TREES	FRECKLE, MILDEWS, BROWN ROT, RUST, BLACK SPOT	SELLEYS FUNGICIDE
VEGETABLES	LEAF SPOT, RUST, MILDEWS	
TOMATOES	LEAF SPOTS, BLIGHTS	
ROSES, FLOWERS	BLACK SPOT, POWDERY MILDEW, LEAF SPOT, RUST, MILDEWS	
SHRUBS	MILDEWS, LEAF SPOTS, BLIGHTS, RUSTS	
VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, ROSES, SHRUBS, ORCHIDS, TOMATOES	TO BOOST GROWTH AND INCREASE YIELD AND QUALITY	SELLEYS GROWMASTER
LAWNS	GIVES GREENER, BETTER GROWTH	SELLEYS LAWNMASTER
VEGETABLES	SIDE-DRESSING	SELLEYS NITROGEN
VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, BULBS, SHRUBS, FRUIT TREES, POT PLANTS	APPLICATION PRIOR TO PLANTING	SELLEYS PRE-PLANTING FERTILISER
	ADDITION TO POTTING MIXTURE	

DECEMBER & JANUARY

PLANT	PROBLEM	SOLUTION
POME & STONE FRUIT	RED SPIDER & MITE, CODLIN MOTH, LIGHT BROWN APPLE MOTH, ORIENTAL PEACH MOTH	SELLEYS FRUIT TREE SPRAY
VINES	VINE MOTH, BROWN APPLE MOTH	
CITRUS, TOMATOES	FRUIT FLY, BRONZE BUG, TORTRIX, TOMATO CATERPILLAR, FRUIT FLY	
ALL WEEDS	TO KILL WEEDS UNSELECTIVELY	SELLEYS POLY-QUAT
COUCH, BENT & EVERGREEN LAWN	CONTROLS BROADLEAF WEEDS, CREEPING OXALIS, CLOVER	SELLEYS WEEDMASTER "A"
ALL CROPS	SNAILS AND SLUGS	SELLEYS SNAIL BAIT
VEGETABLES	BEETLES, LADYBIRDS, BEAN FLY, APHIS, THRIPS, VEG. BUG, RED SPIDER, CATERPILLARS	SELLEYS INSECTICIDE
TOMATOES	APHIS, THRIPS, VEG. BUG, CATERPILLARS	
FRUIT TREES	APHIS, BRONZE BUG, RED SPIDER, MEALY BUG, ROSE WEEVIL, CATERPILLAR	
ROSES, FLOWERS	APHIS, ROSE WEEVIL, THRIPS, APHIS, THRIPS, RED SPIDER, LEAF MINERS	
SHRUBS	RED SPIDER, LACE WING, LEAF MINERS, CATERPILLARS, BEETLES, BUGS, MEALY BUGS	
FRUIT TREES	FRECKLE, MILDEW, BROWN ROT, RUST, BLACK SPOT, TARGET SPOT	SELLEYS FUNGICIDE
VEGETABLES, TOMATOES, ROSES, FLOWERS	MILDEWS, LEAF SPOTS, RUSTS, LEAF SPOTS, BLIGHTS, BLACK SPOT, POWDERY MILDEW, MILDEWS, LEAF SPOTS, BLIGHTS, RUSTS	
SHRUBS	MILDEWS, LEAF SPOTS, BLIGHTS, RUSTS	
VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, SHRUBS, ORCHIDS, TOMATOES	TO BOOST GROWTH AND INCREASE YIELD AND QUALITY	SELLEYS GROWMASTER
LAWNS	GIVES GREENER, BETTER GROWTH	SELLEYS LAWNMASTER
VEGETABLES	SIDE DRESSING	SELLEYS NITROGEN
VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, BULBS, SHRUBS, FRUIT TREES, POT PLANTS	APPLICATION PRIOR TO PLANTING	SELLEYS PRE-PLANTING FERTILISER
	ADDITION TO POTTING MIXTURE	
CITRUS, GARDENIA, CAMELLIA, OLEANDER, PITTOSPORUM	RED, YELLOW, BROWN, PINK WAX AND WHITE WAX SCALES	SELLEYS WHITE OIL
POME & STONE FRUIT	FRUIT FLY, ORIENTAL PEACH MOTH, RED SPIDER MITE, CODLIN MOTH, LIGHT BROWN APPLE MOTH	SELLEYS FRUIT TREE SPRAY
VINES	VINE MOTH, LIGHT BROWN APPLE MOTH, FRUIT FLY	
CITRUS, TOMATOES	FRUIT FLY, BRONZE BUG, TORTRIX, TOMATO CATERPILLAR, FRUIT FLY	
ALL WEEDS		SELLEYS POLY-QUAT
COUCH, BENT & EVERGREEN LAWNS	CONTROLS BROADLEAF WEEDS, CREEPING OXALIS, CLOVER	SELLEYS WEEDMASTER "A"
	CONTROLS RATS AND MICE	SELLEYS RATRATE
ALL CROPS	SNAILS AND SLUGS	SELLEYS SNAIL BAIT

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TV CRIME FOR CONNOISSEURS

By NAN MUSGROVE

● ***"Gideon's Way" is authentic Scotland Yard — shrewd and competent.***

"GIDEON'S WAY," starring John Gregson as Commander Gideon of Scotland Yard, becomes a weekly series on Channel 9 from Thursday, November 4, at 8.30 p.m.

There is only one sad thing about the start of "Gideon's Way." It replaces "Danger Man" and Patrick McGoohan until next year, when McGoohan comes back in a new series of "Danger Man."

"Gideon's Way" is crime detection for connoisseurs. The stories are from Scotland Yard, and Gideon's way of crime solving is pure Scotland Yard — shrewd, traditional, competent.

Every clue is there to follow, every move explained, not a gimmick is in sight. One of the interesting things about the series is that many of the scenes take place in Scotland Yard.

High-class, glossy spies

"THE Man from UNCLE" (ATN7, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.) is a high-class, glossy edition of spy-suspense detection in James Bond manner, with gimmickry and beautiful women rampant.

It has beautiful men, too. One of the first things I noticed about it was that everyone was good looking, even the Bad Power's men and women who were trying to take over the world.

UNCLE stands for United Network Command for Law Enforcement and is referred

Television

to by the players as "uncle." It is headed by Leo G. Carroll, who doesn't live up to my "good-looking" description. He is more like a wise old dog with a beautiful character. (He was the old priest with Gene Kelly in "Going My Way.")

He hands out assignments and orders to The Man from Uncle, Napoleon Solo, played by Robert Vaughan, and the Junior Man from Uncle, Illya Kuryakin, who reminded me vaguely of a smooth version of Russian dancer Nureyev.

Illya is played by a Scot, David McCallum, and has become the new teenage idol in America.

The Bad Power is an organisation called THRUSH, ruled by a council of super-intellectuals whose decisions are dictated by the Ultimate Computer, a thinking machine.

I don't know whether UNCLE is set in the present or in 1984, but the ladies in it generally wear kind of swimsuit clothes. The heroine wore black tights with a revealing swimsuit fit and top when she was dropped into Yugoslavia with The Men, and the THRUSH chief, a woman called Gervaise, wears them, too.

I found "The Man From UNCLE" entertaining, although I would have liked to have had Professor Julius Sumner Miller alongside to explain why it was so with the electronic gadgets.

I have a strong feeling that viewers are going to get tired of the gadgets, the gimmickry, and the spies. At present, though, they are both novel and enjoyable.

★ ★ ★

HIGHLIGHT of this week's viewing for me was the interview with Frank Hardy, author of "The Yarns of Billy Borker," by ABC-TV presentation officer Bruce Webster.

The Yarns are the essence of the ordinary Australian and his philosophy. I think they are the best Australian program of its type yet produced on TV.

I was intrigued to discover that Hardy is just as good a storyteller as TV's Billy Borker, Peter Carver, although he is not so good at downing The Gargle.

★ ★ ★

SOME credit for the drought-breaking rains should go to Norrie Neal, secretary of the Motor Traders' Association of New South Wales.

Neal was being interviewed by ABC-TV's John Penlington of "Four Corners" in a thoroughly depressing piece about the drop in car sales in Australia.

He said rain, a good general fall, would help the market, and suggested that prayers for rain would be a good thing.

He said farmers and graziers in the badly affected areas could no longer afford new vehicles.

The rain had been very half-hearted till Mr. Neal spoke. Almost immediately it set in with a steady sound that raised everybody's spirits and, I hope, car sales graphs.



COMMANDER GIDEON (John Gregson) and wife (Daphne Anderson) in the TV series.



MEN FROM UNCLE — from left, Leo G. Carroll, Robert Vaughan, David McCallum.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Isn't the advance in aircraft amazing? The first plane carried just the pilot. Then came the two-passenger plane. Then they advanced to ten, then 25 passengers. Now planes are taking off every day with up to 135 people on board. And I understand the Russians have a plane capable of carrying 750. But planes still can't beat the horse."

Momma's moral: A racehorse is the only animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.



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CUP WEEK FINALE

● **"Fashion '66, Melbourne Cup International Collection" promises to be one of the most glamorous hours ever screened on Channel 9 Network.**

AS a final salute to the Melbourne Cup Racing Carnival, "Fashion '66" will be televised on TCN9 Sydney via the coaxial cable from GTV9 Melbourne on Saturday, November 6, at 9.30 p.m. It will be a "BP Super Show."

GTV9 will turn one of its large studios into a banquet hall for the occasion, and serve drinks in its foyer to 200 VIP guests, GTV9 personalities, and models.

After the telecast, guests will sit down to dinner.

Viewers will see the Fashions on the Field awards to the best-dressed women racegoers at Flemington during the Cup carnival, in four sections — outfits costing 50 guineas and under, over 50 guineas, most elegant hat, and in a section for professional models an award for the designer of the winning outfit.

Miss Country Race Week will also receive her award.

The award for the professional models' design section will be presented by English model Jean Shrimpton. (See story, pages 18 and 19.)

First, there will be a fashion parade of garments from the Dupont International Collection assembled in Rome, Florence, Milan, and Paris, and shown by Australian models Jan Stewart, Janice Wakeley, Coral Triplett, Rosemary Margan, Jenny Ham, Natalie Woodley, Anna Lengo, Georgia Gold, and others.

Then the finalists from the Fashions on the Field contest will parade their race wear before the award winners are shown.

On-camera Master of Ceremonies will be GTV newsman Eric Pearce, and Judy Ann Stewart will give a commentary on fashions.

Sports specialist Tony Charlton will interview guests from the racing world.

It is hoped the owner of the Cup winner may attend and bring the Cup.

SUPERB WATERSIDE RESIDENCE

14 Point Rd., Northwood, to be submitted for sale by public auction in the rooms of Richardson & Wrench Ltd., 92 Pitt St., Sydney, Fri., Nov. 19, 10.30 a.m.



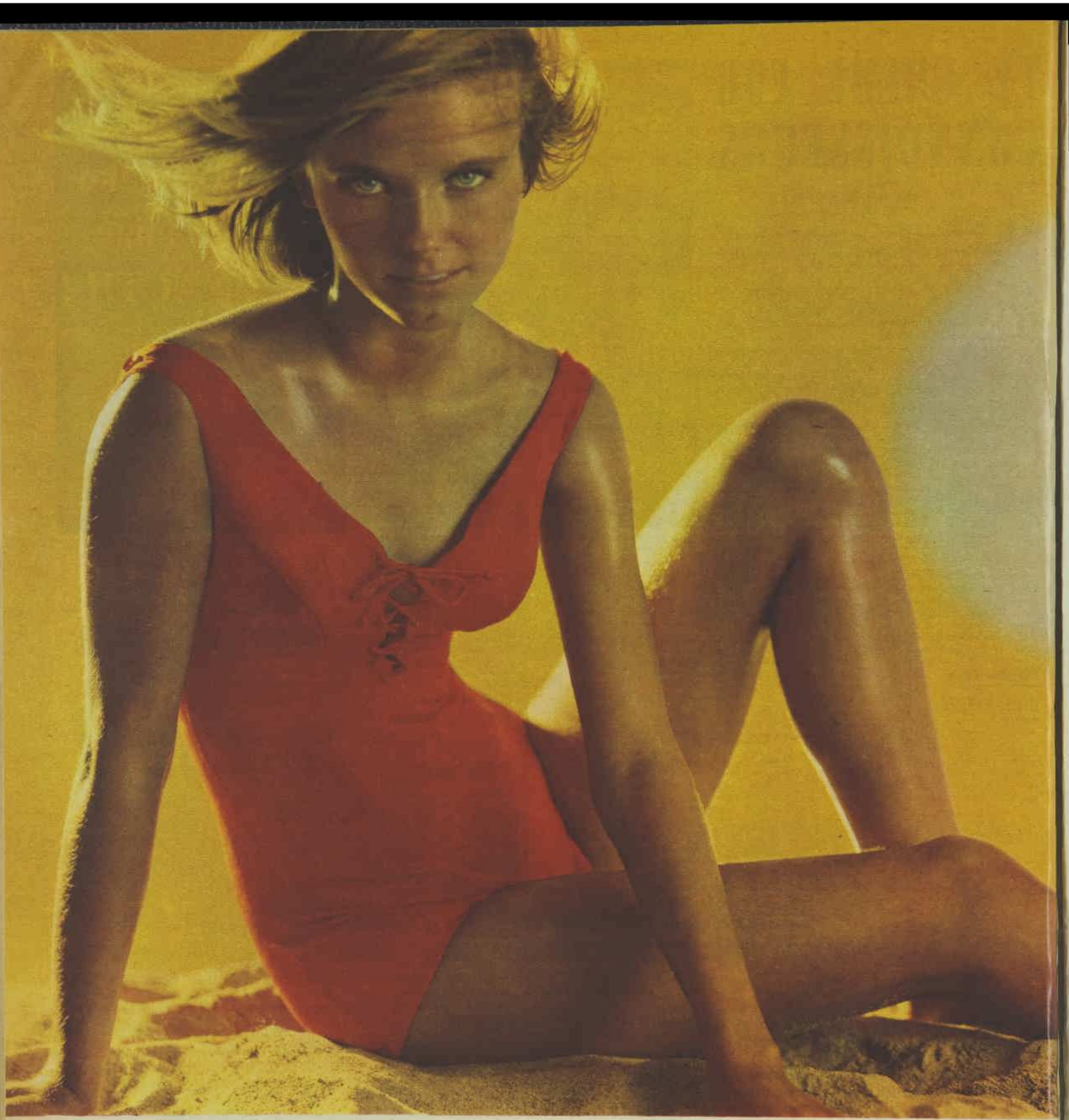
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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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An ex-wife warns:

Don't leave your husband

By SYBIL STRANG

● Do you want to leave your husband and/or wish he would leave you? Sister! Think a thousand times before you make the break.

WHAT'S wrong with the fellow, anyway? Are things really as bad as you believe?

Does he neglect you? Is he rude? A total loss at helping round the house? Does he stay out at the club while you sit home and baby-sit?

Does he leave the bathroom in a mess, grumble about the bills? Bawl the kids out when they make a noise? Go fishing all weekend and never hint that you might come along? Loathe parties while you could rival "MFL" in wanting to dance all night? Snore? Burp after meals? Scorn the use of talcum powder and deodorant? Neglect to shave at weekends? Pick his teeth?

The list goes on *ad infinitum*, and added together tots up to a pretty fair example of what the imperfect husband ought to be. Omitted from the list is infidelity. That is in a category all its own.

But even if you must add this ultimate shortcoming to the rest, I still repeat: Take care. You may be worse off without him.

Infidelity, provided you produce the evidence (which may not be easy), will guarantee your freedom, but divorce is a painful and damaging experience, regardless of the rights or wrongs of the case, and no one who has ever suffered it can look upon it lightly.

It is an amputation without anaesthetic, and the scars are slow to heal.

However, disregarding that, assume that the severance has taken place under the most favorable circumstances to yourself: namely, that having seen the way things are going, you have been doing some looking round on your own account and have husband number two lined up even before the decree nisi is pronounced. What guarantee is there for thinking you are going to be any better off?

Too many women — men, too, for that matter—have made the swop only to find themselves chin-deep in the same old mess.

"There may be a difference between men, but there's no difference between husbands."

A rather sour old aunt once said that to me when I was contemplating action on what I considered to be adequate grounds. I did not believe her and went my own wild way. Therefore I am in a position to express an opinion and, at the same time, sound a warning.

Admittedly there are scores of women who get a divorce and marry again and make a go of it—they are the lucky ones and I congratulate them.

But for every one who does, there are thousands who find life just as dreary as before. Thereby upholding my Aunt Emily.

Then there is that other aspect of divorce, when the successful litigant fails to find herself a new partner and faces life alone.

Nothing in this world can be quite as horrible as finding oneself consigned to that never-never land of being a woman minus a man. That is a status I would recommend to no one. I know. Once more I am speaking from experience.

Yet, I was more fortunate than most. I had a certain amount of financial security, was blessed with health, an optimistic outlook, and an interesting career. But if I had had an inkling of the years ahead I would never have acted as I did.

I would have stifled my very natural anger, subdued my injured vanity, and ignored the very real pain at finding that I had been displaced by someone else.

In short, I would have stayed where I was and made the best of things. Not easy, but far easier than the other road I took.

In the bitter years that followed I often wondered what would have happened if I had ignored the advent of that other woman.

I didn't stop to think

Would the end result have been the same — would he have made the break if I had not? Or would we have compromised, as many others do, and I would still be living in that pleasant house, with children maybe, and enjoying the enviable status of a woman in possession of a home and husband?

Those are questions that can never be answered because I did not stop to count the consequences, or consider the alternatives. Neither was there anybody to say, "Don't" — apart from Aunt Emily, who had never been married, and was, I thought, in no position to judge.

Conditioned as women are to the jealous preservation of their matrimonial rights, infidelity becomes the cardinal sin and the most difficult of all to overlook, yet does it really justify the disruption of a family, the destruction of a home?

Very vividly I can recall the despairing cry of a man who truly loved his wife and children, yet had got himself involved with another woman and was threatened with divorce.

"Why is it," he said, "that a woman will sacrifice all the important things a husband gives her—love, companionship, security — in order to revenge herself on him for being just a normal man?"

In the light of my experience, I also wonder why.

Do not think that I am advocating infidelity, far from it. Neither am I condoning it, the matter is too complicated for any hard and fast rules. Each wife must weigh up the pros and cons and reach her own decision. Above all, she must ask herself what she will gain by suing for divorce, how much does she stand to lose.

Quite frequently divorce is forced upon her by the insistent demands of the man, particularly if he is so besotted by the new amour that he is ready to go to any lengths to assert his right to her.

That is another problem altogether, and one to which there is no ready answer.

The best that can be done in the first case is play for time. Play it cool. Try not to proclaim your anguish from the rooftops. Here is where the old stiff upper lip is valuable. It won't help you any to beat your breast and run for sympathy to all your friends. They'll soon get bored with you and if you are fortunate and the affair blows over and the prodigal returns and begs for forgiveness, you'll be glad you kept your dignity.

Touching on your friends: Every woman minus husband, be she widowed or divorced, will be shattered to discover how sharply her social acceptability has declined once she can no longer provide her own male escort.

Friends who welcomed you so warmly in the past will appear to have forgotten you once you have been divorced; worse than that, they will probably transfer that same glad welcome to your rival.

It happened to me. Time has not dimmed the shocked surprise I felt when, acting on impulse, I came unannounced to the house of friends whose loyalty I would have sworn was absolute. I can't forget the strained embarrassment with which I was bidden to "come in."

There was my former husband and his new wife and a number of other people I knew well. Quite clearly they were there by invitation. I had crashed the party very inconveniently. As soon as I decently could I got away, feeling utterly unwanted and humiliated.

The friendship has never been the same, and I had learned one of the bitter facts of being a woman on her own. You're the odd one out, and no one really wants you.

Will you get a second chance?

The answer to that would appear to be to get yourself another man as soon as possible, and so be "in" again. But that may not be easy.

You are older in the first place, some of the early bloom has been rubbed off in the hurly-burly of that first marriage, even though you may still be on the right side of 30. Some men prefer a woman with experience, but the majority prefer women young and fresh with everything to learn.

So you're at a heavy disadvantage, and every child you have clinging to your skirts will further weigh the scales against you.

Take a look at the rows of disappointed women haunting tourist resorts, the hopeful ones setting off on cruises.

Those of you who are still married, dissatisfied though you may be, just stop and take a look at them and then say, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

It seemed impossible that I should ever join their ranks, but the hard fact is that I am there.

I made my choice and, looking back, I feel it was the wrong one. What did I gain by asserting my legal right and suing for divorce? My freedom? I have not enjoyed it. It was the "other woman" who came off best.

Without knowing it, I made a gift to her of everything I valued most — my husband, home, and my security.

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'The Shrimp' goes down on the farm

● Jean Shrimpton, the world's top cover girl, who is coming to Australia on October 29 for the Melbourne Cup Carnival, loves to spend weekends on her parents' farm.

"I STILL adore the country and go down there whenever I can," Jean wrote in her book "The Truth About Modelling."

"My parents have a 75-acre farm, and for me there is nothing so relaxing as a day there in old clothes and no make-up, far away from the artificial life of the West End."

At 22, Jean's modelling career has made her the toast of London, Paris, and New York. During her visit to Australia she will help present prizes for the "Fashions on the Field" contest at the Melbourne Cup Carnival, and will model a wardrobe for Du Pont de Nemours International.

Jean grew up on the Rose Hill Farm. She has a 19-year-old sister, Christine, engaged to Rolling Stone Mick Jagger, and a brother, Daniel, aged five.

Her family's house is not far from Lord Astor's estate at Cliveden.



● *Peke gets a bath in the kitchen sink at Rose Hill Farm.*

Pictures by TERRY O'NEILL





● *Christine (inset), who wants to be a model, too, bears a striking resemblance to her cover-girl sister, Jean (above).*



● *Jean's father is proud of his bacon produce (Mr. Shrimpton, a builder, employs a manager to run the farm). Right: Jean tries to straddle a sow.*



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● *Long hair flying, Jean loves to drive the tractor at her parents' 75-acre farm near Burnham Beeches, in Buckinghamshire.*





● *Danny, Jean's five-year-old brother, watches while Jean tries to catch a sheep by the tail. On the farm she wears old clothes, little make-up.*



● *Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton pictured with Jean and their son, Daniel. Jean has her own flat in London.*



● *The horsewoman. Jean's first gymkhana win meant more to her than her first cover in "Vogue."*

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"hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO'"

I am writing to let you know what a wonderful friend 'ASPRO' has been to me over the years. Whenever I get a cold, sore throat or a headache, it is 'ASPRO' for me for quick, sure relief. I would hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO', it has helped me to really enjoy life. I can recommend 'ASPRO' for any sort of ache or pain, 'ASPRO' is really marvellous.

Yours faithfully, J. T. Buckley, 5 Mackie Avenue, Kilburn.

". . . bingo! severe pain was relieved . . ."

I must tell you about 'ASPRO'. A little while ago I had a very bad pain in my ear; it felt like a burst eardrum so I reached for my 'ASPRO' packet and took three tablets and you can believe it or not, but in ten minutes the pain had gone thanks to 'ASPRO'. I am 76 years old and always have 'ASPRO' on hand in case I get a cold or a chill.

Another time I had a fall and ended up on crutches and was in severe pain but I would take a couple of 'ASPRO' and bingo it was gone for quite a few hours, enabling me to get about much better.

So there it is, I will never be without 'ASPRO' again.

Yours faithfully, Henry H. Hunt, 33 Margaret Street, Kingsgrove.

". . . inexpensive relief from severe pain"

Four years ago I underwent a severe Spinal Operation (Cervical Laminectomy). In addition I have a disintegrated disc at the base of my spine. Owing to the major surgery I have had done to my Cervical Spine, no further major surgery can be permitted to my spine, therefore, I am always in pain, very often very severe pain. Various quite expensive drugs for this have been prescribed for me, and these have had very little effect. One day, not having any tablets with me while at business, I took two 'ASPRO' and, to my amazement, within a very short while their effect was quite dramatic.

I do no longer take any of my prescribed tablets but I am never without my 'ASPRO'. When pain is very bad I take two every four hours and find that I can walk with ease and the pain decreases amazingly quickly, in fact they keep me going. I am so thankful that I feel I must write to you and tell you how much I benefit from 'ASPRO' and to thank you for making such an inexpensive relief from extreme pain available.

Yours sincerely, Ruth Reade (Mrs.), 12 Dunblane Road, Noble Park, Vic.

"hope rheumatic sufferers will try 'ASPRO'"

In my youth I suffered a great deal from rheumatism and even now get an occasional attack — like last night for instance. I had retired early but suddenly got a dreadful cramp in the thigh. The pain was terrible. I got my husband to bring me two 'ASPRO's and a glass of iced water. The relief I felt was so marvellous that I just simply had to sit down and write to you in sheer gratitude. I hope everyone who suffers from rheumatism will give 'ASPRO' a try.

Yours sincerely, F. R. Barr, Foxdale Road, Proserpine, North Queensland.

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Ever tried 'ASPRO' and a cup of tea when you're tired, jaded, nervy?

When you're feeling low because of tension, headache or period distress, take a couple of 'ASPRO' with your cup of tea. It's a splendid "pick-me-up", soothes that tight, jumpy feeling, helps you feel relaxed, refreshed, at peace with yourself again. It's a great combination, the 'ASPRO' acts in a calming way while tea gives a lift. Especially good on hot, headachy days.



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● ***With hard work by graziers' wives . . .***

"Lamb bars" helped keep poddies alive in drought

● **"Lamb bars" have been another hand this spring for hundreds of women in the drought-stricken New South Wales merino belt, particularly in the State's north-west.**



● ***Three-year-old Kim Gilmour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gilmour, of "Mount Roo," Yallaroi, N.S.W., watches poddies being fed at a lamb bar during the spring drought.***

By MERTON WOODS

EVEN though, in some places, rain has produced a meagre mantle of green in paddocks that have been bare for months, there has been special need for lamb bars — ingenious life-savers of poddy lambs.

A poddy is either an orphan of the drought (and this one has been widespread, affecting also Queensland, Victoria, parts of South Australia) or a pitiful, bleating bundle on shaky legs which cannot feed naturally because its drought-weakened mother has no milk for it.

Daily in north-west New South Wales, women — or their menfolk — have been bringing in these waifs, many barely able to stand, many with portions of their tails picked off by crows.

Then has begun the task of keeping them alive — and that's where the lamb bar comes in.

Even in flush seasons, the average sheep-farmer's wife has a quota of poddy lambs.

In normal times they feed the lambs individually from a baby's bottle, using warmed cow's milk.

Usually they name the poddies after relatives — often to the embarrassment of the one who finds his name bestowed on the ugliest or the greediest of the bunch!

This is fine — even fun — for normal times when a homestead's family of poddies might be a dozen at most.

But in the north-west this spring it hasn't been fun. Many graziers' wives have been caring for up to 50 poddies. That's where the lamb bar, invented five or six years ago by Sydney agricultural equipment supplier Mr. Ken Schoefel, has been so helpful.

It is a stainless-steel container like a large lidless saucepan without a handle. Around the outside, a few inches below the top rim, are welded 12 hollow steel lugs.

On the outside of the lugs are 12 teats. On the inside are 12 lengths of plastic tubing linking each teat to the bottom of the container.

The sheep-farmer's wife fills the lamb bar with warm milk — and is careful not to be knocked down in the rush!

All the poddy has to do is suck!

Graziers' wives have been feeding the poddies with the bars three or four times a day. Older lambs, big enough to nibble on anything green around the homestead, have been fed twice a day.

This has meant, for a grazier's wife feeding 50 poddies from a lamb bar, four "sittings" at least three times a day — almost a full-time job.

A "sitting" is a dignified way of describing how poddies descend on the bar.

They are thirstier than any Sydney beer-drinker ever was at five to six on a hot day before 10 o'clock closing came in! They uniformly observe the rule of every lamb for himself.

When she fills the lamb bar, the foster-mother selects from her baaing bunch the 12 she considers most worthy of the first drink and lifts them over a dividing fence.

They range themselves around the lamb bar and suck, tails wagging joyously, until the milk is gone.

Then the bar is refilled and, a dozen at a time, others crowd in for their share.

Graziers' wives lucky enough to have had a few milking cows have used cow's milk.

Others have had to rely on powdered milk preparations. Many have found these hard to buy because of drought in dairy areas.

Graziers' wives who have been able to buy powdered milk estimate that it costs them 30/- to raise a poddy.

In six months' time, of course, at current prices, the lamb would be worth about £5.

Also, every ewe lamb saved is a valuable addition to the merino flock.

"Quite apart from the money side of it, I don't think I could bring myself to leave a poddy to die in the paddock or be killed by crows," one young grazier's wife said.

Many women who have been caring for big groups of poddies consider they are much luckier than those who haven't had any lambs to mother.

Many graziers in the north-west, who have been feeding their sheep for six months, didn't breed any lambs this spring because they considered the ewes would have no hope of surviving the drought with a lamb at foot.

They have been struggling to keep the ewes alive.

You've only had to drive past the bare paddocks on many properties to appreciate how hard this struggle has been.

Mostly the sheep have been grouping listlessly, having given up the search for herbage that isn't there.

Occasionally, there has been a sudden movement in the flock. As one they have moved as quickly as they could.

The reason hasn't been hard to find. In a distant corner, a truck or a utility has been driven into the paddock. The grazier is on his daily round, hand-feeding his sheep with oats and molasses or with proprietary preparations — just enough per head to keep them alive, perhaps!

On the tar-sealed roads of the north-west, for some reason neither graziers nor road engineers can explain, the greenest pick grows in the gravel at the road edge.

For miles and miles sheep have been on the roads, getting what sustenance they could from this pasture.

Normally, when sheep are on the road it's wise for a motorist to slow down as a precaution against the silly ones who decide to cross at the last minute.

This has hardly been necessary. Sheep on the road have been too busy trying to find something to eat to worry about cars.

When you meet sheep people their conversation reflects just how much the drought has worried them.

One asks another, "Are those your signs on the road?" That means has he put his sheep on the highway with some home-made signs, "Beware of stock!"

Others talk about how lucky they "nearly" were when they believed they were on to a reasonably priced feed consignment, only to find that when freight was added the price was beyond them.

Over it all, of course, is their faith in the bounty of the bush. They hope, as poet Henry Lawson said:

"Oh, may the showers in torrents fall and all the tanks run over;

And may the grass grow green and tall in pathways of the drover!"

"You know," one said as he fed oats to starving sheep, "there hasn't been a drought yet that wasn't broken!"

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PERTH: 170 St. George's Terrace. Phone 21-4050
HOBART: 86 Murray Street. Phone 2-5332
BRISBANE: Tattersall's Arcade, 202 Edward St. 2-2495
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Have tanned legs with the Surfers look *(overnight)!*

The wonderful feeling of bare-legged freedom! Your legs looking tanned and lovely before you venture out into the lazy summer sun (just as if you've been away to Surfers). Napro Golden Tan — so quick, simple and easy to apply, for just the degree of tanned look you prefer — light, medium or deep bronzed (ideal for face and body, too). So forget about laddering stockings with Napro Golden Tan — one bottle lasts you about as long as six pairs of silk stockings—costs only 15/-, from all chemists and good department stores.



— the natural tanned look from napro

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You've made breakfast for George, cut lunches for the children, seen them all off to work and school. There's just time to walk the dog before you do the shopping. Life is full... that's why you (and your busy family too) need foods which provide energy.



Sugar is a natural source of energy made by sunlight in the leaves of the sugar cane plant.

Sugar is an energy food.



For a balanced diet you need three main kinds of food: body-building foods, energy foods and protective foods.	Body-building foods These include meat, fish, poultry, milk, eggs and cheese. They contain proteins which your body uses for building new tissues.	Energy foods Foods such as bread, butter, rice, sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods and provide energy.	Protective foods Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.

CSR.72

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TV's pampered pets



TUCK (above), a border collie, is Sgt. Cluff's dog in "Cluff," ABC-TV's detective series.



MANDY, a pekingese, starred in "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" with Ingrid Bergman.



BRIGIT, an Irish wolfhound, is in "Sergeant Cork," a TV series not yet seen here.





Pictures by David Graves

TV STARS are welcome in the living-room of Mary and Jack Holmes (above), who specialise in training animals and birds to appear in English TV shows and pictures.

● When you visit the home of "animal man" Jack Holmes, you're liable to find one of the stars of "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" perched on your lap while a performer in TV's "Sergeant Cluff" licks your face.

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

JACK HOLMES and his wife, Mary, live in the heart of the Oxfordshire countryside with 30 dogs, 15 cats, one owl, a badger, a fox, and numerous rabbits and mice.

"They all work for a living, too," said Holmes with a smile as we settled ourselves amid animals which had gathered in the living-room.

"The dogs and cats are kept the busiest. Most of them have regular parts in television shows or commercials. The others we place whenever a producer wants an animal."

Among the stars at the Holmes farm are Tuck, the border collie from "Cluff," Mandy, the peke who was Ingrid Bergman's pet in "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Bossy, the Boston terrier who appears in "The Avengers" series, Brigit, an Irish wolfhound from "Sergeant Cork," and Jessica, a buzzard who has appeared on TV in "Dr. Who."

LEFT: What goes with black leather clothes? The answer is a Boston terrier, such as Bossy (pictured), who appeared with leather-clad Honor Blackman in TV's "The Avengers."

Oscar the owl and Vicky the vixen have both appeared in "Dr. Finlay's Casebook."

Jack and Mary Holmes are always finding animals to enlarge their stock. They acquired another one recently when they were asked to supply four cats for a Vincent Price horror film.

"We only had three of the kind they wanted," said Mr. Holmes. "Then we heard of a stray on a local farm.

"We picked it up and Sam, as we call him, has turned out to be wonderfully intelligent and a good worker."

Jack Holmes's entry into the animal business was almost by accident. Until World War II he had farmed in Scotland and won many awards in dog-obedience competitions.

"After the war there was a growth in obedience work and I took part in a lot of competitions," he said. "I discovered that I could train dogs well and began doing it for friends.

"One day in 1950, a producer rang up and asked if we could supply a trained dog for the Joan Greenwood film 'Knave of Hearts.' I've lost count of the films and TV

Continued overleaf

Television

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Dickies

Towels for EVERY-body

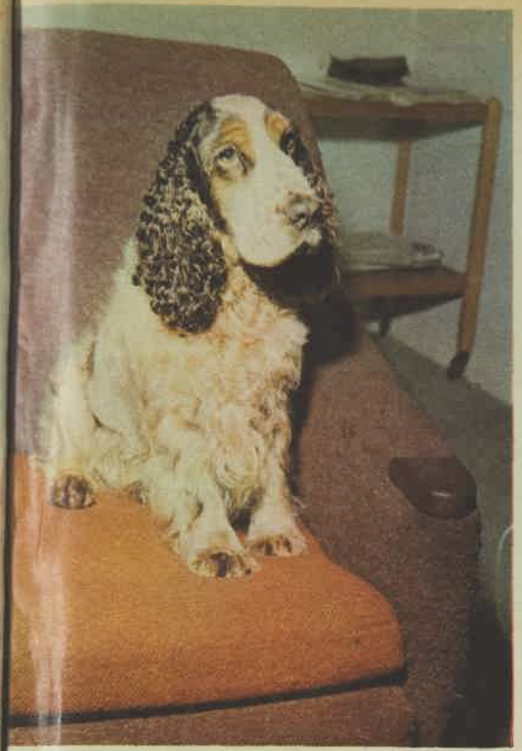
Go wild with flowers

For '66 a fresh sparkling range in design and colour, co-ordinated to blend in mix and match sets. Also you have the soft touch of quality which is traditional with Dickies towels.

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TEAL, a spaniel, replaced Flush, who played in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" film.



OSCAR the owl has had a TV role, appearing in the "Dr. Finlay's Casebook" series.



SAM was a stray farmyard cat who found stardom in a Vincent Price horror film.

Continued from previous page:

TV's pampered pets

shows we've done since then, but the films have included 'Lucky Jim,' 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' and 'Help!' in which Bossy has a small part.

"An awful lot of misguided people think they can train animals without really getting to know them," he said. "In the end they cause the animal mental cruelty, which is far worse than giving it a physical beating.

"A dog can understand physical punishment, but it can't think like a human, and people forget that. The mind of an animal is like that of a child. It can't bear confusion. Each animal is an individual, even in litters.

"Some dogs we've had love to be bullied, while others go to pieces if you try to touch them. It's all a question of understanding the animal and getting it to relax. Then it will begin to learn and gradually you can train it."

Jack and Mary Holmes accompany their animals on every job and watch to see that they are never abused in the demands of television or film work.

"I never let them use my animals when they're lighting the set before a shot," said Jack Holmes. "I like to bring the animal on relaxed and refreshed and then it is capable of giving a performance.

"Once an animal becomes bored it is terribly hard to work with. A lot also depends on the people. Some actors or actresses communicate fear or confusion, while others, like Leslie Sands in 'Cluff,' are completely in tune."

Tuck is a favorite with "Cluff" viewers, but of Holmes's other canine stars a notable one was Flush, Jennifer Jones's spaniel in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Flush — a remarkable dog

"Flush was a remarkable dog," said Mr. Holmes. "She took just five weeks to train for that picture and she was wonderful. Unfortunately she died and now we have another spaniel we call Teal. But there can never really be another Flush."

Dogs and cats are Jack Holmes's speciality, and to see animals flock to him is to witness his remarkable skill.

Speaking to them in his soft, Scottish accent, and giving the occasional click of the fingers, he is in complete control — of all, that is, except the cats.

"Cats are virtually untrainable," he said. "Rather like women, they have to be coaxed. They won't be ordered around, and if they don't feel like doing something, you've had it. But we usually get pretty good results."

Around the Holmes's fireside and in front of the TV dogs and cats sit happily while Oscar the owl perches on the back of the settee, and Vicky the vixen keeps a wary eye on everyone.

None of the animals ever fights, and owl, cats, and fox as well as Bill the badger, mix easily and naturally.

"We have the animals in a lot," said Mary Holmes, "because it helps to keep them happy and loved.

"Occasionally the furniture suffers — but that's something we don't mind in such a happy home."



MARY HOLMES nurses Vicky the vixen, who, like Oscar the owl, has appeared in "Dr. Finlay's Casebook." Vicky gets on well with the other Holmes pets, but keeps a wary eye on everyone.

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ILLUSTRATED: HOLDEN PREMIER SEDAN. CLOAK BY RUE DE LA PAIX, MELBOURNE

Every beautiful line whispers "Fashion Leader"

It stands there waiting for you — every sleek line whispering fashion leader just as surely as the dress you're wearing. In its curved beauty you can see the look that will be as modern and glamorous next year as it is right now. You slip quickly into the wonderful new spaciousness and comfort created by those graceful curves — into an interior of rich materials and colour that reflect your good taste for finer things. Then, a turn of the key . . . and swiftly, smoothly you're away. This is new Holden — a trendsetter in its dramatic new styling and all the ways it knows how to please a woman. For those who take pride in fashion leadership, there's no other choice near the price.

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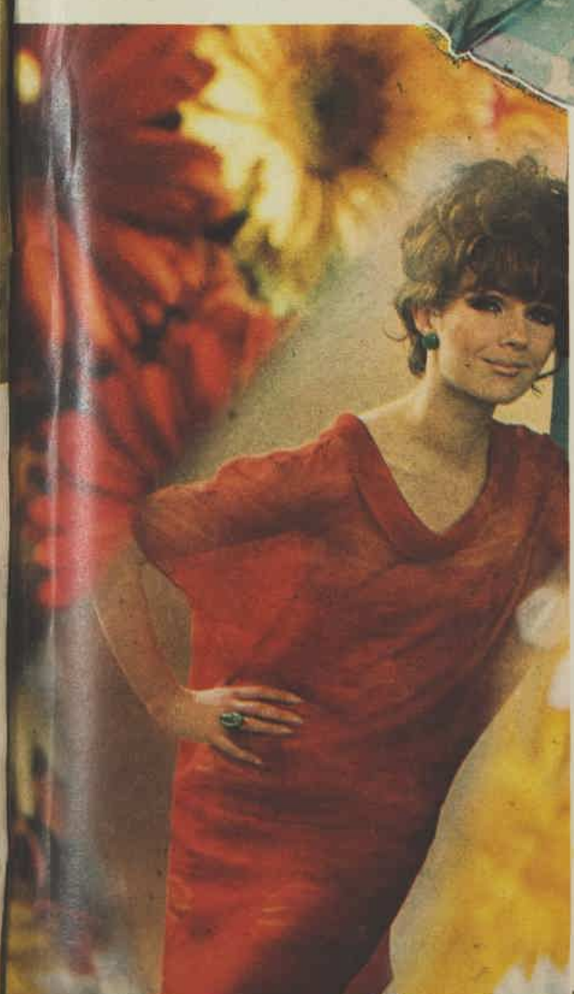
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SHEERS FLOAT INTO FASHION

● **After 5, it's a floating world of fashion. Gay colors in the lightest, airiest chiffons herald some of the prettiest looks in summer fashion. Diaphanous sheers cut on the bias are used for shift-like dresses with graceful proportions. The waisted dress is also in the picture. Skirt movement is seen in godets, ruffles, and flounces. Blues, greens, and sun colors are high on the summer list.** —*BETTY KEEP*

Continued overleaf





● *Ruby-red, a new, glowing color in late-day fashions, is Maison Dior's choice for the shift lift. The easy-fit transparent dress veils a fitted foundation in matching red silk. The oval neckline is finished with a neat collar.*

● *Pierre Cardin's dress and matching coat ensemble (a b o v e) mixes the blues and greens of the season. The straight, short-cut dress is waisted and tied with a chiffon sash. The design is finished with big circular-cut sleeves.*

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Who uses more Johnson's? Babies or grown-ups?

Grown-ups do. They sprinkle Johnson's on after the shower, to absorb moisture, and keep their skin cool and fresh. (It's about the nicest thing grown-ups ever learned from babies.)

Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you.

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SHEERS FLOAT INTO FASHION

Continued from previous page



● *Sunset shades are featured in the printed chiffon after-5 dress (above). The dress has a round, high neck and self-ruffles at sleeves and hemline. Design by Louis Feraud.*



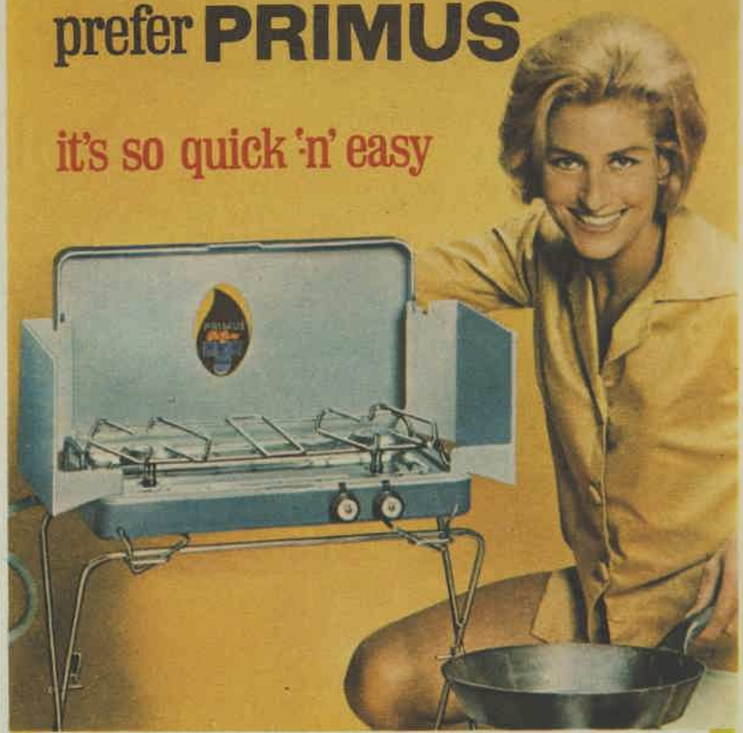
● *Evening shift is made in aqua-and-white chiffon and has a floating, figure-concealing silhouette and bow trim with graceful streamer ends.*



● *Pierre Cardin's printed chiffon dress has a long sweater-like bodice ending in a flurry of fine, knife-pleated flares. The top is sleeveless.*

Happy outdoor people prefer **PRIMUS**

it's so quick 'n' easy



Just turn, light, cook and barbecue too.

You'll love the amazingly simple new Primus way of outdoor cooking—just turn, light—and cook! The new Primus De Luxe portable gas stove steps straight from a modern kitchen into the outdoors—twin high-pressure burners (with as much cooking space as your range at home). Dual control knobs. Giant windshields. And a flip-up, stainless steel spill tray that hides storage space for cutlery—barbecue plate if necessary—and other handy oddments. The finish is wipe-clean, hammertone enamel in two colours—and the stove folds away into a 17" x 9" x 3½" unit you can carry with one hand. Just carry 'n' cook and barbecue, too! Price £11/15/- or $23.50 (cylinders from £2/15/6 or $5.55).

Primus uses bottled gas—refilled anywhere, at camp sites, garages, marinas, hardware and sports shops. You can collect a whole outfit of Primus camping equipment—such as the handy single-burner stove and outdoor lamp shown here. Or the handy stove stand—and barbecue plate.

And even when you come home, Primus isn't packed away and forgotten—it has a selection of useful accessories to delight the handyman husband. Before you go outdoors again, why not call at your nearby store and see the wonderful Primus range?



The handy stove stand—erects in an instant. Saves you bending and provides a convenient rack for plates or utensils. Price: £2/16/9 or $5.68.



The sturdy single-burner stove with a large top ring. Ideal cooker for indoor or outdoor use. With cylinder: £8/13/6 or $17.35.



A practical, portable lamp—giving a light equivalent of 100 watts. A boon for indoor or outdoor use. Price: £4/7/6 or $8.75

PRIMUS

the greatest name in portable gas appliances

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Now! Everything's coming up roses in new, young and romantic "Southern Rose" by Jeldi

The big news is the roses — hundreds of them — because they are actually *printed*. The secret of the printing is so new, only Jeldi is clever enough to know it. You can tub those roses in your washing machine, as often as you like. They won't fade—*ever*. So happily set your room abloom with lovely "Southern Rose." Wildly beautiful roses on white or pastel grounds. Even a girl on a budget can afford it!

100% viscose candletuft, won't lint or shed; machine washable, dries quickly, never needs ironing. Prices vary slightly in each state.

79/11 *single bed size. D.B. size. 99/11.*

Jeldi

JELDI first again with figured chenille

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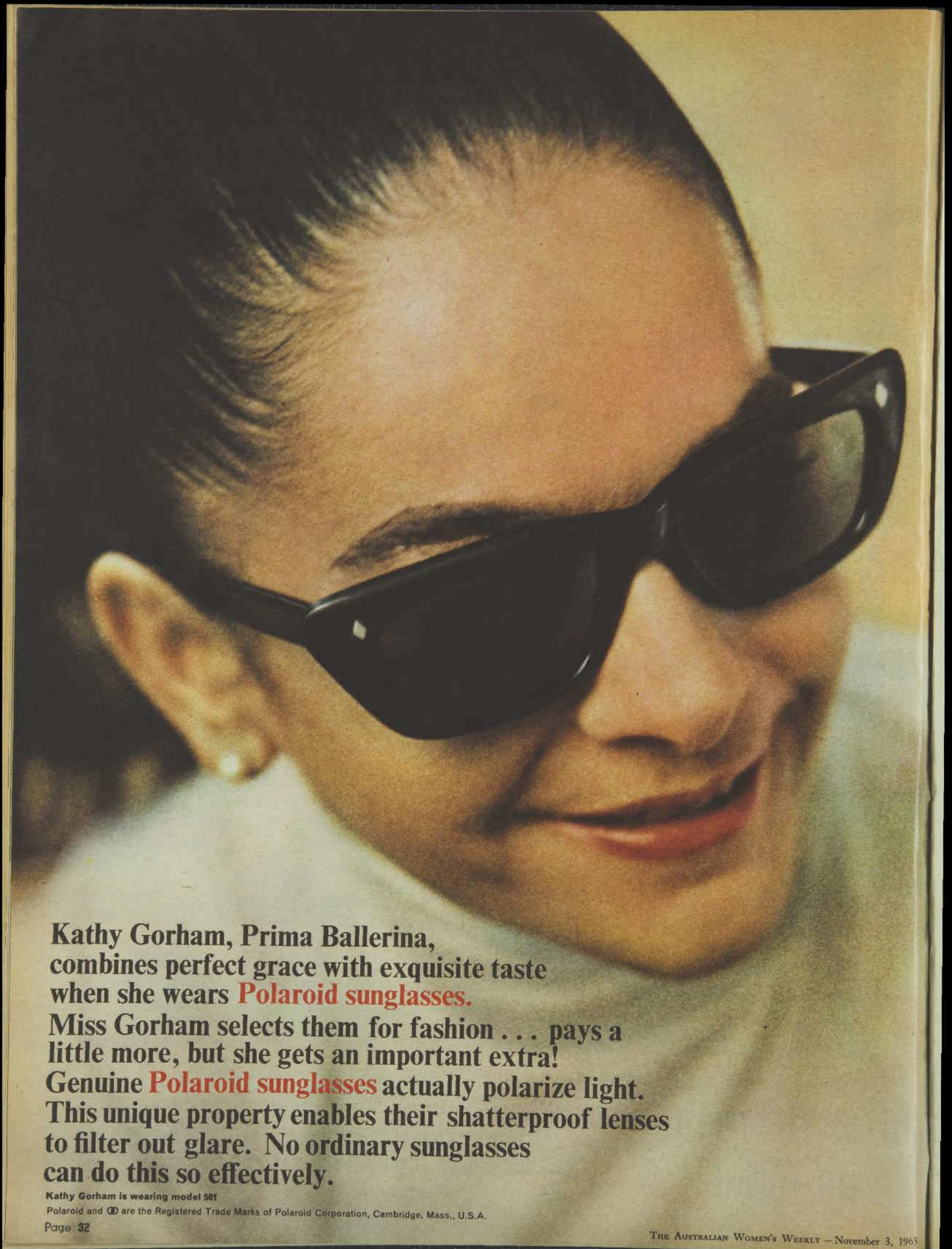
In a Victorian rain-forest

● *The Tarra Valley in the Strzelecki Ranges of East Gippsland is the home of lyrebirds and bellbirds. Some of the tree-ferns, sheltered by the branches of blackwood, beech, and eucalypt, grow up to 50ft. in height along the swift-running creeks. The Tarra Valley National Park covers 200 acres, and is only five miles from the 91 acres of rain-forest in the Bulga National Park.*

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Picture by Keith Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.

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Kathy Gorham, Prima Ballerina, combines perfect grace with exquisite taste when she wears Polaroid sunglasses.
Miss Gorham selects them for fashion . . . pays a little more, but she gets an important extra!
Genuine Polaroid sunglasses actually polarize light. This unique property enables their shatterproof lenses to filter out glare. No ordinary sunglasses can do this so effectively.

Kathy Gorham is wearing model 501

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KU KU FAMILY

Five fun dolls from one pattern

● Ku Ku dolls, amusing, sophisticated, cuddly, and playful, are the newest craze, make the perfect Christmas gift for children, teenagers, even adults. They're so easy to make, too, with our special Butterick Pattern.

THE KU KU family has just arrived in Australia, and we're sure you'll agree that they are five of the most delightful little characters you are likely to meet.

Sixteen inches tall, fourteen inches wide, cute and cuddly Ku Kus are fascinating playmates for the young — and not-so-young. They're the latest fun idea for Christmas, birthday, or other gifts, and one which will get a rapturous reception.

The idea that launched the Ku Ku family was to create a doll for adults or teenagers which would also appeal to children, a sophisticated, imaginative toy that would be fun to sew.

Their quaint squarish shape is based on the shape of the dolls especially loved by the children of Japan.

And the characters . . . Well, the first inspiration came from that beguiling French actress called Brigitte, who is a living doll in a bikini. By the way, Ku Ku Brigitte's bikini takes a bare quarter yard of material. You can make her sunglasses from scraps of felt, but for a really seductive look you might try black velvet.

The international flavor was built up with the addition of Chiquita, a fiery Mexican brunette.

The third "femme fatale" is Lady Godiva, who rode through the streets of England's Coventry with only her long golden hair to cover her.

Boys, too

Since every woman likes a man around the house, we added Pierre — French and sporty—and Max, an intellectual type.

Ku Ku dolls are incredibly easy to make — inexpensive, too. The entire Ku Ku family can be made from the one Butterick Pattern, 3760, which is priced at only 5/- including postage. The easy-to-follow instruction sheet includes complete details on how to make clothes, hair, etc.

Cost of materials is negligible. Left-over pieces or cheap remnants are ideal. Only ½yd. is required for the body of each doll (we suggest pale pink lawn) and the maximum amount of material for each Ku Ku's wardrobe is ½yd.

Lady Godiva's hair takes ⅞yd. felt (36in. wide). Hair for the other Ku Kus, whether long or short, takes about one skein of 8-ply wool or cotton yarn.

For filling you will need two small bags of cotton flock or one large bag of shredded foam rubber.

We knew you'd love the Ku Kus at first sight, so we arranged to have the special Butterick Pattern 3760 available in time for you to make them for Christmas gifts. Details on how to order are given below.

TO order your BUTTERICK KU KU PATTERN, please send postal note for 5/- to "Ku Ku Doll" Pattern Service, P.O. Box 4, Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: Money order only.)



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ggy Look

another exciting Hickory under-fashion



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99/6 or $9.95



129/6 or $12.95



49/6 or $4.95



99/6 or $9.95

At left: 7894. 'Diamonet' medium leg pantie has fore 'n' aft control. In 'Luranet', 24"-31", 69/6 or $6.95. Above: 6818. 'Petti-pants' have new 'natural seatline'. In 'Lycra' Luranet with 'Lycra' stretch lace trim. 24"-31", 79/6 or $7.95. Top centre: 3805. Medium leg pantie in 'Lycra' Luranet has 'natural seatline'. White, Naturelle. 24"-31", 99/6 or $9.95.

Top right: 3827. New 'Four Spot' long-leg pantie has side zip opening. In 'Luranet', 26"-35", 129/6 or $12.95. Above centre: 1844. Medium leg pantie in 'Lycra' Luranet. Black, White, 24"-31", 49/6 or $4.95. Above right: 3867. 'Four Spot' long-leg pantie in 'Luranet'. 2½" waistband. 24"-33", 99/6 or $9.95. All styles have patented 'Magic Oval' crotch.

Hickory
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And it's oh-so-low in weight-building calories! With meals or between meals. With your favourite spread, or just a dab of butter. There's no need to starve yourself — enjoy all the Ryvita Crispbread you like. It's a healthy, sensible way to diet. It makes you fit, keeps you slim.

What's more, it's so tasty!

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MURDER ON SAFARI

From the start the scales were heavily weighted against justice — a story

By BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARDSON

I SAT slumped on the lawyer's bench, feeling nothing at all except the heat. My wig stuck to my skull, my gown was like a horse blanket. I saw Harris, the white Judge, gently wipe each side of his nose with a silk handkerchief stretched on his forefinger, while the two African judges he had invited to sit with him were already streaming with sweat.

Only the accused seemed cool. He sat in the dock with a white warder behind him as if he were at a play. Once he yawned. Once or twice he smiled at me as the formalities dragged along: the famous smile that women seemed to find lethal, and that made most men happy to see him where he was.

Although "happy" was an odd word to use in connection with this affair. Nobody was happy about it — except the mob, of course, and Jason Solokwe.

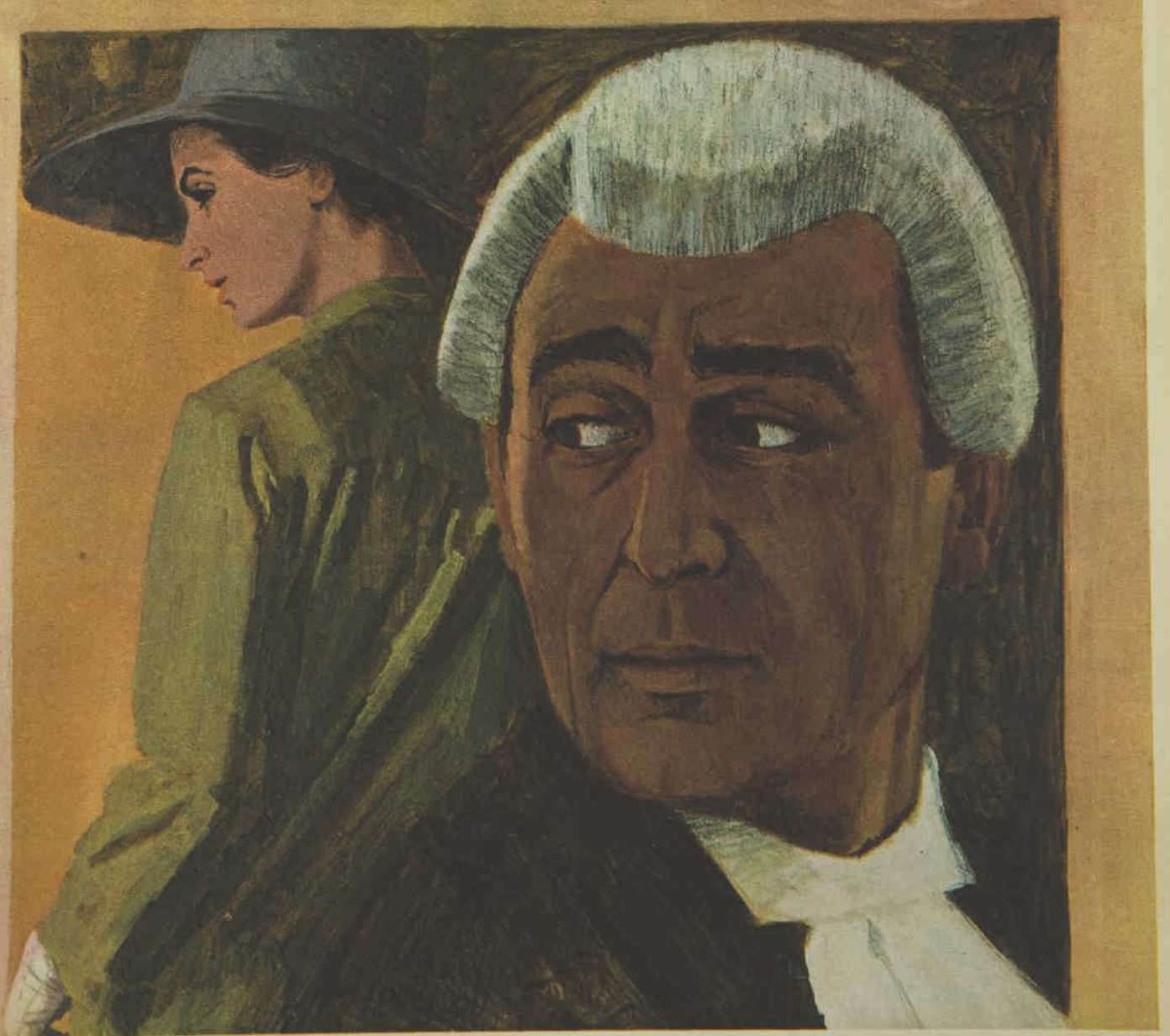
I could hear the mob now. A low hum like wasps swarming, and every now and then a high-pitched chant: "Let the white bwana hang," followed by a harsh scream from two or three hundred throats: "Hang! Hang! Hang!" Whatever the jury said there was going to be trouble.

Now and then I sensed eyes on me when I wasn't looking; Brent, the prosecutor, who used to be my boss. Davidson, pale and heavy in a black silk suit. Black in mourning for his dead wife, over whose death we were about to go to trial. Feathers, the secretary to the Legislative Council, thin and tanned, and elegant, and under the elegance strung with fright.

To page 44







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Creme Puff is perfect for almost everyone

Of course, little girls shouldn't wear Creme Puff — yet. But for everyone else, it's perfect. A fresh, sheer, natural look that puffs on easily . . . lasts hours . . . looks beautifully like "you", not like "make-up". Creme Puff is unequalled for delicate colouring and sheer finish. And Max Factor gives you *three different Creme Puff formulas*, for Dry Skin, Oily Skin, Normal Skin. Try it in *your* colour and skin type. *It's perfect for you!*

Fashion Accent Compact 16/-. Refills 10/6.



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The Matchmakers

By EVA IBBOTSON

THE sight of two elegantly dressed, middle-aged women tripping merrily down a trim, tree-lined street at midnight is one which even in a large city might cause a mild raising of the eyebrows.

In Moreton, seat of the Bishops of Moretonford for a dozen generations; winner, two years running, of the Tourist Board's prize for the best-kept cathedral town in South-West Britain, it raised more than an eyebrow.

What made it so particularly intriguing was that the two ladies were both exceedingly respected citizens. Mrs. Scott was a pillar of the Church and the holder of the Women's Institute award for the best gooseberry jam. Mrs. Manson was the chairman of the Savings Committee and ran the Girl Guides. The citizens of Moreton were more than shocked; they were incredulous.

Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson, however, danced merrily on. But the event thus being celebrated had its roots some twenty years back.

Newly married, proud as young peacocks of their house, their furniture, and each other, Mr. and Mrs. Scott moved into Number Twelve, Holly Gardens — a pleasant tree-lined street of new houses on the north side of the little town where Ronald worked for the Electricity Board.

Six months later, the Mansons moved into Number Nine across the road. Like the Scotts, the Mansons were newly married, dewy-eyed with love and the miracle of a home of their own. Frederick was in insurance. He and Ronald took to walking to work together. And the two women became immediate and lifelong friends.

To page 74

Their respective parents hoped for the day when Jonathan and Tansy might fall in love.

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FREE AND CLEAR

An appealing short short story

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MINNIE FARRELL bragged to the neighbors that the young Richeys were the happiest as well as the handsomest couple that had ever lived in her lodging house. She'd watch them walking down the street hand in hand, and sigh and say to whoever was listening, "Just look at them! They ooze love — sure, they take me back to my own youth!"

And it was true. Stan and Lea did ooze love — they radiated happiness, and why not? Stan had a fairly good job. Lea Richey was working, too, and the money she made went into a house fund — it was their dream to move into a home of their own. They'd meet downtown and have dinner, and then they'd come back to the lodging house and make plans.

"In two years I'll save enough money so we can make a down payment. Not a big house, Stan, just a small one."

"I'll sort of hate to use the money you've made, darling. Seems as if I ought to save enough out of my salary for the down payment!"

"Stan, why else would I work if it weren't to save for a house?"

"You shouldn't be working at all except to buy things for yourself."

"Don't be silly!"

"Who's silly? The man should do the supporting."

"Know something? You have too much pride, darling!"

"A man can't have too much pride, dear."

"He can if it's false pride . . . What's yours is mine, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"That goes for money, doesn't it, and everything else?"

"Naturally."

"Then it stands to reason that what's mine is yours!"

"You make everything sound so . . . so logical. You're smarter than I am, Lea! But, even so . . . well, if we had a quarrel you might throw it up to me that you were responsible for our having a home."

"You're looking for trouble, Stan. And, besides, when people quarrel they usually quarrel about something unimportant." Lea laughed. "Not something very important, like a house!"

So things went along swimmingly, with Lea saving the money she earned and Stan paying the day-to-day expenses. And then one evening there was a knock on the door and Lea went to answer it.

"It's a special delivery letter for me," she said. "It's from Oregon. A lawyer's name is in the corner of the envelope."

Lea opened the letter and read it through — not once, but twice. When she lifted her eyes from the page her voice sounded small and weak.

"S-Stan — you . . . you'll never guess! Stan, I . . . I had an uncle. He and daddy had a big blow-up a year before daddy died, and I've never heard a word from Uncle Harry — not a single, solitary

Bring out the flavour with ETA mayonnaise



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This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich, nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe . . . then create others of your own . . . but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA

SUMMER REFRESHER

Eta Mayonnaise. Lettuce and your choice of salad greens. Celery curls. Tomato and Cucumber slices. A colourful variety of fruits such as Pineapple slices, Paw-paw wedges, Orange sections, etc.

METHOD: Chill ingredients. Cover platter with lettuce, forming a ruffle edge. Arrange ingredients artistically. Serve chilled ETA Mayonnaise separately.

1372/65

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Lea and Stan were the happiest couple one could meet until the fateful letter arrived.

word! I was only a little kid then. I'd completely forgotten that Uncle Harry existed. And now — he's dead. Darling, you'll never guess, but I'm his heiress!"

"His . . . heiress?"

"He died without making any will — and I'm his only living relative."

"Well, if he left you enough you can pay a deposit on that fur coat you saw in Holland's window, and"—Stan stopped short, for Lea had started to laugh hysterically. "What's the joke, honey?"

"I can have the fur coat I saw in Holland's window and you can have a camelhair topcoat — and we can have our house free and clear and . . ."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"I'm more sane than I've ever been." All at once Lea's laughter turned to tears. "Darling, it's too good to be true! Uncle Harry's left me 25,000 dollars!"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars! But you can't take 25,000 dollars from a stranger!"

"He wasn't a stranger, he was my uncle!" Lea's tears had dried miraculously. "We'll go house-shopping tomorrow . . ."

"Don't rush in too fast, Lea — there may be a mistake."

"There isn't any mistake. Stan, you sound as if you don't want me to have the money!"

"To tell you the truth, I don't. It was bad enough to know that you were going to make the down payment on our house with money you'd earned, let alone this! Do you suppose I want to live in a house that's been bought free and clear by my wife?"

"Not by your wife, stupid . . . by your wife's uncle."

"By a dead man. When you called me 'stupid,' Lea, you weren't smiling! You meant it. You see — it's happened already."

"What's happened already?"

"Mighty near a quarrel's happened. The lawyer's letter brought conflict into this room. Into our lives."

"Fiddlesticks! Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, Stan. Be grateful that you won't have to slave to meet the mortgage payments for the rest of your life. Be grateful . . ."

Stan interrupted, "Be grateful! I'm not grateful. I wish your uncle had died in the poor house." He started out of the room, he jerked the door open, and then Lea called, "Stan, where are you going?"

"For a walk. I've got to rationalise this thing somehow!" Before Lea could think of anything to say, the door had slammed shut.

So the apple of discord was thrown into the Richeys' family circle. When Stan came home Lea was in bed, pretending to be asleep, so he stretched out on the sofa and the next morning he left before Lea was awake. In fact she didn't wake until 11, and when she glanced at the clock she saw that there was a note propped against it. She reached for the note.

"I turned off the alarm," she read, "an heiress shouldn't be bothered with alarms." Angrily, she crumpled the paper into a ball and then she started to cry. "I hate him," she sobbed. "He's — stuffy and idiotic."

Lea was still crying when there was a knock on the door and when she failed to make any answer the door was pushed open and her landlady stepped inside.

"When I saw Mr. Richey leaving alone I was worried," she said, "and when there was no sign of you I came upstairs. What's wrong?"

"Everything," Lea sobbed. "My uncle died. I got a letter from his lawyer last night. That isn't why I'm c-crying, I don't even remember him."

Minnie urged: "Go on, dearie."

"Well," Lea told her, "my husband is terribly proud and when I said that we could buy a home of our own, free and clear, with my uncle's money, he was wild!"

"There's the independent type and the leaning type and your Stan ain't a leaner," Minnie nodded wisely. "There's only one thing for you to do, and that's sweet-talk him. Call him on the phone and tell him you'll send your uncle's legacy to any charity he suggests. Tell him he means a heap more to you than mere money."

"It — it's the truth. He does mean heaps more!"

"Then make the call, dearie."

Lea reached for the telephone and dialled. "Kendall and Walsh? May I speak to Mr. Richey, please . . .

"Oh, Stan! No, your note didn't make me angry, but I'll have to do some tall talking at the office. But of course I'm going back! You see I've decided to give Uncle Harry's money to any charity you suggest, and . . ."

There was a sputter of words at the other end of the line and then: "Hush, Stan, don't get so excited, my mind's made up."

There was another sputter and Lea winked at Minnie. "No, I won't do anything rash until we've thrashed things out. Yes, Stan, if you say so. Yes, I'll meet you at the usual place for dinner."

Lea dropped the receiver into its cradle. "Stan said I mustn't be too hasty," she told her landlady. "He said if I sent a fair percentage of the money to a worthy cause it would be quite enough. He said we could put the money in a savings bank and use it for our children, when we had them, and I said . . . but you heard what I said."

"That I did, dearie, and I congratulate you. Men are funny creatures. They change with the wind, but we can't help loving them. A couple of months from now, when you move into your new house, I'll be right sorry to lose you!"

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GONE...the HEADACHE that was!



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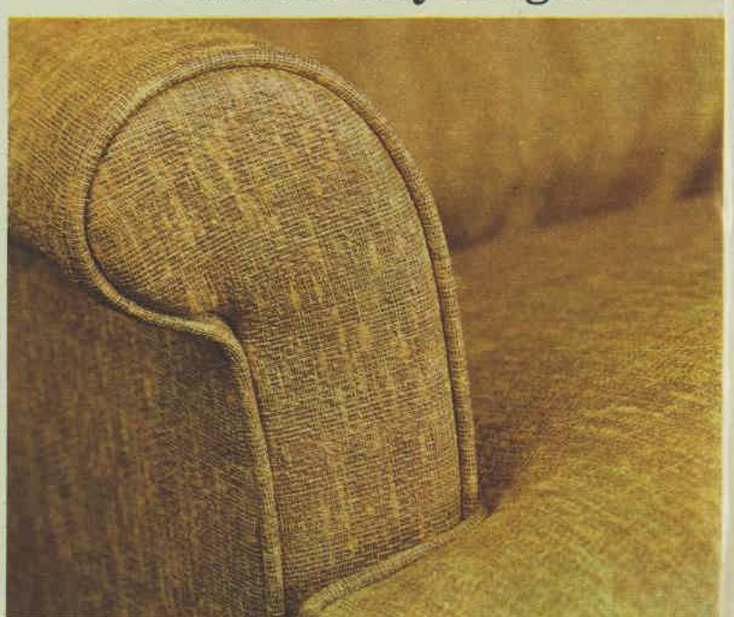




Only one chair can go

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to make you comfortable

...and look this luxurious!

Pacific's Reclina-Rocker now in the rich texture and colours of new Nylex 'Royal Bouclé'

What a combination! 'Royal Bouclé' — the richly textured new furniture fabric that looks and feels simply luxurious (and being expanded vinyl, its looks last and last). And Pacific's Reclina-Rocker — the remarkable chair that lets you lie right back and really relax. A touch of the lever at the side and you're in the lap of luxury from head to toe! Seven striking Reclina-Rocker styles (including Colonial) . . . nine gorgeous 'Royal Bouclé' colours. And if you want a complete suite Pacific make a magnificent settee and armchair to match. It's a blissful blend of comfort and high style . . . see it now at all leading furniture stores.

Sydney home-makers. Look for all Pacific styles first at **GRACE BROS**

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Nylex 'Royal Bouclé' is manufactured exclusively in Australia by Moulded Products (Australasia) Limited, Australia's largest plastics organisation



the 'Virginian' Pacific's beautiful settee and chair suite . . . in the rich new texture of 'Royal Bouclé'. The 'Virginian' is designed to combine tastefully with Pacific's Reclina-Rocker, giving you a superb three piece suite.



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I LOVE YOU, MISS COOPER

By ELEANOR K. WOOLVIN

IN the first heatwave of September, Miss Virginia Cooper flew home from Europe and returned to her ninth-grade class as reserved and shy as she had ever been. What other girl, she wondered, could make that statement after three months in a Paris art school?

"Ah, Virginia. Welcome home," Mr. Jackson, the principal, balding and bifocalled, fell into step beside her in the hall. "When did you get back?"

"I think it was last night," she said. "I'm all mixed up about the time."

"Glad you made it. Lots of girls go off to Europe alone, and when they meet up with a smooth, hand-kissing Continental they forget all about us red-blooded Canadian males they left behind them."

"Well . . ." Virginia swallowed hard. "I was tempted. I really was."

Mr. Jackson moved into near-vision range and Virginia blushed. The wildest decision she had ever made was meeting its first test. On the plane, as it lifted gracefully from Orly airport, a beautiful idea had presented itself. Since she had lost her heart to Paris, what would be the harm in the innocent deception of saying, "I lost my heart in Paris"? Surely one preposition was not that important.

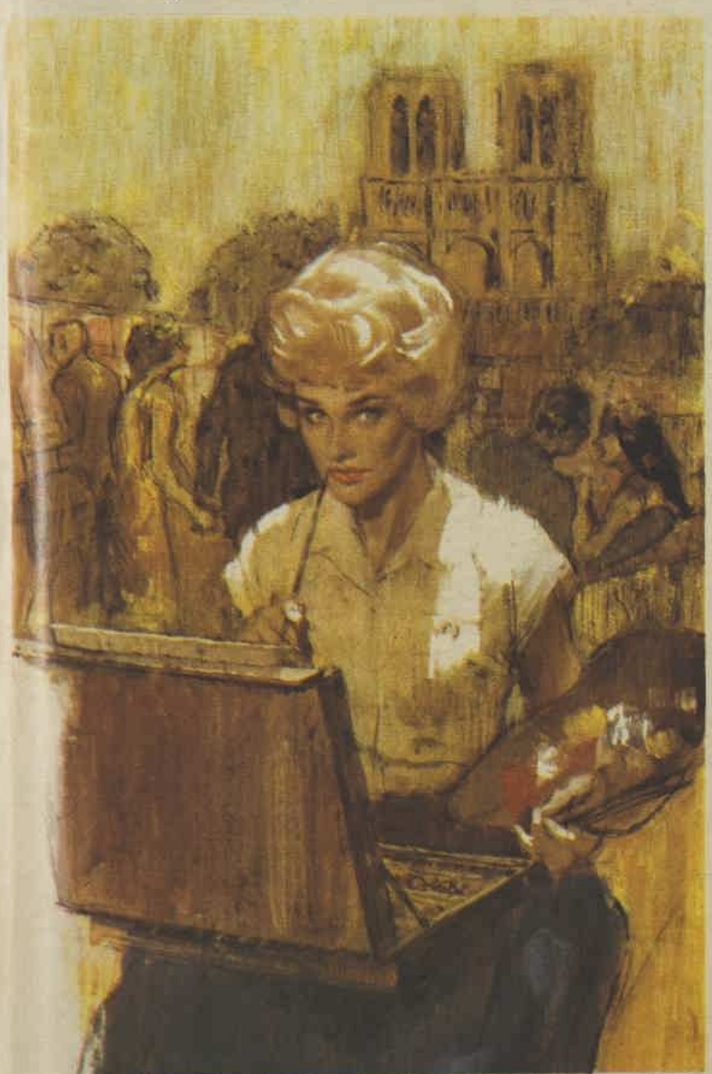
Naturally, she thought about Marshall Moffitt and how it would make him feel, but she had returned from too many trips with nothing but a suitcase full of scenic slides for long wintertime remembering, and the more she thought of the sweet sorrow of having loved and lost in Paris the more irresistible it became.

She let the idea bounce against the backcourt of her mind. Visions of charming romantic ladies came out of the past to lure her on — Madame Recamier, Heloise, Camille . . . Over the ocean she even developed a slight cough like Camille's.

She coughed now for Mr. Jackson. "Most of the time I worked hard at the Galerie, trying to brighten my palette, but other times . . ." She let a faraway look come into her eyes and left the sentence dangling. All she did was hint. Mr. Jackson did the rest.

"We'll have to have a talk some day, eh?" He patted her arm and was gone.

To page 70



Surrounded by the beauty of Paris, Virginia sat at her easel, but her thoughts were miles away.



—there's no odd man out when they're wearing right guy Tam O'Shanter cotton knits

Whatever their interests — boys, blondes or birds' nests — young moderns go for Tam O'Shanters in a big way. The colours last. So does the shape. And every one is a pace-setting fashion fresh from the States.

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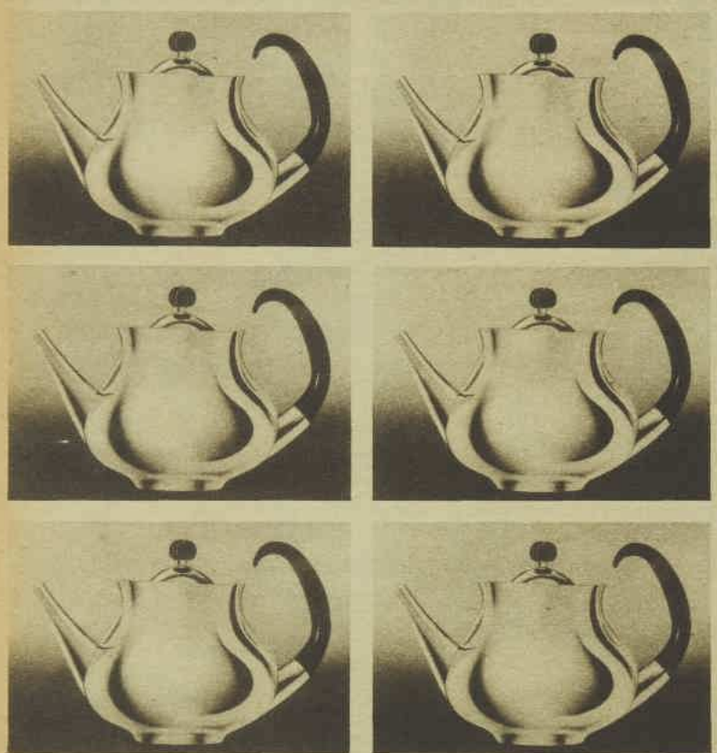
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If ordinary polishes give your silver a one-week shine ...



... keep it shining 6 times longer with Goddard's new Long Term Silver Polish



Your silver stays shining longer because it's actually *protected* from tarnishing with Goddard's new Long Term Silver polish. No ordinary silver polish can do this. And no silver polish is easier to use. Just polish on—shine up with a soft cloth for silver brightness that lasts six times longer!

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MURDER ON SAFARI

Continued from page 37

Whenever the shout of "Hang! Hang!" pierced the folds of heat in the courtroom his eyes slid to the windows, and to the askari standing at the back of the court, their hands on their riot clubs.

And finally, Sylvia. Dressed in dark green silk, her black hair hidden under a wide, dark hat that shaded her face. Not from the sun, but from people staring.

The case began for me with Sylvia. I knew about it before, of course. In the colony everybody knew everything, usually before it happened. But I hadn't meant it to touch me. I was going home. Before the case came off I'd be married, I'd be honeymooning in Venice, I'd have shaken the red dust of this unspeakable place off my feet for ever.

Before Tony Ashe-Collyer got his desserts for murder, I should be looking for chambers in London, with a very respectable father-in-law at my back. Instead . . .

Zacchariah had announced her. "White memsahib see you, bwana, sister to bwana Collyer, I think." And before I could tell him to say I was out, that I was dead, that I'd left the country, she was there. Thin, pale, wretched with nights of crying, she didn't seem anything to welcome.

I knew about her vaguely, of course. She had a job with the airways, and people brought her to the Club. But I don't think we'd ever spoken. And I was suddenly glad of that. It was going to be bad enough to turn her down as it was.

"Please," she was begging, "please help us."

"But I'm not in practice here any more," I said. "And when I was, I was assistant prosecutor. I can't defend your brother."

"You can. They've told me. You're the only white lawyer there is."

"There are good African lawyers. Or Mahbub Khan the Indian."

She gripped my arms and shook me. "Don't be a fool," she said. "If they wanted to they wouldn't dare. He might as well hang himself as have one of them."

He might as well hang himself anyway, I thought. It was a pretty simple case. Tony Ashe-Collyer, white hunter by profession, woman-hunter by preference, had taken a European couple, the Davidsons, on safari. Three weeks later a message came back that the woman of the couple and her African servant had both been shot dead.

Another African had seen Collyer shoot them. Hugh Davidson, the widower, was holding Collyer under guard until police came out for him.

Unpleasant enough, but that was only the beginning. The motive was obvious. Collyer had tried it on with Ann Davidson, been repulsed and, threatened with an ugly scandal, had taken the fool's way out, shooting her and a witness.

It would just have been a bad scandal, just another murder, if an African had not been killed as well, and if we hadn't been in the middle of complex quarrels about independence. All that together made it a nightmare.

I was with the Governor when he got the news, having cocktails before dinner. The Governor, Feathers the Secretary, Brent, who had ceased to be my chief that afternoon, three or four others with their wives, Penelope, who was both the Governor's daughter and my fiancee, and myself.

The party was for us. My job had just been assigned to an African. In a week Penelope and I were flying to London to join her mother, and get married. They were about to drink to us when the message came. The Governor read it, and then put one hand slowly over his eyes.

"Ashe-Collyer has killed Davidson's wife," he said. Which fairly killed any party spirit that we'd had.

Two days later Sylvia Ashe-Collyer came to me. When I said for the fourth time that I couldn't take the case, she sat down very slowly and stared at me.

"You can't let him be hanged," she whispered. "I swear to you he didn't do it. I know him. He's my own brother—"

"That isn't much of a defence."

She beat her fists on the desk. "You don't know his defence."

"I don't want to know it. I'm going home."

She fell deathly quiet, and I realised suddenly that behind the wretchedness, the smeared make-up, the too-thin face and too-large eyes and mouth there was a kind of beauty. Not Penelope's kind, rose fresh and English. But still a kind of beauty.

"You don't want to know," she whispered venomously. "You're going home. You're all going home. Little Empire unbuilders creeping home to London with your bonuses and your pious farewell speeches. And you'd hang my brother unheard, in case he upsets the time-table, earns you a black mark somewhere.

"You're afraid. The whole filthy lot of you are afraid for your lives. Afraid of the first African politician who shouts for blood; it used to be that if a white man killed an African, the Africans couldn't hope for justice. Now it's the other way round. And it's just as wrong. You dirty little coward —"

She put her face in her hands and began to cry, her shoulders wrenched with the tears.

I looked at her in astonishment. I signalled Zack to go away and sat down in front of her.

"I'm not a coward," I said. "It's just that it's not my business."

"That a man is going to be hanged, undefended?" she said through the mask of her hands. "I thought you lawyers swore to serve Justice."

"We do, in a way," I said. I hunted for phrases to say. But there weren't any. What she said was true. Even if the evidence against Collyer could be shaken, no local lawyer would be very interested in shaking it.

A white man had killed an African. It was going to be a battle cry for every African in the Colony that the white man should hang. If he didn't, there would be a lot of trouble. The left wing Nationalists were already thumping it up into a challenge.

Every white official in the Colony would sleep easier once Collyer had been safely hanged. I had known this all along, but rather as one knows about quadratic equations. Now this damned girl had pushed it into my face.

"Maybe I could advise someone," I said weakly.

She gripped my hands like life-rafts. "Come and see him," she begged me. "Just talk to him."



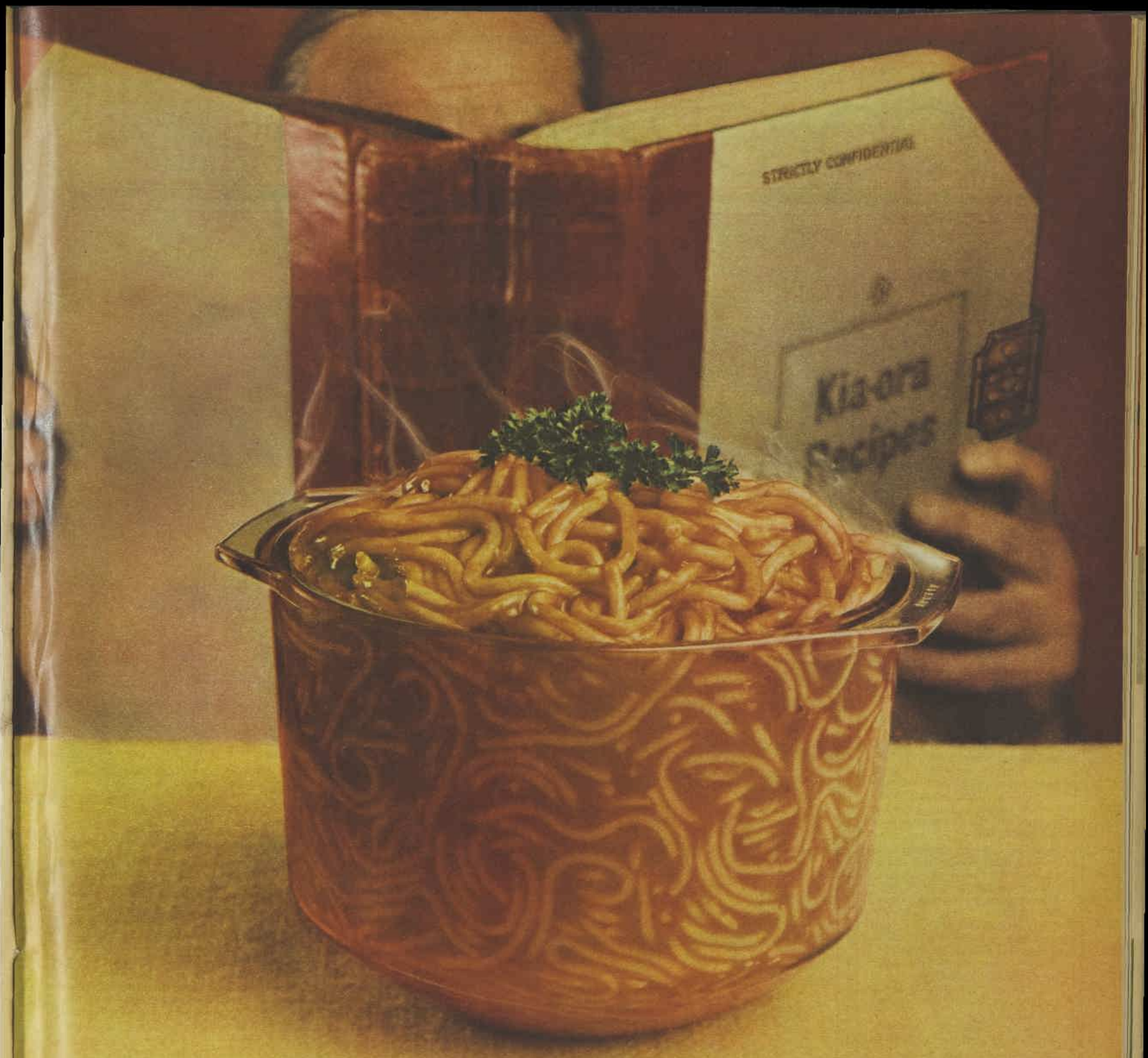
As the trial dragged on and on, only the accused remained cool.

To page 50

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*



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He knows a Kia-ora taste secret worth millions

(The recipe for America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved spaghetti—now made by Kia-ora!)

You probably won't believe this, but his name is Smith. He's Food Technologist at Kia-ora.

He's one of only five men in Australia who has access to a recipe worth millions—the one for "Franco-American" spaghetti, America's sauciest all-time favourite, now made by Kia-ora.

One taste, and you know why its secret is shared by so few: the sauce is an out-of-this-world blend of rich, red-ripe tomatoes, spices, and cheddar cheese specially matured 12 months.

The spaghetti? Firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork.

Even if you're a spaghetti expert, you're in for a pleasant surprise—from Kia-ora! Mm-mmmmmarvellous!



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Lather away tell-tale grey with 'COLOR-MATCH' by L'Oréal of Paris

HEADLINES ON HAIR BEAUTY

by Anne Bryant
Hair Beauty Consultant

The discovery of those first grey hairs is disturbing to we women — what's more, they're a give-away. Even if they're premature, they make us look older, and it's our privilege to look just as young as we feel.

But there's no need to panic when grey hairs appear — you can simply lather them away with 'COLOR-MATCH', the natural-as-natural semi-permanent colouring which is so blissfully simple that you can use it yourself, in your own bathroom.

'COLOR-MATCH' subtly blends in grey hairs, whether they're few or many, and at the same time brings out the best in your own natural hair colour, making it livelier, lovelier. And because 'COLOR-MATCH' contains inbuilt conditioners, your hair even *feels* healthier, younger.

Its truly natural look is the most important plus which 'COLOR-MATCH' offers — but there are many others. It penetrates right into your hair, where rinses can't reach, so it lasts for weeks, and never streaks or rubs off. You simply refresh it with another application, but you do this just when you want — not because you have to — because there's no obvious regrowth lines.

How to use it? Couldn't be easier! Just choose the shade closest to your own hair colour — shampoo in — wait fifteen minutes — rinse away. It's done!

Your 'COLOR-MATCH' hair will continue to look its loveliest if you use the right shampoo. Apart from damaging your hair, harsh shampoos will strip colour, so always use a nourishing, colour-compatible shampoo, such as 'CAIRE SHAMPOO' which cleanses gently and thoroughly, leaves hair soft and shining.

For further hair care advice, see the L'Oreal consultant at your favourite pharmacy or department store, or write to me, Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

Anne Bryant

Six wonderful 'COLOR-MATCH' shades: Natural Blonde, Chestnut Brown, Dark Brown, Natural Brown, Dark Chestnut Brown, Darkest Brown. Only 9/6 (95c).



NM65/2968





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'ELNETT'

The holding hair spray with the subtle French perfume.

'ELNETT' keeps hair controlled, yet still soft and *touchable* . . . holds it firmly for hours, brushes out in seconds. 'ELNETT' has no harsh drying lacquers, no sticky 'build-up'. Your hair stays clean, shining and healthy. You'll love the economy of 'ELNETT', too. Its fine mist spray lasts so much longer. Only 15/6 ($1.55).



Dandruff your problem? Oily or dry? Now for the first time two separate treatments . . . one for each problem!

'TRAITAL 3' for *dry* dandruff

'TRAITAL 4' for *oily* dandruff

Developed by the famous L'Oreal Laboratories, the Traital formulations bring instant relief to dandruff conditions. The rich medicated lather penetrates the scalp, loosens dandruff and floats it away, leaving your scalp tingling clean and healthy. 12/6 ($1.25) each

'LATHER-ONCE'

Shampoo for normal to oily hair. So rich you need only lather once for squeak-clean results. Leaves hair soft and silky-shining. Price 6/6 (65c) per bottle; 1/9 (18c) per bubble

'KIRONE-R'

Hair conditioner. If your hair is dry and brittle or dull and limp it needs the rich, nourishing goodness of 'KIRONE-R'. This unique nutritive treatment *feeds* damaged hair, restores body and bounce, leaving it silky soft and manageable. Price 3/6 (35c); 9/6 (95c)

L'Oreal of Paris products are manufactured in Australia for Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd., 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

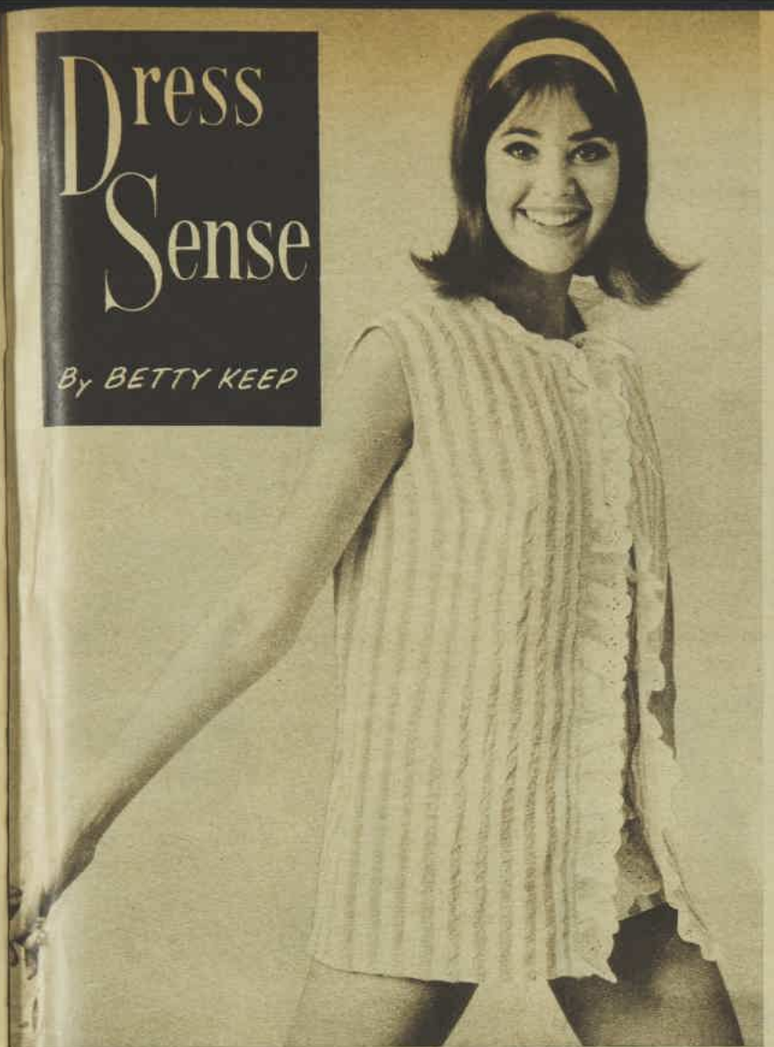
Nicholas marigny

L'ORÉAL OF PARIS OFFERS YOU A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP



3564.—Two-piece swimsuit and cover-up in teen sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage. Butterick pattern 3564 is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This bathing suit and cover-up with an eyelet ruffle trim is my design choice for a teenage reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Do you have a pattern in size 30in. bust for a two-piece swimsuit and short beach jacket suitable to be made in cotton? I love feminine fashions. I am 15."

The swimsuit and cover-up I have chosen in answer to your query are available in teenage sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. The swimsuit consists of shorts with a shaped panel front and a top with a scooped-out neckline. The garments all have an eyelet ruffle trim. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Should I wear dark or pastel accessories with a pink coat?"

Both are correct. Choose beige or black accessories.

"I have bought a gold lame evening shift. As it is a bit on the big side, I want to wear it with a belt. What type of belt would be correct and what would be the right evening shoes and evening bag?"

I suggest silver kid shoes, handbag, and belt. The combination of gold and silver is quite new in fashion.

"I have made a pre-summer suit in dark grey. Could you suggest the correct color for accessories to go with the suit?"

White and black with grey looks outstandingly fresh and new. I suggest white for the blouse, hat, and gloves, and black for shoes and handbag.

"Should the groom wear a lounge suit if the bride-to-be wears a bridal dress and veil? The wedding is at 11.30 a.m."

A dark lounge suit, white shirt, dark hose and shoes are now accepted as correct for a daytime wedding.

"I am in a quandary to know if I should wear a hat to a small wedding in a chapel."

It is not necessary to wear a hat. A pretty flower or a bow in your hair would add a festive note.

"I am being married in a silk suit and wondered if I could wear a short wedding veil to tone with the outfit?"

I think a small flower hat would be more appropriate than the veil you suggest.

"Has your pattern department a basic style suitable for the larger figure? I want the design to have a waist and the bodice to be able to take variations."

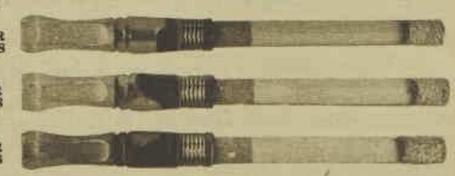
Yes, our pattern department has an excellent basic dress design. The dress is joined at the normal waistline. The pattern variations include a gored or straight skirt; high, round, or scooped neckline; below-elbow and wrist-length sleeves, or sleeveless.

The pattern also includes a design for a sheath with a side front panel extending from shoulder to hemline, fastening with a bow. The pattern is available up to size 46in. bust. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 3009 and size required. Pattern price, 7/6. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



It's the most important scientific advance in protective smoking ever developed

Despite medical warnings and evidence, most of us are unwilling to give up the pleasure and relaxation of smoking. If you are like most people you don't plan to give it up, but now you can stop most of the dangerous tars and irritants from entering your body. You can stop them with TAR GARD—the most important advance in protective smoking ever developed. TAR GARD is not just a holder. And it's more than a filter. In fact, it's an invention based on physics and aerodynamics and that sort of thing. But what's important is this: TAR GARD traps the irritating hot tars from both non-filter and filter cigarettes. That's a laboratory-tested fact. How does your cigarette taste? Just the same! Because TAR GARD is the only filter device that actually discriminates between the cool flavourful smoke, which goes right through, and the hot dangerous tars, which are trapped before you can inhale them. Smoking with TAR GARD now feels less worrying and your teeth will be whiter because of less staining. Smoker's cough virtually disappears. TAR GARD is available from all chemists, tobacconists and department stores, priced at 29/6. There are twelve elegant tips in fashion colours to match your mood or your dress. You never buy cartridges or replacements: TAR GARD is permanent. Simply clean it with a KLEENEX TISSUE or under the hot water tap. Your most important possession is your health. We suggest that you protect it with TAR GARD.





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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Please invent THIS

MAY I join Mrs. McGann (who wanted electric motors for rotary clotheslines on windless days) with another invention. I would like a small gadget, run like a torch, with batteries, that could clip on the side of a saucepan and gently stir the contents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. McDonald, Swan View, W.A.

★ ★ ★

MY two small brothers have successfully taken the place of Mrs. McGann's motor. They delight in tying an old stocking to the line and running round in circles —thus keeping out of mischief and drying the clothes.

£1/1/- to M. Atkin, Dungog, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD like to see a rotary washing line which can be stopped from spinning round when a near-gale-force wind is blowing.

£1/1/- to P. Barker, Raanes, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THE invention I would most like to see is an electric toaster that opened at the bottom to let the crumbs out. Clearing it with a brush may break the element, and turning the toaster upside-down and shaking it is not a success either.

£1/1/- to B. Henley, Auchenflower, Qld.

★ ★ ★

MY nomination is a sewing-machine attachment that would ring a bell or show a warning light when the underneath bobbin is about to run out of cotton.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Hudson, Highett, Vic.

★ ★ ★

FOR many years my wish has been for a household fridge on castors. It is almost impossible for a woman to move a fridge to clean underneath, and to a house-proud woman this is gall indeed.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Leeding, Caboolture, Qld.

★ ★ ★

WHAT I would like to see is a toothpaste tube with some kind of a cap that would spring back into place. Every time I go into the bathroom I find the cap off and the toothpaste oozing out.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. B. Crouch, Lismore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WE have motor-mowers, motor-cars, and many other mechanical devices to assist us in everyday life, but mothers still must push heavy prams and pushers. I feel a good invention would be a small, silent motor to help in pushing prams and pushers, especially up hills.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Borrell, Surrey Hills, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I WOULD like someone to market an electric body-dryer for the bathroom. This could be a blast of warm air. It would save time, eliminate the need for towels, and be a boon to mothers of young children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Head, Terrigal, N.S.W.

Christmas puzzle

SEVERAL elderly people are on my list for Christmas gifts, but I am afraid I am running out of ideas after the usual soap, sweets, or writing paper. Has anyone else any bright suggestions about gifts for the elderly?

£1/1/- to "Mother Christmas" (name supplied), Mansfield, Vic.

Saving made easier

WHENEVER my daughter wants anything badly she has this system to help her save. She draws an outline of the object, then divides it into squares valued at either a pound or a shilling, according to the cost of the item. Then, as she saves up for it, she fills in the squares so that she can see her dream becoming a reality.

£1/1/- to "Real Square" (name supplied), Oatley, N.S.W.

First things first

THREE elderly ladies of my acquaintance were on holiday together at a lonely seaside house. In the early hours of the morning one, who was deaf, woke to find a man's head appearing through the window. Instead of screaming, as most self-respecting females would, she called out in a loud voice, "Wait till I get my hearing-aid on, and then I can talk to you." The intruder didn't accept the invitation, and by the time the hearing aid was in place was, no doubt, far away.

£1/1/- to L.H., Launceston, Tas.

They met at birth

I CAN claim to be one wife whose husband is never likely to forget her birthday. We are the same age, having been born on the same day, at the same hospital, and our mothers were in the same ward. My husband is a few hours older. After 23 years we met, out of the blue, fell in love, and were married.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Beverley Quinton, Maryborough, Qld.

They deserve to get on

WHILE studying in America I was confounded when a lecturer stopped me one day and asked why I didn't attend the lecture that morning. I said I understood it was at seven that night. "Oh, no," was the answer, "my lectures are always a.m. — seven a.m." I found there were many lectures at that time. Americans deserve to get on in life. We in Australia could take a leaf out of their book.

£1/1/- to M. Woods, Dungog, N.S.W.



CASH VALUE

• On his return from abroad, the Federal Treasurer, Mr. Holt, was reported as saying that Australia's standing in America and England had never been higher, but that money for investment had never been harder to raise.

"Money's not everything," people say,
"Good friends it cannot buy us,"
A soothing thought in its hackneyed way
And mostly true though pious.

The fact remains you can grade your friends,
With mates from acquaintances seeded,
By a simple device that serves your ends—
Who'd lend you a fiver if needed?

— Dorothy Drain

A hungry foot

MY daughter, aged 2½, has a bad habit of sitting on the floor or on a chair with one foot tucked underneath her. After a while she starts crying, and when I ask her what the trouble is she tells me that her foot is hungry—her term for pins and needles.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Marion Sovic, Balmain, N.S.W.

Those old remedies

A READER listed various substances mentioned in a nursing book of 1895 and wondered as to their use. I was eight then, and I well remember the various remedies: Ipecacuanha wine was used for quinsy and, I think, for diphtheria; linseed meal (heated) as a poultice, which also was a use for mustard. Carbolic soap was a disinfectant; sal volatile was for fainting fits; and paregoric is still used in cough remedies.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Goodwin, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

SEDUCTIVE CENTS

"THERE'S a lecture on decimal currency at the Girl Guide Hall tonight. Feel like going?"

When my wife said this I did not exclaim "You bet!" However, there was not much offering on television. So I agreed to attend the lecture.

I expected that it would be given by a learned man in horn-rimmed glasses. To my surprise and pleasure the speaker turned out to be a smiling, comely brunette, aged about 21.

She was Decima, the Currency Lass. She is employed by a bank to go round persuading citizens that the new money next February will be a good thing.

Before I went to her lecture I was lukewarm about the change-over. There will be just as many bills to pay in the new money as the old.

But Decima was a winning talker.

She told us that dollars and cents would make business simpler. Shopping would be easier. Children would do sums quicker.

Under the spell of Decima's charm and diagrams, I felt ashamed for not being more keen on decimal currency.

She made it seem up to date and progressive.

There were a few elderly people, she admitted, who did not like the idea of converting to it.



An old lady had come up to Decima after a lecture. "I'm not going to have anything to do with this new money," she said. "I'll refuse to use it. Shillings and pence are good enough for me."

We laughed when we heard of this obstinate old lady. A woman of sterling character, if ever there was one.

Yet, I felt a certain sympathy with her. Why *shouldn't* she regard the thing as a nuisance?

I began to see Decima's line of propaganda. It runs like this:

If you are attached to sterling money, you are aging, stiff in the joints, over the hill.

If you are young, forward-looking, and "with it," you will love the new currency.

Join the deci generation! Go well — go decimal!

But what if you are somewhere in between, like most of us who attended the lecture in the Guide Hall?

We are not as old as the grandma who intends to boycott the dollar. Nor are we as young as lovely Decima.

I have no doubt we shall convert to decimals. But we won't be *delighted* about it . . .

I'm not even sure that the young are eager to convert.

Pip, who is in Lower Kindergarten, said to me: "Are we going to have new money?"

When I replied "Yes," she looked disappointed.

"Just when I knew a ten-bob note," she said.



What is the most natural way to bottle feed baby?

Leading baby authorities agree that 'resilient softness' and 'natural shape' are essential for the perfect teat. Only Maw's combine the two. Maw's cherry shape gives correct feeding action — while Maw's exclusive 'dipping' process gives a life-like softness moulded teats lack. You've only got to feel a Maw's teat to feel the difference. Maw's standard teat is in four single hole sizes.

Maw's

Ask your family chemist to show you all Maw's nursery supplies.

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A SMOOTH, elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly, and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.



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MURDER ON SAFARI

Continued from page 44

"Oh damn, damn, damn," I said, and went with her.

Her brother was lying on his bed in the cell as if it was a hotel room. He had cheroots on a side table, and a decanter of whisky. His own servant was squatting in the corner polishing his boots.

"Make yourself at home," he said. "Hallo, Syl."

"This is Mark Tannem," Sylvia said. "Tell him your story, Tony. Convince him."

Collyer lifted an eyebrow at me. He was tall and thin and dark like his sister; a good deal older, but still with what his friends called "boyish" charm.

"Stout fellow," he said. "Braving official wrath to come here? Thought you were assistant prosecutor. Or is this an opposition feel-out?"

"Neither," I said. "I've handed over. Now — if you want to tell me —"

His story didn't really go much beyond pleading not guilty. He had never had the slightest interest in Mrs. Davidson. On the night of the killing he had gone out half an hour before sundown to shoot for the pot. He had two quick shots at a dik-dik, missed with both, and heard two more shots behind him.

He walked over to them, calling out not to shoot again, and found Mrs. Davidson and her servant with half their heads blown off. He was still staring at them when Davidson and an African came up and accused him of the murders.

"But I didn't, laddy," he said. "First principle a white hunter learns: Don't shoot your employer until you've been paid."

"Davidson wasn't shot," I said.

"Davidson wasn't my employer. The little lady signed the cheques."

I stared at him for a long time. I'd have given half my bonus to be able to tell them both to go to hell; to get up and walk out and forget them. They stared at me, a slow, ironic smile touching Collyer's mouth. "Not convinced?" he said.

I hesitated, and his sister leaned forward between us. "You've got to be," she whispered. "If he was drowning could you leave him? Whatever you thought he'd done?"

"If you didn't shoot her, who did?"

He tilted an eyebrow at me. "The field is yours, laddy. But according to the jolly old statistics, about half the murders are done by husbands driven round the bend by the little woman."

I got up to go. Mahbub Khan could get him hanged as easily as I could. The girl's face drained white.

"You won't?"

Out of nowhere an echo whispered in my mind. An old, crabbed, dusty voice from an Edinburgh lecture room. "A lawyer's business, gentlemen, is not to judge his client's innocence but to secure him a fair trial. The guilty, no less than the innocent, have a right to Justice."

"Blast and damn you both," I said, and turned back into the cell. "Tell me again," I said. "The whole horrible story from the beginning."

It took most of two hours, and afterwards I walked his sister to her flat, going over parts of it again. It was only when I left her that I realised what I'd done. I'd made it impossible for myself to leave in less than six weeks, and in three weeks' time I was due to be married in London.

I began to wonder, with a rather dry throat, how Penelope would take it. I didn't have to wonder long. She was waiting for me in my bungalow, sitting very upright on the shabby couch.

"Don't you know you've kept me twenty minutes?" she said. It was the hottest part of the afternoon and I looked and felt as if I'd been wrung out in dirty water. She looked like cool cream. White tennis dress. White hat and shoes. I ran a dirty handkerchief over my face.

"Penelope," I stammered, "for heaven's sake don't be mad with me, but I've — I've — I'll tell you when I've had a shower."

"Tell me now," she said, her cornflower eyes narrowing slightly into surprising coldness. I told her and they got colder still. "You simply have to tell them it's impossible," she said.

"But I've given my word."

"You've already given your word to me."

"I know," I said helplessly.

She got up. Very cool and angry. "Ring me tomorrow and tell me that you've got out of this ridiculous mess."

"You can't want me to—ditch a client," I said.

"Don't play little boy blue," she said. "Ring me tomorrow." She didn't even slam the door as she went out.

I WOULD give her an hour, I thought, and then ring her at the club. I went into the bathroom very slowly and had a miserable shower. When I came out I rang the club. She wasn't there. Or at home. Or so her maid said. I tried eight times in five hours and then went to the club to look for her.

I found Feathers in the bar. He shook his head when I asked if he'd seen Penelope. "Earlier on," he said. "But I'm glad you came in. I was going to ring you." He drew me away to a corner table. "She told me about you agreeing to defend Collyer. Thank heavens she's making you give it up."

I found myself bristling slightly. Feathers had never been my favorite official. "Why?" I said.

"A lot of reasons," he said. "The Nationalists would say you were doing it as part of an official plot to get a white murderer off. And Davidson would say the same." I laughed at that, thinking of Collyer's suggestion. A veil of official discretion seemed to descend on Feathers' slightly horselike face. "Davidson could make things very unpleasant if he thought he might be cheated out of justice," he said. "Very unpleasant."

I must have looked as astonished as I felt. "Perhaps you don't know what he's doing here?" I shook my head. "He's been floating loans for half the Left-wing politicians. Or promising to. He expects to be a very big man here when we go. I don't think he will be, because I don't think the Left wing can get into power.

"Unless," he paused very heavily and officially, "unless they get some kind of incident they can use. This wretched trial could be it if—" he hesitated again. "If things went wrong."

"You mean if I got Collyer off?"

He looked at me without blinking.

"I'm damn glad I'm not an official any longer," I said savagely.

"You're lucky not to want to be one again," he said.

"You mean—" I began, and stopped. I knew what he meant. If I took this case I'd be closing quite a few valuable official doors to myself in London. Which I couldn't really afford to do. Fortunately, Feathers wasn't the last word. He seemed to see that thought in my eyes.

"All officials," he said softly, "all

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BISCUITS

● Make these biscuits as gifts for your friends — and for your family, too.



SHORTBREAD for the New Year party brings good luck. Recipe on this page.

NEW YEAR SHORTBREAD
(Picture above)

Seven ounces butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 9oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour or cornflour, vanilla.

Cream butter until light and fluffy, add vanilla and sugar gradually; beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients. Press into lightly greased shallow tin or cut rounds of aluminium foil ½in. larger than desired size of biscuit after baking. Pat dough out into rounds, place in foil, fold up edges to form a little container. With knife, mark shortbread into sections, prick with fork; if desired, arrange attractive pattern of halved almonds on top. Bake in slow oven until pale golden in color. Shortbread in tin will take about 1 hour to cook, smaller rounds about 40 minutes. If desired, after removing from oven, re-mark sections for ease of serving when cold.

Variations: Fold ½ cup chopped cherries or ½ cup chopped almonds into shortbread mixture before baking.

SALAD BISCUITS
(Picture this page)

Three cups sifted plain flour, 2½ teaspoons cream of tartar, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup milk, 1-3rd cup cream or evaporated milk.

Sift flour, cream of tartar, soda, and salt into mixing bowl. Rub in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Mix in cheese, then stir in milk and cream. Roll out to ¼in. thickness, cut with pastry wheel or knife into approximately 3in. x 2in. rectangles. Place on ungreased baking sheets, bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

● These crisp, cheesy biscuits are delicious to serve with salad. So, for gift-giving, we packed them into a pretty collapsible salad basket.

COOKIE CHRISTMAS TREE
(Picture opposite page)

Praline: Half cup icing sugar, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Biscuit Dough: One and three-quarter cups walnuts, 1¾ cups icing sugar, 2 egg-whites, little milk, green and white icing.

Praline: Melt icing sugar in heavy pan, stirring until caramel-colored. Stir in finely chopped walnuts, pour on to greased baking sheet. When quite cold and firm, crush into powder with rolling-pin.

Biscuit Dough: Crush walnuts finely or put through electric blender. Mix together with sifted icing sugar, praline, and egg-whites. Stir in enough milk to make into stiff dough. Pipe or shape straight strips of dough on to greased paper previously marked with these measured guide lines: three strips each of 7, 6, 5½, 5, 4½, and 3 inches, then two 2in. triangles and one 1½in. triangle.

Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool a few minutes. When firm and cool, remove from paper. Pipe strip of white icing along edge of each log. Build up tree shape on flat plate, arranging logs in triangles with alternating apexes, beginning with large logs and ending with smallest triangle. When tree is completed, pipe green rosettes at edges, top and trim with sprig of holly.

CHOCO-BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES
(Picture opposite page)

Three-quarter cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup butter or substitute, ¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal, 1 cup rolled oats, 6oz. crushed butterscotch, 4oz. chocolate.

Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar until fluffy, then beat in egg and vanilla. Sift flour, salt, and bicarbonate of soda, stir into creamed mixture. Stir in crushed corn cereal, rolled oats, and butterscotch. Spread mixture evenly in greased 9in. square cake tin; bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool, top with melted chocolate; cut into squares.

● For gift-giving, pack them into little baskets made of colored cardboard, with lace doily trim; or into cardboard cones. They're pretty packages, too, to hang on the Christmas tree.

HOLLY BISCUITS
(Picture opposite page)

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, making dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll thinly. Draw holly shape on to piece of cardboard, cut out. Place on to rolled-out dough. Cut around shape with sharp knife. Place holly leaves on greased oven-slide, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes; cool on tray. When cold, spread thinly with green icing, decorate near stalk with piped dots of red icing for holly berries.

Icing: One tablespoon butter, ½ to 1 cup sifted icing sugar, vanilla, green and red food coloring.

Cream butter, gradually add icing sugar and vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy. Take out small quantity, color red. Color remainder green.

WALNUT AND CHEESE BISCUITS
(Picture opposite page)

Three ounces butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 3oz. plain flour, salt and pepper, 1 egg (beaten), coarsely chopped walnuts, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Rub butter into sifted flour, add cheese with the seasonings; mix well. Take teaspoonfuls of mixture and roll into balls. Roll in beaten egg, then in chopped walnuts. Bake on lightly greased oven trays in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

● These are the type of biscuits men love; they go well, too, with drinks. For gift-giving, we packed them into an inexpensive beer mug, made it gay with Christmas ribbon.



SALAD BISCUITS are cheese-flavored and crisp. See recipe on this page.

● Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

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HOLLY BISCUITS (right) look festive on the Christmas table, will delight the children.

(Recipes for all biscuits on this page are opposite.)



COOKIE CHRISTMAS TREE (below) is a novel centrepiece for the party table, can be eaten afterward.



CHOCO-BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES (above) combine corn cereal, rolled oats, and crushed butterscotch.

WALNUT AND CHEESE BISCUITS (right), packed in a glass gift mug, are deliciously savory.





CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM YOUR KITCHEN—Page3

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BUTTERSCOTCH NUT BREAD decorated with almonds and cherries makes a welcome gift. Pack in a pretty basket or wicker tray. See recipe on this page.

PUDDINGS . . .

● Here are the right foods to grace a festive table. They include traditional Christmas pudding, a light Christmas cake, a cherry cheesecake — and other delicacies.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING
(Picture this page)

Four ounces butter, 4oz. brown sugar, grated rind and juice of ¼ orange and ¼ lemon, 3 well-beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon parisian essence, 2 tablespoons brandy or rum, 5oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, ½ teaspoon each nutmeg and cinnamon, 4oz. white breadcrumbs, 1lb. mixed fruits, 2oz. blanched almonds (chopped).

Cream butter and sugar, add grated rind and juice, then eggs gradually, and parisian essence and brandy. Sift flour and baking powder with salt and spices, add alternately with crumbs and washed and dried fruits and almonds. Place in well-greased mould, cover, and steam 4 hours. Steam further 2 hours on day of serving.

● You might like to pack this in the bowl in which it was cooked. Add a little note, "Steam 2 hours on day of serving"—and it's all ready to go into the saucepan for reheating on Christmas Day.

CHERRY CHEESECAKE
(Picture page 6)

Crumb Crust: Ten ounces plain sweet biscuits, 5 to 6oz. butter (melted).

Crush biscuits very finely; add melted butter, mix well. Press crumbs well around bottom and sides of 8in. spring form-pan.

Cheesecake Filling: One pound cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ cup sherry.

Combine cheese, sugar, lemon juice, sherry, and eggs, beat until smooth. Pour into crumb crust, bake in slow oven 40 to 45 minutes or until mixture is firm; allow to cool in oven, then chill.

Cherry Glaze: One large can cherries, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Strain cherries, reserving syrup for glaze; arrange cherries on top of cheesecake.

Mix arrowroot with a little cherry syrup to form smooth paste. Gradually mix in remainder of syrup and sherry. Place in saucepan, slowly bring to boil; simmer a few minutes. Cool, then pour over cherries. Refrigerate until set.

● Nice to take along if you're going to a family party or a co-operative dinner. To avoid crushing, carry the cake in the spring-form pan.

INDIVIDUAL CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS
(Picture page 6)

Half pound sugar, ½lb. finely chopped suet, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. seedless raisins, ½lb. currants, ½lb. peel, ½lb. plain flour, ½lb. soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. blanched almonds (shredded), grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 4 eggs (slightly beaten), ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg, ground cinnamon, and cloves, 1 cup milk, ½ cup brandy, small paper doilies, colored ribbon, rosettes of Hard Sauce (see below).

Mix sugar, suet, fruit, peel, breadcrumbs, nuts, and rind with the fruit juice, then the lightly beaten eggs. Mix in milk and brandy alternately with sifted flour, salt, and spices. Turn in to well-buttered moulds. Cover, steam 3 to 3½ hours. Place on paper doilies, tie doily to pudding with ribbon. Top with rosettes of Hard Sauce.

Hard Sauce: Two ounces butter, 1 teaspoon boiling water, pinch salt, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Cream butter and sifted icing sugar, add boiling water and salt. Beat until soft and fluffy; add brandy. Pipe into rosettes on greaseproof paper, refrigerate until set.

Note: Hard Sauce will soften if left unrefrigerated for any length of time. If your gift will have to stay packaged for a time, you might like to omit the Hard Sauce, and perhaps just add the recipe instead.

BUTTERSCOTCH NUT BREAD
(Picture this page)

Two tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, extra 1 cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk, 2-3rds cup walnuts (chopped).

Combine 2 tablespoons brown sugar with spices, set aside. Sift flour with baking powder, bicarbonate of soda, and salt; beat eggs in bowl, then add 1 cup brown sugar and the melted butter; mix well. Add flour alternately with milk, stirring until just blended. Stir in nuts. Pour into well-greased 9in. x 5in. loaf tin. Sprinkle top with brown sugar and spices mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Decorate with blanched almonds and glace cherries.

● For gift-giving, pack in flat basket.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING is the traditional Christmas fare. See recipe.

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. . . AND CAKES

DUTCH CHRISTMAS WREATH
(Picture page 6)

One and a half cups almond meal, 1¼ cups icing sugar, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg plus extra egg-white, ¼ teaspoon lemon essence, 1 cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons iced water, beaten egg for glazing.

Sift flour and salt into bowl, cut in butter until mixture is size of small peas. Gradually work in iced water to make stiff dough; chill 1 hour. Combine almond meal, sifted icing sugar, sugar, egg, egg-white and lemon essence to make a paste. Roll pastry out into rectangle approximately 6in. x 18in. Roll almond paste into long strip, place on pastry strip, and fold pastry round it; press seams firmly. Curve into ring, join ends together, moistening all edges to help join. Glaze with beaten egg, bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cooked and cooled, decorate with glace cherries, angelica, and blanched almonds; secure them, if necessary, with a little egg-white.

LIGHT CHRISTMAS CAKE
(Picture at right)

Four ounces glace or candied pineapple, 4oz. glace cherries, 2oz. blanched almonds, 4oz. sultanas, 4oz. currants, 4oz. raisins, 1oz. peel, 3 tablespoons sherry or brandy, 2oz. desiccated coconut, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 3 eggs (separated), ¼ cup orange or pineapple juice, 6oz. plain flour.

Chop fruit and nuts, sprinkle with sherry or brandy, allow to stand a few hours or overnight. Cream butter and sugar well, add well-beaten yolks of eggs, coconut, then ¼ cup fruit juice alternately with sifted flour. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and lastly fruits and nuts. Place in well-greased papered 6in. x 10in. x 2in. loaf tin, bake in slow oven 2½ to 3 hours. Cool in tin, then remove paper. Ice with Almond Paste, decorate with cut-up jellies.

Almond Paste: Three ounces icing sugar, 3oz. castor sugar, 7oz. ground almonds, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-yolk.

Mix sieved icing sugar with ground almonds and castor sugar. Add lemon juice, vanilla, and egg-yolk, mix well. Spread roughly over top of cake.

CHRISTMAS CAKE IN DECORATED TIN
(Picture page 6)

Make up recipe for Light Christmas Cake, then spoon mixture into well-greased, paper-lined empty coffee tin (approx. 6½in. x 5in.). Bake in slow oven 3 to 3½ hours or until skewer, when inserted, comes out clean. Cool in tin, then remove from tin, peel off paper. Wash tin well, then paste colored paper on outside of tin and on lid. Top lid with ribbon rosette. Replace cake in tin. Cover with lid.

● If you want to post off a Christmas cake to a friend or relative, this is an ideal way to bake and send it.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Three eggs, one cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup dates, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon candied peel, ½lb. butter or substitute, 2 cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Beat the eggs and sugar until thick. Put into saucepan the dates, sultanas, raisins, walnuts, and peel with 2 cups of water; simmer gently 10 minutes. Add butter or substitute; cool. Add the well-sifted flour to the eggs and sugar mixture, then the spice, nutmeg, cream of tartar, and soda; then add the boiled fruit. Place in greased and paper-lined 7½in. square cake tin, bake in moderate oven ¾ hour to 1 hour. Cool in tin. If desired, top with chocolate icing.

NO-BAKE FRUIT CAKE

Two cups shredded wheatmeal biscuit crumbs, ½lb. stoned dates (finely chopped), ½lb. preserved figs (finely chopped), little chopped preserved ginger, ½lb. marshmallows (chopped), 4oz. walnut pieces, 3oz. glace cherries (sliced), pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 cup cream (whipped).

Combine the biscuit crumbs, dates, figs, ginger, marshmallows, walnuts, cherries, orange rind, and salt. Mix together thoroughly, then fold in the whipped cream. Grease or line with foil 9 x 5in. loaf tin. Press mixture in, cover with foil, chill overnight in refrigerator.



LIGHT CHRISTMAS CAKE is topped with almond paste and adorned with flowers made of red and green confectionery jellies cut into shape. See recipe this page.

EGGLESS CAKE AND PUDDING

● If any of your friends are on an egg-free diet, they'll be delighted with the eggless fruit cake and fruit pudding.

Eggless Fruit Cake: Two cups mixed fruit, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons coconut, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon spice, 12oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Place fruit, sugar, water, and butter or substitute into saucepan. Boil 5 minutes, turn into basin and allow to cool. Fold in coconut, sifted dry ingredients, and lemon rind. Turn into greased cake tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Cool on cake-cooler, store in airtight tin when cold. Top can be iced if desired.

The Almond Paste given in the recipe for Light Christmas Cake on this page would be suitable, or use the following simple chocolate icing:

Melt 4oz. dark chocolate and 1 tablespoon cream over hot water. Stir until thoroughly melted, pour over cake.

Eggless Fruit Pudding: Half cup finely chopped suet, ½ cup chopped, seeded raisins, ½ cup currants, ½ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons chopped, mixed peel, ½ cup brown sugar, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon spice, 1 pint milk.

Combine all dry ingredients, mixing well together. Add milk, stir until completely absorbed. Fill into large well-greased basin. Cover with paper greased on both sides. Stand in large boiler or saucepan with boiling water coming half-way up side of basin. Place lid on, cook 2 to 2½ hours. Replace water with more boiling water as it evaporates.

● For gift-giving, top with a spray of holly, or enclose in your gift package a sprig of mistletoe (plastic mistletoe is obtainable at most stores during the Christmas shopping season).

Continued overleaf

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Concluding . . .

CAKES AND PUDDINGS



WREATH shape at right is a traditional Christmas cake of Holland. See page 5.

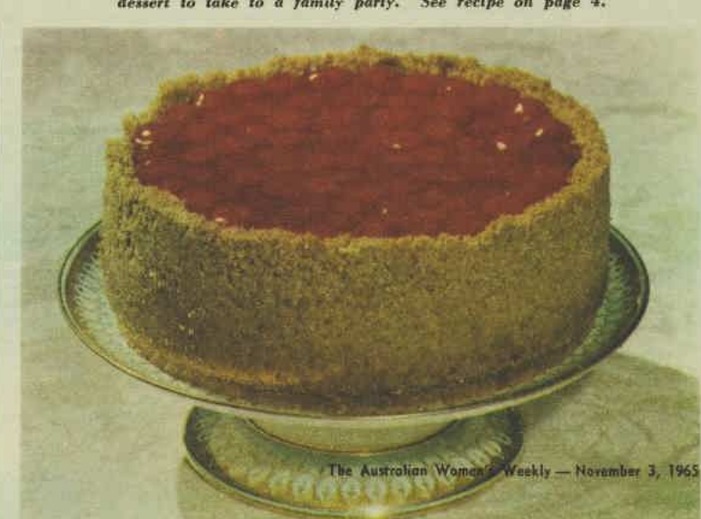
CAKE at right can be baked and posted in same tin. The recipe is given on page 5.



INDIVIDUAL CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS (below) make a nice gift, can be decorated as shown. Recipe on page 4.

CHERRY CHEESECAKE (below) looks festive, is excellent dessert to take to a family party. See recipe on page 4.





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Confectionery

● In this section is a wide variety of confectionery, and ideas for novelty gift containers to pack it in.

SWEET-COVERED CHRISTMAS TREE
(Picture page 8)

Toffee-coated nuts or any other sweets, 2 sheets each of red and green cellulose paper, cone of chicken wire, pencil, empty cotton-reel, colored ribbon.

Cut cellulose paper into 3in. squares. Place a sweet in centre of each square of paper. Screw paper tightly round sweet, then push ends through holes of chicken-wire cone. Cover cone completely with these sweets. Cover pencil and cotton-reel with colored paper and ribbon, then press one end of pencil through base of cone and other end through decorated cotton-reel.

● Wire cones are obtainable from florists and department stores that sell flower-arrangement accessories.

POPCORN BALL
(Picture page 8)

Three-quarters cup honey, 2oz. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, enough unflavored popcorn to fill 2 basins (approx. 8oz.), aluminium foil, colored ribbon, jubes.

Line round-based bowl with layer of aluminium foil. Place honey, butter, sugar, and marshmallows into saucepan, cook gently until sugar has dissolved, stirring occasionally. Pour over popcorn, stir, coating well, then press half mixture firmly into basin. Remove from basin carefully (use foil to lift) and make sure it has retained its shape; put aside to set. Repeat with remaining mixture. (Or use 2 basins of same size.) When completely set, remove foil, then press halves together. Tie together with ribbon, then decorate with colored ribbon and jubes; hang a Christmas bauble from base.

MARSHMALLOWS
(Picture page 8)

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1¼ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 2oz. grated chocolate, 1 teaspoon coconut, lemon essence, peppermint essence, pink and green food coloring.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Add sugar to boiling water and bring back to boiling. Stir in soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Cool to lukewarm, beat until very thick and white. Divide into 3. To first mixture add drop of lemon essence and little pink coloring; to second add coffee essence and grated chocolate; to third add coconut, few drops of peppermint essence, and green coloring. As first mixture is colored and flavored, pour into oiled square cake tin; allow to set slightly before adding next layer. Refrigerate; when set, cut into squares, roll in sifted icing sugar.

● For gift-giving, pack into small boxes; cut and glue paper doilies or napkins round edges of boxes.

BOUQUET OF SWEETS
(Picture page 8)

Home-made or bought sweets can be used to make this pretty gift bouquet.

Wrap sweets in long narrow strips of cellulose paper or tissue paper with ends screwed together to form stalk. Cut squares of colored tissue paper in petal shapes, arrange round the sweet; glue in place. Different effects can be achieved by use of various colored papers and by cutting paper in different shapes. Stick stalk ends through hole in centre of paper doily. Arrange "flowers" attractively, then tie ends with cotton. Tie large bow, glue to edge of flowers. Tie small bows in colored ribbon and glue to "flowers" throughout posy.

ALMOND HORSESHOE
(Picture page 9)

Half pound blanched almonds, ½ cup sugar, candy-coated chocolate sweets, candied mint leaves.

Toast blanched almonds under griller until golden brown. Place sugar in heavy-based saucepan, melt over low heat, stirring occasionally, until all sugar has dissolved. Mix in almonds, pile on to greased tray. Arrange into horseshoe shape with 2 spoons; work quickly. Decorate with sweets and mint leaves.



TOFFEE APPLES, made from firm, red fruit, give an additional note of color to Christmas festivities. Surround each apple with a white paper doily.

CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT TRUFFLES
(Picture page 9)

One cup ground hazelnuts, 1 cup icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 12oz. dark chocolate, ¼ cup cream, chocolate sprinkles, 1 teaspoon rum.

Sift icing sugar, mix with hazelnuts; stir in just enough egg-white to make firm paste; add cream. Chop chocolate, place in top of double saucepan, cook over hot water until melted. Blend into hazelnut mixture, stirring with wooden spoon; add rum. Turn mixture into shallow tin lined with lightly greased paper; put aside in cool place to set. When mixture is firm, cut into squares, then roll into small balls between palms of hands; roll in sprinkles. Refrigerate.

● These are delicious to serve with coffee. For gift-giving we packed a big coffee cup with truffles.

TOFFEE APPLES
(Picture above)

Three cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, red food coloring, small red apples, wooden skewers, paper doilies.

Wash apples well. Dry, then remove stems and pierce apples with wooden skewers; refrigerate. Place sugar, water, and vinegar in saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring until all sugar is dissolved. Do not stir once mixture has reached boiling point. Boil steadily until toffee turns a deep straw color and forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Color red with food coloring. Dip apples into toffee, swirl them round to coat; stand upright on waxed paper to set. When hard, arrange paper doily and red bow on skewer.

Continued overleaf

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Continuing . . .

CONFECTIONERY

CHRISTMAS TREE (left) made of wire is covered prettily with sweets. See page 7 for the directions.



POPCORN BALL (right) looks attractive as a Christmas decoration. The recipe is on page 7.



MARSH MALLOWS (left) are an acceptable gift. See page 7.

BOUQUET OF SWEETS (right) is pretty. Recipe page 7.



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MARZIPAN FRUITS (left), in a miniature basket, taste delicious. Recipe page 12.

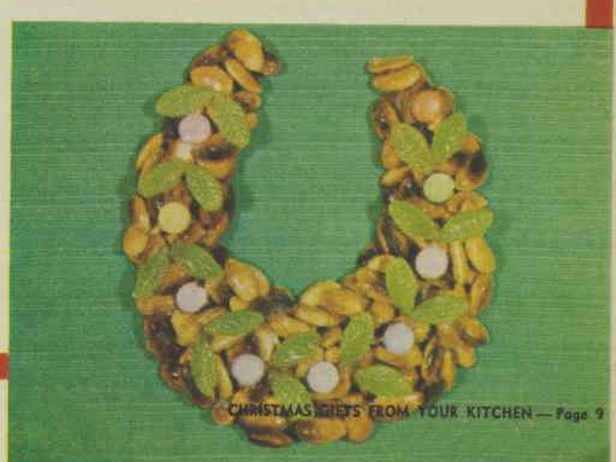


MARZIPAN SHAPES (right) are edible, look festive. See page 12.

Continued overleaf



ALMOND HORSE-SHOE (below) and Chocolate Hazelnut Truffles (at left below). Recipes are on page 7.



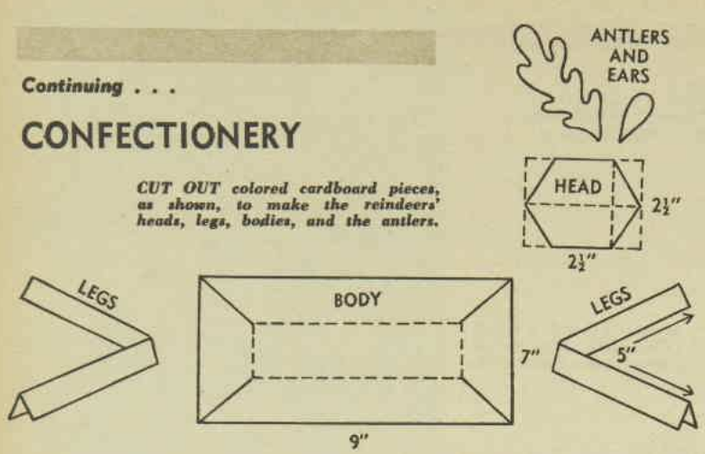
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Continuing . . .

CONFECTIONERY

***CUT OUT** colored cardboard pieces, as shown, to make the reindeers' heads, legs, bodies, and the antlers.*



REINDEER

shown on opposite page

HOW TO MAKE

Cut out body, head, legs, antlers, ears, and tail shapes from colored cardboard, as shown in sketch. Make body into rectangular box shape. Fold head in half and trim. Stick together at nose end. Paint on eyes, mouth, and nose; glue on ears and antlers. Fold legs in half lengthways, then in half widthways, and glue to each end of body. Glue head to neck, then neck to body. Fill body with nuts.

NUT BRITTLE
(Shown with Dasher)

One and a half pounds sugar, ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, 1-3rd teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix together sugar, water, and butter. Stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Do not stir after mixture boils. Boil until mixture reaches hard-crack stage (310deg. F.) and just begins to caramelise. Remove from heat, add soda mixed with salt, nuts, and vanilla. Pour on to buttered tray. As soon as cool enough to touch, pull toffee into pieces, stretching as thinly as possible.

CARAMEL DELIGHTS
(Shown with Prancer)

Two cups brown sugar, 1 cup cream, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 4oz. melted chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, syrup, milk in saucepan; cook mixture slowly, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Boil without stirring until syrup reaches 238deg. F. or when a little dropped into cold water forms a soft ball; cool a little. Add vanilla and cream, beat until thick and creamy. Spread in buttered pan, let harden; top with melted chocolate; cut into squares.

WALNUT PRALINES
(Shown with Rudolph)

Two cups brown sugar, ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, 2 cup walnut pieces.

Combine brown sugar with water and butter. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves and syrup comes to boil. Add walnuts, boil syrup slowly, stirring constantly, until mixture just reaches hardball stage. Remove from heat, immediately drop teaspoonfuls on to waxed tray; cool.

Continued on page 12

SANTA CLAUS

shown on opposite page

HOW TO MAKE

Form and glue a cone from semicircle of red cardboard. Cut across half of cone and down, as shown in first sketch. Curve pieces A and B round and in to back of cone to form legs as in second sketch; glue to secure. Cut cardboard shoe-shape, glue to base of legs. Cut and attach 2 strips of red cardboard for arms.

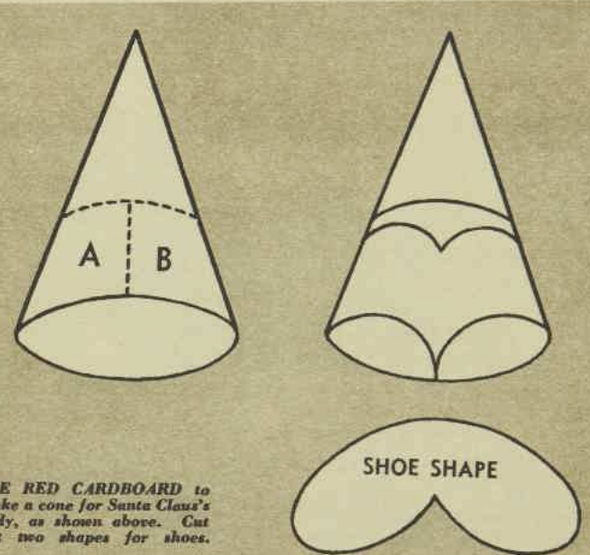
Make Santa's face of ping-pong ball, using cottonwool for beard, and red crepe paper, shaped into cone, for hat. Paint on eyes, nose, and mouth. Glue head to body. Decorate by painting belt and boots in black, use cottonwool for coat edges, buttons, and pompon.

Make sack by sewing up 2 sides of folded strip of butter muslin. Color with food coloring. Dry and fill with Almond Butter Crunch.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH

Six ounces butter, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon honey, ½ cup chopped almonds.

Melt butter in heavy-based frying pan. Add sugar and honey, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Cook about 5 minutes, until sugar combines with butter into a bubbling syrup or until syrup reaches 270deg. F. Add almonds, return to heat, cook until bubbling syrup starts to brown on edges. Pour on to greased tin. If mixture separates during cooking, add 1 tablespoon cold water and cook until temperature reaches 290deg. F. or until bubbling mixture just begins to caramelise again. Cool; break into pieces.



***USE RED CARDBOARD** to make a cone for Santa Claus's body, as shown above. Cut out two shapes for shoes.*

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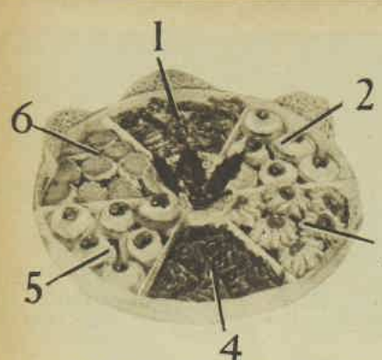


DASHING REINDEER carry Santa Claus and a load of sweets across the sky. See opposite page.



SANTA CLAUS and his sack, which is filled with Almond Butter Crunch. Directions opposite.

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GIFT BOX on our cover. The numbered recipes are on this page.

ON OUR COVER

● Below are the recipes for sweets and biscuits in the pretty box shown on our cover.

SWEETS boxes, covered with Christmas or crepe paper, make gay containers for biscuits. Or you could pack them into an inexpensive glass or ceramic biscuit barrel. Glass jars with screw-top lids can be bought cheaply at variety stores. Biscuits look attractive when packed into these. Tie a bright Christmas ribbon round top of jar.

You might like to add a decorative label to the jar. Pretty scenes cut from Christmas cards are good; glue on to centre of jar.

Concluding CONFECTIONERY

MARZIPAN FRUITS
(Picture page 9)

Marzipan: One pound icing sugar, 4oz. almond meal, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, squeeze orange or lemon juice, almond essence if desired.

Sift icing sugar, add almond meal; mix well. Stir in egg-yolks beaten with sherry, fruit juice, and almond essence. Mix into stiff paste, adding little more fruit juice if required. Knead slightly on board.

Apple: Shape from round of marzipan. Push clove in each end with pointed end out for stalk and clubbed end for blossom.

Orange: Roll a round of marzipan on fine grater to get indented skin effect. Push in clove for stalk.

Strawberry: Roll small round of marzipan to slight point at one end; paint with red food coloring, then roll in red sugar (colored with food coloring).

Banana: Shape from cylinder of marzipan. Point ends and slightly curve banana.

Pear: Shape from round of marzipan, bringing one end to point. Press clove in pointed end for stalk.

Paint fruit with appropriate food coloring.

● We packed our fruit in a doll's clothes basket, or you could arrange them in a small confectionery box.

MARZIPAN SHAPES
(Picture page 9)

Almond Marzipan Paste: One pound icing sugar, 4oz. almond meal, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, squeeze orange or lemon juice, few drops almond essence if desired.

Sift icing sugar, add almond meal; stir in egg-yolks beaten with sherry and fruit juice and almond essence. Mix into stiff paste, adding little more fruit juice if required. Knead slightly on board. Then roll out and model as below. (When joining or attaching pieces of marzipan together, moisten edges slightly to secure. Marzipan can be colored with food coloring before modelling, or figures can be painted after shaping.)

Father Christmas: Form ball from piece of marzipan for face. Shape another piece into cone, bend over into hat shape; join to top of ball. Make 2 small balls, press one in centre of face for nose, and other at hat end for pompon. Make moustache and eyes from small pieces of marzipan, crumble some marzipan slightly for beard. Paint with food coloring, then finish hat with strip of marzipan.

Angel: Make face from round of marzipan, body from cone; tilt base of cone up round edge for dress hem. Cut wings, hands, and halo from rolled-out piece of marzipan; make hair by crumbling marzipan slightly, then placing on head. Paint with food coloring.

Star and Bell Shapes: Roll out marzipan, cut to shape with small biscuit-cutters or knife.

● Nice as gifts or for your Christmas table. Good, too, to have as ornaments on the Christmas tree.

1. FUDGE MALLOW SQUARES

One cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, ¼ cup melted butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift flour, cocoa, and salt into basin, mix in sugar; add melted butter, cool to lukewarm, then add eggs, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla and nuts. Spread over well-greased, shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Cool, frost with the following.

Rocky Road Frosting: One quarter cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2oz. chocolate, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 2 cups chopped marshmallows, ½ cup chopped glace cherries, desiccated coconut.

Combine brown sugar, water, and chopped chocolate in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes. Blend in butter, vanilla, icing sugar; cool slightly. Fold in marshmallows. Spread over biscuit base, then sprinkle over cherries. Top with sprinkling of desiccated coconut. When set, cut into small squares.

2 and 5. COCONUT POMPONS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1¼ cups plain flour, ½ cup cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon coconut, pinch salt, raspberry jam, marshmallow topping, glace cherries, extra coconut.

Cream butter or substitute, add sugar, beat until creamy. Add egg (reserving a little white for glazing) and vanilla. Sift flours with baking powder and salt, stir into creamed mixture; blend in coconut. Knead lightly, refrigerate 1 hour. Roll out, cut into small rounds. Place on lightly greased baking tray, brush with reserved egg-white. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from tray while still warm; cool. Spread with raspberry jam. Spoon on topping, sprinkle with additional coconut, top with glace cherry half.

Topping: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine (which has been softened in little cold water), ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cook all ingredients except vanilla until sugar has dissolved; cool. When starting to set, beat until mixture is thick and white. Beat in vanilla and enough food coloring to tint a pale pink if desired.

3. CHERRY MARZIPAN STARS

One cup ground almonds, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup icing sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 to 2 egg-whites, glace cherries.

Mix ground almonds and sugars, then add essence. Work in just sufficient egg-white to make fairly stiff dough. Pipe in star shapes on to greased biscuit slide. Top each with halved glace cherry. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

4. EASY CHOC-ORANGE PEEL

Rind of 2 oranges, water, 1 cup sugar, extra ½ cup water, 3oz. chocolate.

Thinly peel oranges, cut peel into very narrow thin strips, using kitchen scissors or knife. Place in saucepan of cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer ½ hour or until tender; strain. Place sugar and ½ cup water in saucepan, stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils; add strained peel. Boil, stirring constantly until sugar syrup candies round the peel (approximately 15 minutes). Remove from pan and cool. Place chocolate in top of double boiler, melt over hot water. Add candied peel and coat well with chocolate. Place on waxed paper on cake cooler, separate pieces. Refrigerate.

6. ALMOND RINGS

Biscuit: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1 large egg-yolk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Topping: One large egg-white, 4oz. ground almonds, 2oz. castor sugar, lemon butter.

Biscuit: Cream butter or substitute until soft, add sugar, beat well. Beat in egg-yolk, stir in flour sifted with salt. Blend well, adding little water if necessary, to make stiff dough. Roll out thinly on floured board. Cut into rounds with fluted cutter, place on greased baking slide.

Topping: Whisk egg-white until stiff, lightly stir in almonds and sugar. Put mixture into piping-bag with rose nozzle, pipe ring round each biscuit. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes or until golden brown; cool on wire tray. When cool, put ¼ teaspoon lemon butter in centre of each biscuit.

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JAMS AND PRESERVES

● An unusual jam or preserve makes a lovely gift; they are good to eat. Ingredients are not expensive, but the general effect of the finished gift in a pretty container is charming and decorative.



LEMON AND GINGER MARMALADE can be packed in a Chinese rice bowl.

SHERRY-PLUM JAM
(Picture, this page)

Six pounds plums, 6lb. sugar, 1 pint water, 3oz. sweet sherry.

Wash plums, cut up roughly, place in large saucepan. Add water and cook until tender; remove plum stones, if desired. Add sugar, boil rapidly until mixture reaches jell point (about 2 hours). Just before bottling, add the sherry.

● When jam cooled, we poured it into a pretty glass, covered the glass top with aluminium foil, then decorative Christmas wrapping. If you wish, make the label like a Christmas gift tab.

LEMON AND GINGER MARMALADE
(Picture, this page)

Four cups thinly sliced and seeded lemons, 6 pints water, 4½lb. sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2oz. finely chopped preserved ginger.

Combine lemons and water in large pan, bring to boil, and boil rapidly 20 minutes. Drain off liquid, measure, and add enough water to bring it to 6 pints; return to pan with lemons, add sugar, spices, and ginger; boil until mixture jells. Cool a little, then pour into sterilised jars. Seal immediately.

● For gift giving, we packed the jam into small Chinese rice bowls. Seal top with aluminium foil or waxed paper.

LEMON CHEESE
(Picture, page 14)

Juice and finely grated rind of 3 lemons, 6oz. butter, ½lb. castor sugar, 2 large eggs (well beaten).

Put all ingredients in top of double boiler. When water below is boiling, stir mixture continually until it thickens and is consistency of honey. Pot and seal.

● For gift-giving, pour into small fancy ceramic jar, attach decorative bow or Christmas bauble to lid with cellulose tape.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY
(Picture, page 14)

Remove stalks from crab-apples, wash the fruit, cut in halves, and put into preserving pan with enough water to cover. Bring to the boil. Boil gently 30 to 45 minutes or until fruit is soft. Strain through cloth. Measure liquid and bring to the boil. To every pint of liquid allow ½lb. sugar; boil 45 minutes or until mixture jells when allowed to cool on saucer. Pour into jars. Seal when cold.

● To make our gift jar, pour slightly cooled jam into decorative thick glass, cover. with aluminium foil; place several gaily colored Christmas baubles on top of foil, then top with second glass, inverted. Seal the 2 glasses together with cellulose tape. Attach a Christmas decoration at top.

ORANGE MARMALADE
(Picture, page 14)

Six whole oranges, 4lb. sugar, 4 pints water, juice 1 lemon.

Wash and cook oranges whole in water to cover until very soft (soft enough to pierce readily with knife). Drain off water and discard. While hot, slice oranges thinly as possible. Add half the quantity of sugar to sliced oranges and the 4 pints of water. Boil ½ hour. Add remainder of sugar and lemon juice, boil rapidly until mixture jells. Cool slightly, then bottle in clean, dry jars.

● For gift-giving, pack into inexpensive ceramic or glass jars; add your own decorative label.

BRANDIED PEACHES
(Picture, page 14)

Wash and peel firm ripe peaches, then weigh. Cut in halves, remove stone or leave whole, as desired. For each lb. of fruit, allow ¾lb. sugar and 8oz. water. Boil sugar and water together 10 minutes without stirring. Add peaches to syrup, cook about 5 minutes until tender. (Cook only a few at a time to prevent bruising.) Remove peaches and pierce the base of each with a clove, then pack firmly into hot sterilised jars. Cook syrup until thick. Cool and measure. Add equal quantity of brandy; bring just to boiling point and fill jars of peaches to cover. Seal.

Using Canned Peaches as alternative: Strain peaches, reserving syrup. Pierce base of each half with 1 clove. Pack firmly into hot sterilised jars. Measure syrup, add equal quantities of brandy. Bring liquid just to boiling point and pour over peaches. Seal.



SHERRY-PLUM JAM in an inexpensive brandy glass with a gay label.

TURKISH ROSE PETAL JAM
(Picture, page 14)

One pound rose petals, juice 2 lemons, 1 pint water, 3lb. sugar. (For best flavor and results, only petals of fresh young buds should be used.)

Cut petals into thin strips, arrange on plates, sprinkle over juice 1 lemon. Let stand several hours or overnight. Put into saucepan with water, bring just to the boil, then strain, reserving half the petals. Return the water to saucepan, add sugar, squeeze in remaining juice of other lemon. Add reserved petals. Simmer gently 30 minutes.

Note: The color of the rose petals used will influence the finished color of the jam. We used dark red velvety petals.

If the roses are from your garden, you might like to add a cutting of the rose (or a promise of a cutting when it is pruning time).

Continued overleaf

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Continuing . . .

JAMS AND PRESERVES



ORANGE MARMALADE is a firm favorite. For a Christmas gift, pack into a glass or china jar.

LEMON CHEESE (below) is easy to make, always popular. Pack in a fancy, decorated china jar.





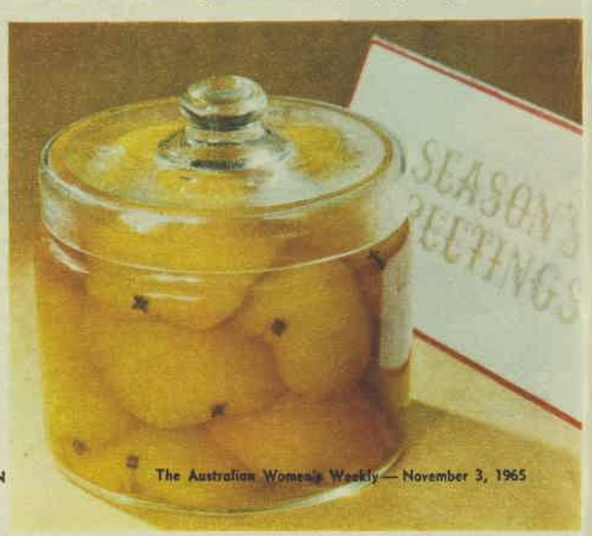
CRAB-APPLE JELLY cooks to a lovely color, looks decorative. Put in wineglass, another on top.

(Recipes for all these jams and preserves are on page 13.)



TURKISH ROSE PETAL JAM looks and tastes exotic, makes an unusual, pretty gift. Use petals of fresh buds.

BRANDIED PEACHES (below) have a wonderful flavor. Fresh or canned peaches are equally good for this.



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SNOWMAN

Shown in color overleaf

● A packaged cake mix or your favorite fruit cake mixture can be used to make this jolly snowman.

HOW TO MAKE

Make up cake mixture. Spoon mixture into 4 well-greased muffin tins. Bake in oven in temperature suitable to type of cake for approximately half the cooking time required for a full-sized cake.

Cool, then remove from tins. Place 2 cakes base to base to form body; secure with wooden cocktail sticks. Round off straight edge of 3rd cake and place on top of body, secure with cocktail sticks. Cut last cake to form hat. Coat head and body with Butter Cream. Press coconut on icing. Place hat cake on head. Form eyes, nose, mouth, buttons, and bow with colored sweets. Bend cocktail sticks for arms.

Butter Cream: One and a half ounces butter, 4½oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon fruit juice or brandy.

Cream butter until white and fluffy. Add sifted icing sugar and brandy, adding more icing sugar if required.

● These Snowmen make ideal Christmas table decorations—nice, too, for gifts for children, but make sure the small wooden cocktail sticks are removed before the cakes are eaten.

KANGAROO

Shown in color overleaf

● For gift-giving, we packed Buttered Rum Brazils into a golden cardboard kangaroo. Below are directions for making it.

HOW TO MAKE

Form cone from semi-circle of gold cardboard. Stand cone upright on cardboard and draw circle round edge. Cut out circle, leaving ¼-in. wide border. Snip up to drawn line all round circle, fold in edges. Cut out a hole in front of cone; glue base circle to cone. Cut out legs and tail shapes of cardboard and glue to cone. Fold piece of cardboard and cut into head shape. Cut ears and glue to head. Glue head to body; paint in eyes and nose. Fill with nuts, glue cellulose paper over the hole. Decorate glued edge.

BUTTERED RUM BRAZILS

One and a half cups sugar, ½ cup water, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose or honey, 1lb. shelled brazil nuts, 2 tablespoons rum.

Place the sugar and glucose or honey in saucepan, add the water, stir until sugar dissolves; do not stir after mixture reaches boiling point. Boil steadily to 238deg. F. or soft ball stage, then add butter and rum. Boil again until mixture is light honey color or when a little dropped into cold water forms a hard ball and snaps and crackles. Remove from heat, drop in nuts, lift out one at a time, place on buttered paper to set.



MOKATINES go well with coffee, Recipe below.

SMALL CAKES FOR GIFTS

● If you're dropping in to pay an unexpected Christmas call, it's nice to take with you as a gift something good to eat—like these small cakes.

MOKATINES

(Picture above)

Three-and-a-half ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4 eggs, 4½oz. castor sugar, coffee butter cream, coffee icing.

Coffee Butter Cream: Four ounces butter or substitute, about 7oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Coffee Icing: Eight to 10 ounces sifted icing sugar, 1½ teaspoons butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons coffee essence, water, little vanilla.

Sift flour twice with salt. Warm butter over hot water until soft and pourable, taking care not to make it hot and oily. Separate the eggs, put yolks into bowl with the castor sugar. Beat well until thick. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold into mixture alternately with the flour. Add butter quickly and turn into greased 7in. square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Leave until the next day. Split in 2, sandwich together with thin layer of the butter cream. Cut into small oblongs, cover with icing and, when dry, decorate top with piped butter cream.

Coffee Butter Cream: Cream butter and icing sugar. Gradually beat in coffee essence, adding more icing sugar, if necessary.

Coffee Icing: Put icing sugar, butter and coffee essence into saucepan. Add just enough water to mix to a stiff paste. Stir over gentle heat until mixture pours from a spoon. Stir in vanilla.

ALMOND MERINGUES

One cup blanched almonds, pinch salt, 1 egg-white, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Toast nuts in oven a few minutes, then chop coarsely; sprinkle with salt. Beat egg-white until stiff but not dry, gradually add the sugar; continue beating until stiff, then add vanilla. Fold in chopped nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven slides. Bake in slow oven 1½ hours or until very lightly browned and firm to touch. Lower heat to very slow for last 15 minutes.

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SNOWMAN is made of cake mix or fruit cake, so can be eaten when the party is over. See page 15 for the directions.

KANGAROO gives an Australian look to Christmas, brings a load of Buttered Rum Brazils. See recipe page 15.



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Continued from page 50

MURDER ON SAFARI

officials would agree with me. Our first duty is to public order." I wondered if he'd already discussed it with Penelope's father.

"I'll ask the Governor about it," I said.

He shook his head. "I think you'll find the old man won't see you. Until you give up this case. It might compromise him, you know. People might think he approved."

"Don't be so damned stupid," I said, and walked out. But he was right. I went straight round and was told by the Governor's social secretary that I couldn't be received. "Don't make a scene, Mark," he begged me miserably when I began getting angry. "Ring Penny in the morning and—and—you know—" So did everyone else know, apparently.

I went home blind with anger, and sat up half the night over a bottle of whisky, making notes about the case and cursing everyone connected with it. If only the damned man wasn't so obviously guilty. It made it seem so pointless. I fell asleep over the table and was woken by the houseboy at six and carted off to bed.

I awoke again at twelve, and had my hand on the phone five times to ring Penelope and took it away again. Finally I spent the afternoon coding a very long cable to a friend in London, asking him for any conceivable background on the Davidsons. There didn't seem much point in it, but there didn't seem much point in anything else.

When it was sent off I told Zack to have a drift round shanty town and see what the gossip was. In the evening I rang Penelope. When I started trying to explain, she simply rang off. When I rang again I was told she was out. After that I didn't try. Six days later she rang me. Her voice sounded far away and cold.

"In case you've forgotten," she said. "This is the day we planned to leave for home." She waited and I didn't say anything. "I'm going home tomorrow, Mark. If necessary, alone." I still didn't say anything. I didn't believe she meant it. Although something told me she did. "Good-bye, Mark," the telephone said.

"Penelope!" I shouted. But the phone was already dead.

THE trial was down for a fortnight's time, a lot of pressure having been used to bring it forward quickly, before too much feeling could build up. Even as it was, things were getting active. I had stones through my windows twice and the half a dozen chickens my houseboy's wife kept in the backyard were taken one night and I began to get their severed heads left through the letter slot at odd times of the day.

After the first couple of tries Zack said he was afraid to collect gossip any more, and the next day he left me altogether, pleading a sick mother. Even the answer to my London cable was mysteriously "lost" for a week before I got it. And when I did it wasn't much help.

Davidson's wife had the money, as Collyer had said. And Davidson had debts. Which gave him a motive. But that alone wasn't much use to me. I'd be going into the case with a plea of not guilty, and nothing else, as far as I could see.

And then, four days before the trial, I had visitors. They were waiting for me when I got home from seeing Collyer. Sylvia had walked with me, talking about the case, and I asked her in for a drink. And found two very smooth, very tough young Africans in sharkskin suits, already drinking the last of my whisky.

"Come in," one of them said. "The boss wants to see you." I knew from the color of their ties who their "boss" was. Issa Gbenwala, the colony's bogyman for twenty years until Jason Solokwe came along to make him look like a conservative.

They moved forward, cutting us off from the door. They took me by the elbows and urged me into my own study, leaving Sylvia standing in the middle of the sitting-room, her hand pressing her mouth. Inside the study a small, stout man, brown face shining as if it had been oiled, sat with plump little legs dangling from my swivel chair.

"Mister Tannem," he said, not getting up. "Mister Tannem, what a pleasure. Please sit down."

The two henchmen shoved a chair behind my knees. I sat down.

"Now," said Issa. "Don't let's waste time. I know you for an honest man, so I have neither bribe nor threat for you—"

I glanced at the two men leaning against my chair, and tried to smile. Issa waved a small, ringed hand and smiled, too. "They like to be like this. They are fond of the gangster films. But it is nothing. I have come to appeal to you. Let the trial be a quiet one. Let your client be found guilty like an English gentleman.

"Afterwards we can see. A reprieve — the Governor will listen to me. Don't forget, if all goes well I shall soon be Prime Minister."

Behind me the henchmen grunted in chorus, like a reflex action. "But if you make a bad fuss at this trial — if there are riots—" He shook his head, suddenly very shrewd looking.

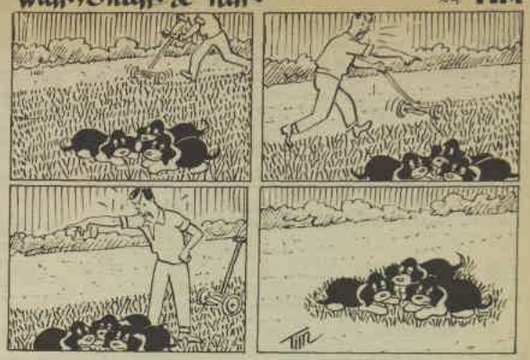
"You might not become Prime Minister?" I suggested. He nodded slowly.

"Maybe you don't like me," he

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM





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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continued from page 51

MURDER ON SAFARI

said. "Would you rather have Jason Solokwe? With an excuse like this he could get many votes."

"I'm not interested," I said, "I am only interested in my client."

His face suddenly hardened, lost all its shining bonhomie. "You pious fool," he whispered. "You pompous little white lawyer. What do you think you are doing?" His voice rose to a scream. He lifted his fist as if to strike me, and the henchmen gripped my arms, bending me forward.

"You'll be sorry," I said. "There's still law here. Until you get hold of it."

I thought he would still hit me. But he spat instead. "Law! Has there been law for Africans here?"

"Yes," I said. He spat again, but the two toughs let go of my arms. Issa stood up.

"If the trial goes wrong," he said, "you'll be very sorry." He went out, strutting like a little black Napoleon, the toughs at his back. I found Sylvia leaning against the wall, looking as if she were going to faint. I took her over to the couch and gave her a drink of water.

"I'm sorry we've brought all this on you," she whispered.

"I'm sorry, too," I said. That day's Colony Gazette had carried a picture of Penelope dancing with Viscount someone or other in Churchills Club in London. She looked as though she found him very interesting. I began walking up and down trying to think of the case.

"Do you know something rather odd?" I said. "Issa doesn't believe your brother is guilty. And I'm wondering why." She stared at me. I tried to think of a reason. There wasn't any, except Issa's general tone. He had wanted the whole thing smoothed over, without any awkward points cropping up. What points could there be that he knew about, and that I didn't?

"Let me walk you home," I said to Sylvia, "and I'll think it over."

We walked to her place in silence, and she didn't ask me to come in. But before she closed the door and without any warning she kissed me very quickly and lightly on the cheek. I went home thinking of more than Issa and the case.

Four days later, in an atmosphere of barely leashed violence, the case began. I still had nothing except that faint suggestion that Issa Gbenwala knew that Collyer was innocent. How could he know? Unless he had picked up shanty gossip that I hadn't.

And the only ultimate source for that must be Davidson's African witness. Who must therefore be lying. Unless the whole thing was my imagination.

It had gone round and round in my head for four days, and I still hadn't any answers. And, if I didn't get an answer soon, Collyer was going to hang, and everything I'd done was for nothing. Marriage, chances in London—I sat sweating in my robe as the formalities droned on.

Eventually Brent began his case. It was no more than we all knew, but it sounded deadly. I could see the jury nodding in acceptance almost before he began. Three Asian shopkeepers. Four white men, two white women, three Africans.

THE police doctor was called. Cause of death. White police lieutenant. Evidence of arrest. Then Davidson, and a little stir in court. Outside in the street someone was shouting, haranguing a crowd of loafers who'd failed to get into the courtroom. Harris sent out an askari to shut him up. It didn't have much effect.

Davidson was impressive. No vindictiveness. Just a heavy sorrow. A nondescript man looking pallid and ill with emotion. And what could I do with him anyway? Suggest that his wife had been rich while he was poor? I did it, and the atmosphere turned from hostility to naked hatred. Even Collyer looked sombre, sitting in the dock with his eyes half shut, as if the play was boring him.

I probed a bit more, particularly at his story of Collyer's advances to his wife, and got nowhere. If I suggested the dead woman was too unattractive for Collyer to make passes at, I might as well close my case. I sat down with a feeling of total failure. I shut my eyes to avoid looking at Collyer. Or at Sylvia. And didn't open them again until Davidson's servant was on the stand.

John Knox Gorewang. About thirty, very smooth, very sharply dressed. Dark blue linen suit. Gold watch. Dark glasses. Hand-painted tie. Most Africans invest their money in their clothes. But John Knox must have spent a small fortune.

I began to watch him. His story tripped out like a lesson well learned. Now and then he looked into the back of the courtroom where he obviously had admirers. Quite suddenly Brent sat down and he was mine.

I got up slowly, giving myself extra time. "Mr. Gorewang," I said, and he smiled at the "Mister." "How much do you earn every month?" He looked surprised. "Ten pounds," he said, and I saw a sudden wariness in his eyes, and knew for the first time how Issa had known that Collyer was innocent.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 27.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, tan, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Best part is from 30th-5th. The 29th can prove especially trying. You could be the target of underhand enmity and violent changes. But later, partnership, romance steadily improves.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Things improve after the 29th—and there's no reason why a fruitful and successful week should not be yours. The 29th itself is hostile to friendship and romance.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ There's a lot of inimical stress pressuring, all to do with marriage and partnership, on the 29th. Beware of the snake in the grass. Otherwise, improving conditions until the 5th.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ There could be a nasty bit of bad luck, 29th—a sudden reversal of fortune. Beware of hazards and stick to routine. Afterwards good conditions prevail until the 5th.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
★ If you except the 28th-29th, the stars give the green light until the 5th. The 29th is a dangerous day. Be on the qui vive, especially regarding romance and finance.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The 9th-12th September bracket should use special care 28th-29th. This affects all Virgos, particularly married ones. There are dangerous undercurrents. Afterwards good stars until 5th.

LIBRA SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
★ Your love of balance and harmony could be put under severe strain, 29th, and you could need all your mental equilibrium. Beware of accidents—but realise that the stars improve.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ If you can postpone vital issues until after the 29th, you can greatly enhance prospects of success. The 29th is a nasty day, requiring vigilance at home, especially with finance.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ You should still be on the ball, full of get-up-and-go. But hold those mettlesome horses on the 29th, which is adverse for personal affairs and new projects.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You could find your usually prudent and cautious assessment of things go off the beam on the 29th. It's a danger date, but after that there are peaceful waters.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, black. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ A cloak-and-dagger "friend" could cause trouble at home on the 29th—which is a day of violent changes. For the rest, good and bettering stars until 5th.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ There could be a financial jolt on the 29th—unexpected fluctuations in career and status. Once surmounted, the stars more than compensate for it until November 5.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Your skin needs daily care . . .
Skin care should never be neglected. A few minutes each day to cleanse, tone and nourish brings untold rewards in a softer, smoother complexion. Rich moisturisers for dry skin, medicated soaps and lotions for blemished skin . . . your family chemist has them all. Ask him to advise the right ones for you.



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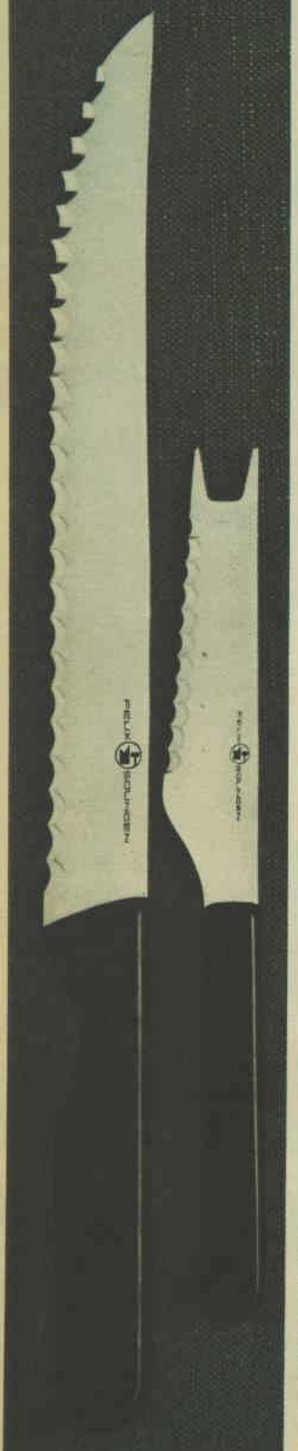


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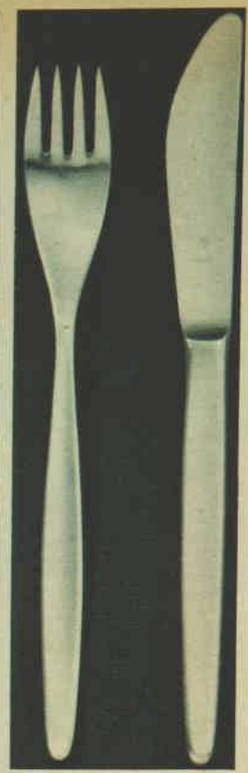
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AT HOME ... *with Margaret Sydney*

● At this time of year, with examinations looming, everybody starts blaming everybody else for anything that may be wrong with the education system.

THE children blame the teachers; the teachers blame the parents; the parents blame the children and the teachers; and everybody but the children (who haven't yet thought of it as an excuse) blames the Government.

If all the blamers are to be believed, it seems a miracle that anyone ever gets educated at all. As a matter of fact I think it IS a bit of a miracle.

Every adult regards himself or herself as an expert on education, and our poor young get used as guinea pigs at home and at school for ideas ranging from sheer genius to pure ratbaggery. The only certain thing is that the ideas are rarely new. Sooner or later the wheel turns full circle, and one generation finds itself right back where the one before the one before last started off.

The way this happens is borne out by the success, at least in its early days, of the new high school at Fort Lauderdale in Florida, U.S.A.

The authorities there have tossed overboard all the current American ideas about the soft-sell in education—planned leisure, bigger and better sporting ovals, heated gyms and swimming-pools, and the gentle wooing of the adolescent into doing a bit of work—and opened a hard-work school with the emphasis on learning without frills.

The school year lasts 11 months (instead of the usual nine); aims to pack six years of learning into four; has no gymnasiums, no assembly halls, and no recreational facilities whatsoever.

To save time and interruptions they have done away with school cafeterias and replaced them with slot snack-machines — strategically placed in the corridors so that students don't have to go a long way and waste a lot of time when they want something to eat.

A new sort of school where no one fails . . .

ON the credit side, from any student's point of view, is the fact that there's no such thing as failing a course.

The school has a non-graded program in which the course is divided into units of work. All they have to do is beat the course, not each other. Each student works away at his unit until he has completed it satisfactorily, and then he moves on to the next unit.

There's no homework in the ordinary sense of the word, for the students are working steadily, and at their own pace, at assignments which may take them days or weeks.

The school has a closed-circuit television system of its own, with monitors in every classroom and study, and each study centre has small private rooms equipped with typewriters, tape-recorders to play back lectures the students may have missed, TV screens equipped with earphones so that they can watch programs (educational, of course) without disturbing anyone else.

All the teachers at the school (there are 72) have Master Degrees or better, and most of them are under 30.

All students must take English, mathematics, science, a foreign language (Spanish, French, German, Russian, or Latin), and social studies in each of their four years.

I tried this idea out on Mike the other night, over the washing-up. He turned pale at the idea of 11 months of school in every year, and gave it as his considered opinion that it would be more of a fun thing to go to jail than to go to Nova High School, Fort Lauderdale.

I'm a bit inclined to agree with him, not having been noted for devotion to duty in my school days ("Margaret lacks concentration and makes no effort in any but the subjects she enjoys"), but the proof of the school's success is in its waiting list.

It has 1750 students and a waiting list of 600 eager beavers who are dying to get in . . . and get down to some really hard work without any distractions.

Why not let children waste a little time?

MY own idea has always been that we demand too much hard work too early from our children, and that homework (at primary level) is a waste of time.

I also believe that we are robbing them of a lot of their childhood by organising every minute of their time when they ought to be playing or reading or pursuing some utterly useless and unproductive hobby—or just wasting time doing absolutely **nothing.**

From high-school age to the grave they're going to be as busy as beavers keeping abreast of the times, keeping on top of their jobs, keeping up with the Joneses, keeping the wolf from the door.

Childhood is the only period of their lives when they ought to be able to waste time without feeling guilty; but, in this competitive world, teachers and parents try to force that guilt on to them at a very early age. They're made to feel they're letting the family down if they drop a form behind little Johnny next door; that they'll never pass exams at 18 if they're not prepared to start slogging away at eight.

I have a feeling of close affinity with the man (don't know who he was) who said, "Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits."

All the same, I can see the benefit of this new high school for those bright, quick-thinking children that Mike refers to rather pityingly as Brains. These poor Brains have a dull time in many schools, because they grasp things immediately and are ready for the next step, but they're pegged to the slower learning speed of the non-Brains.

Some Brains bear this fairly patiently; others get so bored that after a few years they give up working altogether; while some simply muck up and make a nuisance of themselves in class, since they have to do something to make the time pass.

I expect a school that lets them study what interests them at their own pace must seem like a holiday camp to them after an ordinary school where they're forever being made to turn back and revise what they already know.

"They said I couldn't reduce"



My friends said I couldn't reduce and give up cigarettes, but I did.

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The first week I didn't lose a pound, but my waist, hips and bust were an inch smaller. Now I've reduced from 158 to 147 lbs. My best weight is about 137 lbs. Can I continue to take Menthoids? I feel wonderfully fit."

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"Somehow, I'm just not myself today."

Continued from page 52

MURDER ON SAFARI

I turned slowly and looked at Davidson. There was a light shine of sweat on his forehead. He lifted his hand to wipe it away, saw me looking at him and stopped. I turned back to the witness. "How much did your suit cost?" I said gently.

Brent was on his feet. "I object," he said.

And Harris arched his silvery eyebrows at Brent.

"I really cannot see why you should object, Mr. Brent."

Brent sat down with a very ill grace, which got a great deal iller as I took the witness through his wardrobe. He hedged and boasted by turns, but I got the total cost out of him at last. It came to fifty-nine pounds ten.

"Six months' wages," I said.

"I save up," he said sullenly.

"Bwana Davidson has only been here three months. Who did you work for before?"

He stayed mute. "Who did you work for before?" I repeated, letting my voice rise. Brent shot to his feet again.

"My Lord!" he said. "Surely this can have no relevance?"

I turned on him savagely. "No relevance? This man claims he saw a murder done. On his unsupported word a man may hang. He earns ten pounds a month and comes here wearing sixty pounds' worth of new clothes. Have you never heard of bribery?" There was almost an uproar at that until the Judge gavelled it down.

"Let the cross-examination continue," Harris said.

"Mr. Gorewang," I said very softly. "Who did you work for until three months ago?"

He answered so low that it was hard to hear him. "I was unemployed." Someone in the silence caught his breath. I looked at Davidson where he sat hunched and sweating in the corner of the bench. He ran a sodden handkerchief over his face. One or two other people were staring at him also. I turned back to Gorewang.

"You were unemployed? And yet in the last three months, on ten pounds a month, you saved sixty pounds?"

"I make hire purchase," he whispered, and then grinned at the cleverness of the way out.

I took a chance. "You are lying, Gorewang. You paid cash! You were in debt from being unemployed. No one would give you credit. Didn't you pay cash? Remember you are on oath. It can be discovered."

He stared at me from suddenly haunted eyes. "You know I paid cash?" He ran a very red tongue over his lips.

"I know," I said. The silence in the courtroom had turned to stone. "Now tell us where it came from."

"Bwana Davidson gave it me," he whispered, and a sigh rippled along the benches.

"Why?" I said, and he turned mute, his hands locked on the rail, his face grey under the brown. "Why?" I turned and stared at Davidson. He looked as if the floor had risen up and hit him in the face. I saw his solicitor hurriedly shuffle along the bench and whisper to him.

I swung back at Gorewang. "Why did he give you this large sum of money? And when? Was it as soon as you had given the evidence he desired to the police?"

Behind me, there was a cry of "My Lord!" And Davidson was on his feet. "My Lord, may I explain?"

"I think it would be well if you did explain, Mr. Davidson," Harris said evenly. "When counsel has finished this cross-examination I should like to question you myself."

"I have finished, my Lord," I said very quickly. An official prodded Gorewang down from the box and Davidson took his place.

"Did you give a sum of money to the last witness, over and above his wages?" Harris asked him.

"Yes, my Lord," Davidson said. His voice still sounded confident, but his hands were white on the rail. "I gave him seventy-five pounds three weeks ago."

"Why?"

"He told me he was in debt. I — I was sorry for him, I like him —

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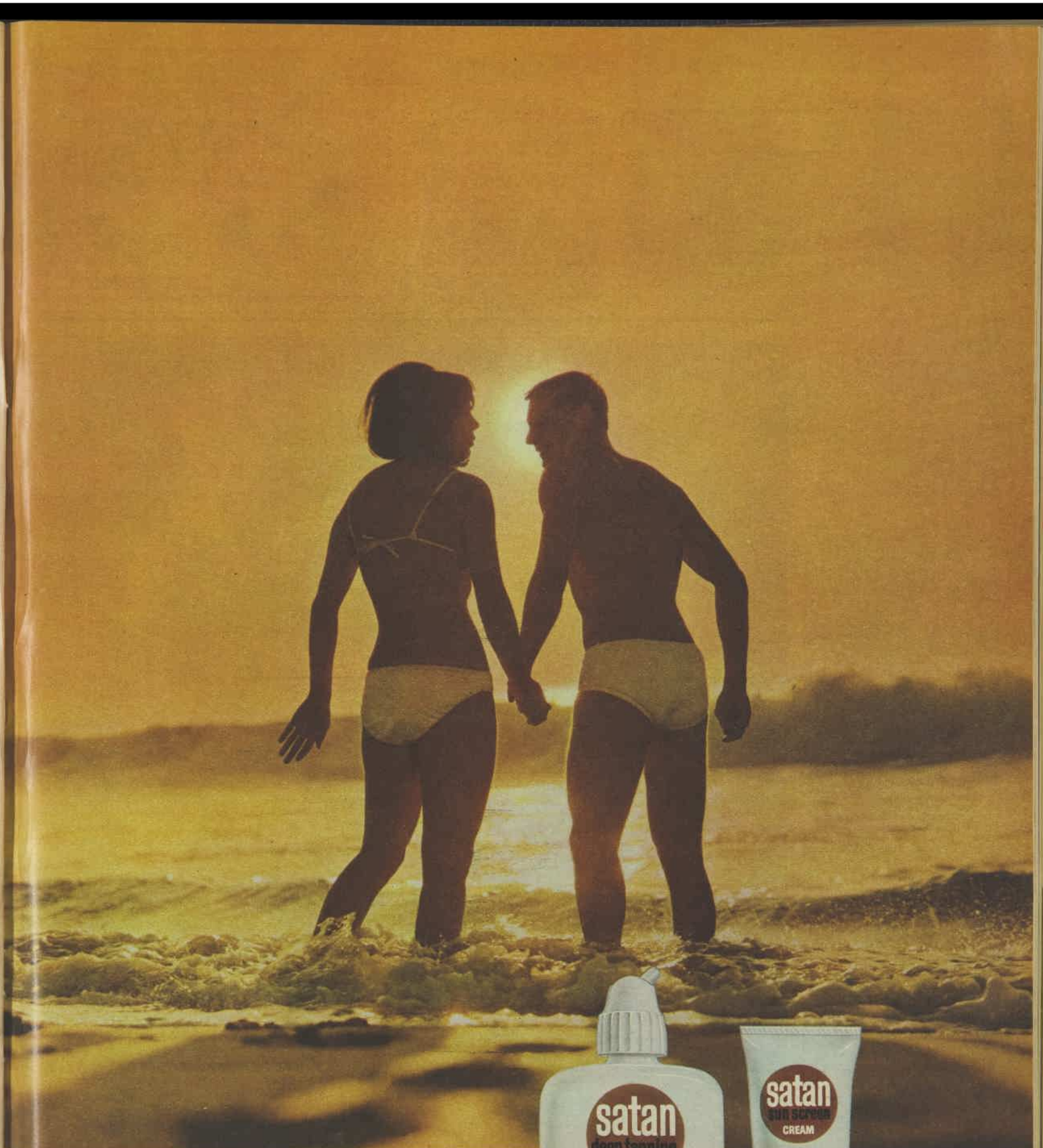


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Continued from page 58

MURDER ON SAFARI

and — Ann would have wished it. She — we both — have — we had — great sympathy for the poverty of Africans—" He put up a hand as if to conceal tears, "I — I did it in her memory."

"I see," said the Judge. He looked at Brent, who shook his head. I was on my feet before the Judge turned to me. He nodded.

"Mr. Davidson," I said. "You tell us that you were sorry for Gorewang because he was in debt. Did you make sure he paid his debts?"

Davidson stared at me. "I — I — thought he would—"

I leaned toward him, knotting my fists in my gown. "I put it to you that you are a liar, Mr. Davidson. I put it to you that you had no interest at all in this man's debts. I put it to you that you bribed him to give false evidence against the accused, and that this seventy-five pounds you tell us about is the first instalment of your filthy pact. This was blood money, was it not? Money for your wife's blood!"

He swayed back as if I was striking him. Brent was on his feet shouting, and I snarled him down. I saw Feathers cover his eyes. At the back of the courtroom men were shouting. I stood and waited, and slowly quiet came, deepening, leaving us in a spreading pool of silence.

"Tell me," I said, "how much more have you promised to pay Gorewang at the end of this trial?"

Davidson had a hand up to his throat, and his face was like wet cloth. "It's not true," he said as if his voice was strangled. "None of it is true. I've promised nothing—"

And as he said it there came a cry of cheated anguish from the body of the court: "You did, Bwana! You promised more!"

FOR a long moment nothing happened. Only Davidson seemed alive, groping feebly at the rail of the witness box, staring sightlessly down at his servant who had betrayed him. And then the riot started. I saw one of Solokwe's men, quicker than the others to realise what had happened, climb up on a bench and swing his arm. A bottle sailed through the air, smashing against the dock.

Within seconds the courtroom was full of fighting men. A rock came through the window and the howl of "Hang! Hang! Hang the white men!" rose to a scream, then lost itself in bedlam. The askari swung into action, batons chopping at shouting heads, driving the Solokwe men toward the door.

I got a glimpse of Issa Gbenwala crowded into a far corner, his men in a phalanx around him. Feathers ran past me, his eyes blind with terror, and ducked through the Judge's door. The Judge was already gone. And Brent and Collyer with his warder.

I wanted to follow them, but my feet didn't move. I stood quite still, listening to what I'd done. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Sylvia leaning against a bench, looking at me, her eyes alight for her brother. The courtroom emptied. The sound of fighting moved out into the street.

"Sylvia," I said, "we had better go." And I saw Issa Gbenwala coming down the room toward us, four men at his back. I stared at them. I wanted to run, but I couldn't. I felt the sweat grow suddenly cold on my skin, and it seemed a great effort even to stand up.

I wondered if they were carrying razors, wondered vaguely how bad it was going to be, how long it would last. I think I aged ten years in those ten seconds. With a huge effort of my arm, as if I was lifting a heavy load, I pushed Sylvia behind me. "Run for it," I whispered. "Through the Judge's door." But she only gripped my arm with her two hands and stayed where she was. Issa came to a halt in front of us and smiled. The four men behind him slid their hands into their tailored pockets. I ran my tongue over dry lips. Issa held out his hand.

"You are a good man," he said, as if this was the first time we had met. "I have thought much about this case. It is good for a country to have justice done, even—" he smiled again, gesturing at the smashed windows, the litter of glass and brick, at the sound of violence that was fading as the askari drove the rioters toward shanty town, "—even though the sky fall."

"I'm glad you agree," I said, dry-mouthed. It was as impossible to read his words as his face. Perhaps he thought that after all it might serve his purpose if Davidson took Collyer's place in the dock. He might even mean what he said. He had my hand in his now and was shaking it with warm limpness.

"I hope you will stay in our country," he said, still smiling, still unreadable. "When I am Prime Minister I shall need men who know what justice is." He turned away, and I watched the podgy, sweat-stained man strut off again, presumably to throw his own men into a counter-riot.

"Oh, heavens," I said, and sat down on the lawyers' bench, Sylvia beside me. We both stared at the coat of arms above the judge's bench, and at the medallion of Blind Justice below it. Slowly, finger by finger, Sylvia's hand crept into mine. I gripped it, and we sat there for a long time, saying nothing.

(Copyright)



"Phone's out of order."



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Cool summer drink wins £5

● A cool, refreshing punch wins the £5 prize this week. An easy-to-make coffee cake recipe wins a consolation prize of £1.

LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

FRUIT-CUP PUNCH

One medium-sized pineapple, 2 lemons, 3 oranges, 1½ cups sugar, 4 passionfruit, 2 bottles ginger ale, 3 bottles lemonade.

Peel pineapple, cut up and boil with juice of the oranges and lemons and sugar until pineapple is tender. Add pulp of passionfruit, allow to cool. Stir in ginger ale and lemonade. Serve over ice. One or two tablespoons of wine adds extra flavor.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Edgar, "Craigilee," Morinish, via Rockhampton, Qld.

EASY COFFEE CAKE

Two eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cold milk, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1½ tablespoons coffee essence.

Place all the ingredients in small mixing bowl, beat well 3 minutes. Turn mixture into greased 8in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Riley, Riley Rd., Riverton, W.A.



FRUIT-CUP PUNCH. See recipe at left.



HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of the useful household hints.

WHEN you have finished with the starch, add it to the last rinsing water for sheets, towels, pillowcases, etc. They will dry much quicker, look better, and become cleaner in the next wash.—Mrs. T. H. Parker, 12 Arthur St., Scottsdale, Tas.

★ ★ ★

A light covering of clean gravel over the surface of the soil in a window-box will prevent soil splattering on the sill when the box is watered.—Mrs. F. Griffiths, Mowbray Court, Park Ave., Mowbray Park, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Should your sewing machine needle become blunt and show signs of pulling the threads in the fabric, remedy this by sewing to and fro a few times (without thread in the needle) across a piece of fine sandpaper —Mrs. W. H. Robb, "Mogadore," North Star, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To make an almost calorie-free jelly, dissolve one level tablespoon gelatine in two cups boiling water. When cool, add a tablespoon undiluted cordial extract and one dessertspoon liquid sweetener.—Mrs. G. B. Dudgeon, 122 Ballina Rd., Goonellabah, Lismore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Use left-over puff pastry to line patty pans. Prick the bottoms and bake for a few minutes in a hot oven. These make handy savory cases to be filled with curried egg, mushrooms, melted cheese.—Mrs. B. J. Reeves, 124 Mahonys Rd., Forest Hill, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When mashing bananas for sandwiches, blend in a tablespoon of lemon butter. This will save browning and improve the flavor.—Mrs. N. F. Godbee, Chances Plains, Chinchilla, Q.d.

★ ★ ★

If you are lining drawers with paper of a self-adhesive plastic type, then turn the drawer upside down and cut the paper to fit the bottom of the drawer, unhampered by the sides of the drawer.—Miss J. Sivertsen, 18 Hopetown Circuit, Deakin, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

Prevent taffeta seams from fraying by painting along the raw edges with clear nail varnish. — Mrs. C. Chadwick, P.O. Box 308, Wanganui, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

Paint the outer surface of fly-wire screens with white paint to maintain indoor privacy when curtains and blinds are opened for summer ventilation. Apply the paint with a roller or old cloth, so that it will not obstruct vision from inside the house. — Mrs. M. Strohfeldt, 50 Barton St., Mont Albert E.10, Vic.

Times have changed but ...

Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits remain an Australian family tradition. Generations of children have thrived on Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

Over the years, the knowledge that they provide nourishment and replace energy has been handed down from mother to daughter. To-day, as always, Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits are helping to build healthy young Australians.



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NEW: **Here's a brand-new way** to buy smooth-textured KRAFT Monterey Cheese. First made in California, Monterey Cheese has a family-pleasing mild flavour, great with cold meats and salad, grilled on toast, or with cracker biscuits. And now you can buy it ready-sliced as well as in chunks, both varieties sealed in film to keep in all that fresh, distinctive flavour.



NEW: **For those who prefer a sharper packet cheese,** try **new** improved OLD ENGLISH* Cheese from KRAFT. For a savoury Tomato Rarebit: heat 1 cup tomato soup, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 6 oz. KRAFT OLD ENGLISH Cheese, shredded, and stir until cheese melts. Add 1 beaten egg and cook until slightly thickened. Serve over hot buttered toast and garnish with parsley. 6 servings.



Give them their favourite, processed cheese this convenient way — KRAFT Cheddar Slices. You get eight right size slices, packed with protein, vitamins and calcium . . . and save time in preparing school-lunch sandwiches and tasty snacks like grilled cheese and cheeseburgers. Now also available in packs of 4 and 16 slices.



For quick-spreading sandwiches and savouries there's a wonderful range of KRAFT Cheese Spreads in attractive re-usable glasses. Cream Cheese, Cheddar Cheese, Gorgonzola and Danish Blue . . . delicious Spreads that add variety and colour when entertaining. Try Cheez Whiz, too, for fast cheese treats. Keep a range in your pantry for all occasions.

Now, try new, world famous cheeses

THE KRAFT SPRING



Now, in Australia, KRAFT are making more wonderful varieties of cheese than ever before. Some of these have been little known previously in this country but KRAFT master cheese makers now bring you world-famous cheeses such as Romano and Gruyere with all the superb flavour and texture that made them favourites in their countries of origin.

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NEW: **Now you can add real fun** to the kiddies' school lunches and snacks, with KRAFT Cheestik. It has excitement, novelty, and you know you're giving them all the goodness of protein-rich, nourishing KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Keep a good supply in the pantry . . . you'll find KRAFT Cheestik useful for picnics, barbecues, and savouries too.



KRAFT Romano Cheese is a hard Italian-type cheese, ideally suited for grating. It has many cooking uses, and gives a distinctive flavour to French Onion and Minestrone soups. KRAFT Romano is the ideal cheese for all "au gratin" recipes. You'll add interest and excitement to your cooking with KRAFT Romano Cheese.



You can be sure the full-bodied flavour of COON* cheese is the same **every** time you buy it — **always** matured, **always** tasty. KRAFT master cheese makers make certain that every block of COON is up to an exacting flavour standard before it is sold by your grocer. For a truly fine, consistently full-bodied cheese, try COON Cheese from KRAFT.



If you like a delicate, slightly sweet flavour, you'll go for KRAFT Gruyere Cheese Slices. In every pack you get eight slices of this delicious cheese — right size, right thickness. Gruyere Slices are so convenient, so handy for making sandwiches and snacks . . . try them with a variety of salad ingredients and breads for a wonderful luncheon idea.

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Right now, at your favourite store, you'll find all these and many more exciting new cheeses, alongside old favourites. Cheese is a wonderful food . . . delicious at any time, and versatile in its many uses. Cheese brings you all the goodness of pure creamy milk . . . the nourishment of protein, vitamins and calcium that you and your family need.

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plump luscious prunes
give that sun rich taste to breakfast cereals

Prunes with cornflakes (or any other cereal) give breakfast a grand new 'wake up' flavour. The tiredest appetites rouse up to their luscious sun-rich goodness. Other fruits come and go but tasty, tender prunes are always in season.

Australian Sun-dried Fruits make the dish

Prunes are ready to eat, straight from the 'polycel' pack your grocer is selling now. Go easy on the sugar, just a sprinkle on the cereal is enough, because prunes are packed with natural sugars, the best kind for everyone's health!

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FOR GROUND COVER



● Prostrate Golden Juniper (Juniperus chinensis aurea prostrata) on Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher's lawn at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 263

By R. H. ANDERSON

● When a gardener refers to "ground covers," he is talking about those plants (apart from grasses) which are grown to protect or beautify the bare soil or provide a setting or foil for taller plants.

INSTEAD of being cut like grass, ground covers are usually allowed to find their natural shape.

Their use has many advantages. They prevent erosion on slopes. They brighten the garden with colorful flowers, berries, or foliage. They can provide a pleasing contrast to larger plants.

Ground covers can be used in places where it is difficult to keep grass in satisfactory condition, such as steep banks, shady areas, under trees, wet places, or very dry positions.

A very large range of plants can be used, including low-growing perennials, small shrubs, and vines. In size they vary from an inch or two high, ideal for forming mats, to plants 2ft. to 3ft. high.

Here are some to choose from:

ACAENA species (**New Zealand Burr**). Forms low mats 2in. to 4in. high, fern-like foliage, spiny fruits in summer.

ACHILLEA species (**Milfoil or Yarrow**). Several species, 6in. to 12in. high, with feathery foliage, white or yellow daisy-like flowers.

ARABIS ALBIDA (**Rock Cress**). Grey foliage, white flowers, 6in. high. Hardy in most soils and in sun.

ARENARIA species. Trailing plants, 2in. to 6in. high, white flowers, small moss-like leaves.

CERASTIUM TOMENTOSUM (**Snow-in-summer**). Fast-growing trailing plant, silvery-grey foliage, white flowers in spring and summer. Cut back if foliage becomes unsightly; 3in. to 6in.

CLIVIAS. When grown in masses, these make a good ground cover in semi-shade or under trees. The large reddish-orange flowers are very attractive.

CONVOLVULUS MAURITANICUS. Trailing plants, small grey-green foliage, lavender-blue flowers freely produced in spring and summer. Likes sunny position, 4in. to 6in. high.

COTONEASTER species. Several of the low-growing ones can be used for ground cover up to 2ft high. **C. adpressa** is deciduous, about 12in. **C. horizontalis** has flat fan-like growths up to 2ft. high.

ESCALLONIA RUBRA var. **pygmaea.** Grows to about 2ft; reddish flowers. Useful where larger plants are required.

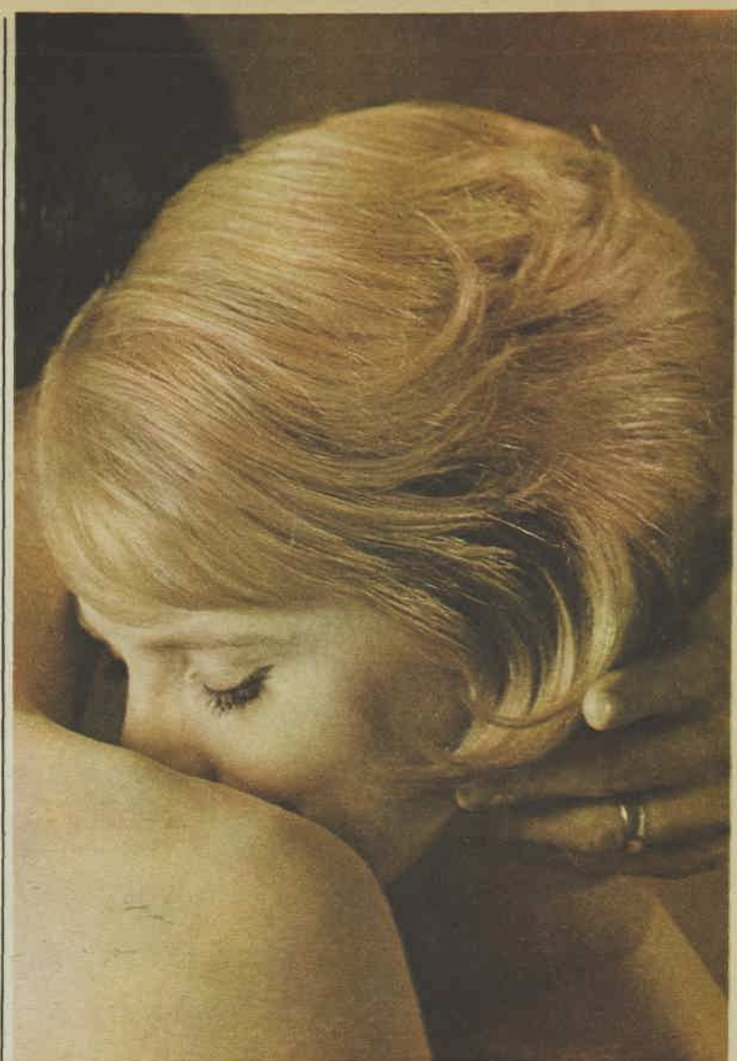
EUONYMUS RADICANS. Semi-creeping, 6in. to 9in. high, useful under deciduous trees. A variegated variety has attractive green and white leaves.

FRAGARIA ALPINA (**Alpine Strawberry**). Compact plants, 6in. high, making no runners. Small edible fruit in summer and autumn. Cool position, semi-shade.

Continued overleaf

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 264

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



make yours the hair he loves...

Always . . . your hair soft as a kiss . . . yet held flawlessly in place. Never sticky or stiff, only crystal clear Helene Curtis "Spray Net" gives touchable hair. "Spray Net" holds through a crowded day into an exciting evening. So when he caresses your hair it falls softly, perfectly back into place. You only know "Spray Net" is there by the way it holds your hair. He only knows you're always so wonderful to touch.



Be the girl with the touchable hair with
New Helene Curtis "Spray Net"
The world's largest-selling hair spray.
Regular or new hard-to-hold formulations, soft hold for casual styles. All from 9/11

New concentrated "Spray Net" outlasts all other hair sprays 1100/65

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for spring and summer

You'll fall in love with the four new Michel Sheer Colours, Sheer Pink, Sheer Rose, Sheer Beige, Sheer Coral. The new Michel Lipstick shades that key to mood, occasion and fashion. Subtle colours that are ahead of time. Colours that harmonise with the exclusive range of Michel Nail Polishes to emphasise your individuality and personality. Be a "Sheer Delight" with the new Michel Sheer Lipstick colours, and be ahead of time and fashion. Michel gives you "Sheer Delight" colour grooming for lips and fingertips.

SHEER PINK

SHEER ROSE

SHEER CORAL

SHEER BEIGE

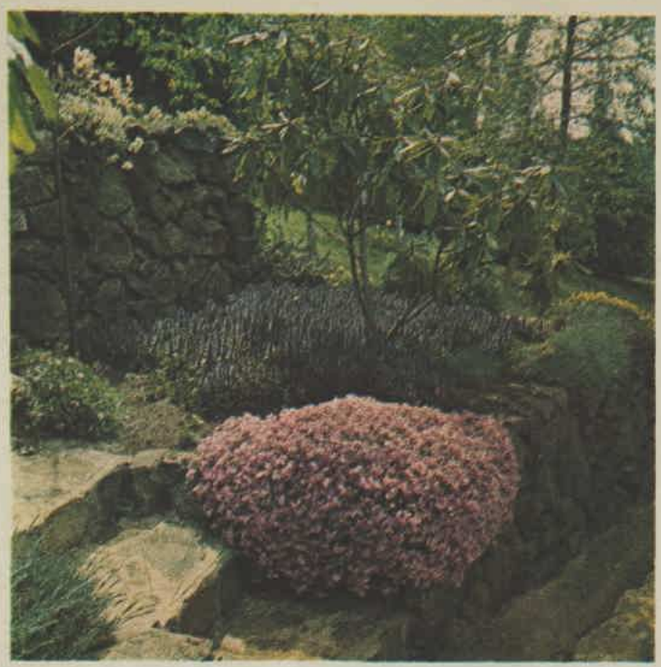
6/9 LIPSTICK
7/3 NAIL POLISH

by michel

MICHEL NAIL POLISH

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GROUND COVER —Continued from page 65



● Alpine Phlox and Ajuga both excel in their ground-covering role in Mr. and Mrs. Fisher's garden. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 265

GAZANIA. Free-flowering plant with brightly colored blooms. Likes full sun and will stand fairly dry conditions.

HEDERA (Ivy). One of the most useful ground covers, fast-growing, hardy, and does well in shade as well as in more open positions. Variegated forms are available.

HYPERICUM REPTANS (Creeping St. John's Wort). A low, creeping plant, 3in. to 6in. high, with narrow leaves and yellow flowers 1in. across.

HOUSTONIA COERULEA (Bluets). Has tiny leaves and small porcelain-blue star-shaped flowers. Needs a cool, shady, moist position. Suitable for small areas.

JUNIPERUS species (Juniper). Some of the low-growing species, such as **J. communis var. prostrata, J. chinensis aurea prostrata, J. hornibrookii** and **J. horizontalis,** make good ground cover where bigger plants are needed.

LANTANA MONTEVIDENSIS (L. sellowiana). Very hardy, producing mauve flowers over a long period. Good for dry areas. Up to 4ft. high.

LIRIOPE SPICATA. Grass-like dark green foliage and small pale lilac flowers. A very good substitute for lawns or edgings, especially in cool semi-shaded positions; 8in. to 12in. high.

LOTUS PELIORHYNCHUS. Small trailing plants up to 4in. high, grey-green foliage and masses of bright red pea-shaped flowers up to ¾in. across.

MARGYRICARPUS SETOSUS. Trailing plant with narrow needle-like leaves, inconspicuous flowers, and small white berries; 12in. high.

MENTHA REQUIENII (Creeping Mint). A low plant less than 1in. high, forming a compact carpet, with light-purple flowers. Suitable for small areas.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUM (Pig Face). Hardy plants very suitable for hot, dry, sunny positions. Flowers for long periods in a good range of colors.

NEPETA species. N. hederacea (Ground Ivy) has rounded leaves, light blue flowers; good cover under trees; 3in. high. **N. mussinii (Cat Mint)** has very small grey-green leaves, lavender-blue flowers. Does well in sun; 2in. high.

POLYGONUM CAPITATUM. A trailing plant with heads of pink flowers, leaves tinged red, with dark markings. Good hardy cover, 4in. to 6in. high.

PACHYSANDRA TERMINALIS. Regarded as one of the best ground covers in America and now introduced here. Leaves 2in. to 6in. long, small white flowers in spikes. Spreads rapidly in shade.

PRATIA species. Prostrate plants for cool moist positions, 1in. to 3in. high, white or blue flowers.

ROSMARINUS PROSTRATUS. A small rosemary with pale lavender flowers and bright green leaves. Hardy and does well on dry banks when established; 9in.

SATUREIA MONTANA (Winter Savoury). Aromatic plant up to 15in. high, with stiff, narrow leaves and white or purplish flowers. Hardy.

THYMUS (Thyme). Several species and varieties, 1in. to 9in. high, aromatic foliage and white, pink, or mauve flowers. Sunny, fairly dry positions.

VIOLA HEDERACEA (Native Violet). Has bright green kidney-shaped leaves and white flowers shaded with violet. Good soft cover in shady positions.

In special places

These plants have particular uses:

Shady Places: Ajuga, Clivia, Hedera, Helxine, Houstonia, Liriope, Mentha, Nepeta, Lysimachia, Pachysandra, Vinca, Viola.

Banks: Convolvulus, Cotoneaster, Hedera, Juniperus, Lantana, Lotus, Mesembryanthemum, Polygonum.

Wet Places: Houstonia, Lysimachia, Pratia.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 266

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



be nice



or be spice

You can look glowing or knowing — there's no mood you can't match with a Lady Pelaco blouse. More colours, styles, patterns and fabrics than ever before. And prices are pure temptation.

Above: Bemsilkie 49/11 Below: Crepe Polyester 79/11

Lady Pelaco

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There's nothing like HORSE SENSE

By ISABEL HOCH

● When circumstances forced me to live in the great Outback I determined to become a true, intrepid bushwoman, and the first requisite appeared to be a horse. Thus, we acquired Rattler.

WHEN Rattler came to us he was already old. In fact, he was ancient, grizzled, and moth-eaten in manner and appearance.

The boy who offered him, in response to our advertisement for "something safe," demonstrated his reliability by climbing on to his back and standing there, circus-style, on one foot.

Rattler stood immobile during this performance. Close scrutiny revealed that he was fast asleep.

It was thereupon decided that he was quiet enough for me, £8 changed hands. Rattler was ours.

I soon suspected his longevity was due to this ability to sleep at every opportunity. Our progress was often spasmodic for this reason.

We would set off briskly enough, but gradually he would slow down. My horsewomanship being what it was, I would be fooled until it became apparent that we had stopped altogether, and Rattler was once more enjoying a catnap.

With a jab in the ribs, I'd goad him into action again.

He was a shrewd judge of human nature. When he realised my bush-craft was in line with my riding ability, he began another trick.

He would move slowly off-centre, bearing me round in happy relaxation, because for once he was keeping a steady pace, until we had turned a full circle.

Keeping in the thickest bush so that I should be duped, he would bear me triumphantly home again.

"What, back already?" the boss would ask.

Striving for dignity, I would say brightly that I had only time for a short ride — and unsaddle the wretch and let him go. As the bit slipped from his mouth, Rattler became a different animal.

Shedding his weight of years, tail like a banner in a stiff breeze, he would give a fair imitation of Phar Lap in the straight.

Yet, on his back, I could hit, urge, kick, and cajole: unless he wanted to canter, he wouldn't.

Often used as "night horse," Rattler was supposed to wear a bell. He violently objected to this indignity, and worked out his own method of avoiding it.

Jangle . . . clank

Once it was put on he refused to budge from the garden fence. There he jangled and clanked unceasingly until, to save our reason, someone would take it off. Rattler then would remove himself to the back of the paddock.

There was one point, however, on which Rattler and I saw eye-to-eye — our opinion of a certain ringer named Percy.

Percy arrived on the mail car one day, resplendent in aqua-marine shirt embossed with yellow horses' heads.

Having travelled with a buck-jumping show, he was a self-appointed authority on everything with hoofs and horns.

Rattler developed a strong aversion to him. Once, when Percy left a suitcase on the ground after a weekend in town, Rattler kicked a hole in it and ate two apples from the top, dribbling wetly over the beautiful rodeo shirts within.

Percy retaliated by announcing that he would "run up the cows on the old coot," giving him "a good sool along to take the sting out of him."

Rattler had other ideas. The old boy walked sedately up to the yard gate, ducked aside at the last minute, and cleared to the farthermost corner of the night paddock.

Waiting there until Percy, breathless and cursing, arrived with bridle in hand, he dropped smartly to his knees and crawled under the fence like a dog.

With an exultant kick of his heels, he vanished into the scrub.

Although Rattler held my riding in contempt, he was affectionately tolerant of me as a person.

Our final association took place when the Wet set in early and approaching maternity made it necessary for me to get closer to civilisation.

The only way to cross the boggy roads was on the tractor, but two days of tinkering failed to raise even a kick from its innards.

"I'll go on Rattler," I announced. And he bore me loyally, at a steady pace, one firm old hoof in front of the other on the sodden ground, to the truck on the main road.

Five weeks later in a city hospital my son was born. I never saw Rattler again, because I didn't return to the station, and he was too old to be moved.

But I often think of him fondly.



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—even in a horseless carriage!

• Two women write of the joy of gallant old possessions — a horse (opposite page); a car (this page).

• Something about a stationary car and an obviously incompetent female brings out the chivalry in a man, even if he's young enough to be your son and is wearing black jeans and sideburns.

By MARY ELIZABETH WILLS

FOR more years than I care to remember I have driven with no more than a nodding acquaintance with the internal combustion engine. Our present conveyance, a tribute to the ingenuity of the second Mr. Ford, is only one step ahead of the horseless carriage.

When some mysterious malaise does overtake our veteran, I deal with it by lifting the bonnet and looking helpless.

Within five minutes some nice, kind male invariably materialises, mutters an incantation or two, and, hey presto! I'm on my way.

I was taught to drive by my father, who held firm ideas about woman's independence. He pointed out the brakes, the clutch, the gear lever, the ignition, and the accelerator in that order, and deposited me in a treeless paddock.

He then hailed a lift from a passing neighbor and left me to it.

Since then I have travelled many hundreds of miles with no idea of what goes on beneath the floor.

Recently, however, a trip to town was abruptly terminated by an ominous crunch. The familiar formula produced a genie who shook his head and suggested a tow-truck.

Our relic was transported to a garage, where a young man in overalls diagnosed major surgery.

Since then the word has got around that we are in the market for a new car.

Each day brings its quota of eager young men to the door, all speaking a language that somehow escapes me.

Words like torque, suspension, gear ratio, overhead valves, wet-sleeve cylinder systems float about my uncomprehending ears. Every available surface in the house carries its load of shiny literature.

New models purr up to the front door and are presented for inspection, always at a time when my husband is away, leaving me to deal with a situation which could daunt Solomon himself.

One touch of a knob—any knob—and the whole front end of the car opens up like a shark confronting a swimmer.

Plenty of spark

I have been introduced to the Distributor Cap, an octopus-like arrangement capable of delivering an electric shock sufficient to power a small village.

"Plenty of spark there!" they exclaim enthusiastically. With arms numbed to the elbows, the unwary investigator is forced to admit there certainly is.

I have been invited to inspect a car which carries its engine in the boot. This is disconcerting to one who has been reared to a tradition that the engine is always under the bonnet.

In some models the gear lever has gone altogether.

Neither the salesman nor I will forget the occasion I precipitated both of us down the drive at 40 m.p.h., in reverse, because I had failed to grasp that a number of hitherto essential rituals were no longer observed.

A favorite trick of salesmen is to present the exposed engine lying silent in its bed, and then press the starter button.

The resultant roar not only fractures the eardrums, it also enables one to reach 30 m.p.h. in five yards from a standing start.

Over the years a tradition has sprung up around the car game.

For instance, it is not sporting to inquire bluntly, "How much?" within the first 60 seconds.

You may, after about 15 minutes, remark that such a paragon is probably pretty expensive.

Your opponent will expend another two minutes extolling its virtues, then reply that "price is relative to value."

Concealing that this has confirmed your worst fears, you agree heartily, and then it's his turn.

This thrust and parry takes time, but in our case it was worth it.

Yesterday the whole thing resolved itself nicely.

The garage man telephoned to say that, contrary to expectations, our car lives to run another day.

You can be in BRITAIN in little more than one day!





Take a winding road in England, or a wandering road in Scotland . . .



Northern Ireland where Carrickfergus Castle guards the entrance to Belfast Lough.

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Continued from page 13

I LOVE YOU, MISS COOPER

Virginia stood there, an island surrounded on all sides by noisy rushing kids, hearing none of it. She was a slender blonde girl with wide inquisitive eyes. Never in all her twenty-five years had she knowingly deceived anyone, and the shocking thought occurred that if she had known it was this much fun to fib she might have started years ago.

"Gosh, Miss Cooper . . ." A large stumbling boy collided with her immovable form. Virginia managed a glazed unteacherish smile and ducked into the lounge.

"Hi, everybody," she said.

"Hi!" Connie Gordon waved a greeting. "Welcome to a red-hot discussion on the PTA, right where we left off last June." Connie was married and, luckier still for a teacher, she didn't look, act, or talk like one. She grinned wickedly at Virginia. "You must have had one gorgeous fling in Paris. You have circles down to your chin."

Virginia rubbed her eyes. "No sleep," she said.

"You should not sleep more often. It gives you a pale dissipated look and I only hope that boyfriend of yours has seen you," Connie said. 'It might give him the wrong idea, and he could use it."

"Marsh . . . Marshall Moffitt?" "What other Marshall is there?" Connie said dryly. "Did he meet the plane last night?"

"I didn't call him until this morning. We have a date tonight."

"Of course."

It was an "of course" loaded with meaning. Connie exchanged looks across the desk with Eunice Chamberlain. A good teacher like a good animal trainer has a built-in instinct. It tells when the cat is about to leap, the spitball to fly, or the roof to cave in. Virginia was a good teacher, but her encounter with Mr. Jackson had left her instinct temporarily disconnected.

"What's the matter with you two? Tell me."

Eunice Chamberlain looked everyplace except at Virginia, and Connie, who a moment before had been bursting at the seams, was now silent. "For heaven's sake," Virginia said, "has Marsh started chasing redheads?"

She said it lightly as a joke, and then between one breath and the next she knew that was exactly what they were trying to tell her, and with no experience in this kind of thing at all, she covered beautifully. Without a stammer she said evenly, "He had carte-blanche for the summer. After all, I had a pretty good time myself." She looked out the window, letting her eyes cloud with dreams. "A summer in Paris is different from any other kind of summer, I guess . . ."

"I'll be darned," Connie said softly.

"Yeah," Eunice Chamberlain said. The bell for first period clanged sonorously. Virginia rose. Shock was beginning to catch up with her and little fingers of pain pinched her heart. A girl of twenty-five could lose once at love and live, but if Virginia counted some of the minor skirmishes, she might be going down for the last time. "Was it . . . anybody I know?"

"A librarian," Eunice said.

"She tears around in a sports car," Connie said.

Something caught at Virginia's throat as she pictured a girl with wind flying through her hair. For the benefit of her friends she said sweetly, "I'll tell you about Paris someday," and walked out.

It was a long day. She kept seeing Marsh Moffitt's face on the blackboard instead of the exercise in perspective and dimension. Her mother and three married sisters were very good at giving her advice, but the one person who loved her dearly and who conceivably knew the most about men, her father, never said much besides, "Don't marry a man who drinks," and "Stay away from a gambler."

Surely he should have told her more than that. At four o'clock she swept her desk clean and went home.

Virginia still lived with her parents and she paused in the kitchen, where her mother was scraping carrots at the sink. With three daughters safely launched into matrimony, her mother usually looked at Virginia with a faintly reproachful air that said, You're not really trying. Today, Virginia closed her eyes as she received her mother's hug and hurried to her room.

THERE were two important decisions she had to make; what to wear and how much warmth to put into her hello. She stripped off her grey suit and white drip-dry blouse, kicked her school oxfords into the cupboard, and stood in her slip by the ocean window.

Marsh, why did I leave you?

She wished she could cry, but she hadn't done much crying since she was fifteen. She had discovered then, sitting at her mirror, blubbering over some silly heartache, that a girl can't cry prettily, so she gave up tears for the sake of beauty the way another girl might give up candy for the sake of her teeth.

She lay down on the bed, staring upward. "Why did I leave you?" she said to the ceiling. She had met Marshall Moffitt one afternoon when she helped Eunice Chamberlain chaperon her social science class on a factory tour. She was busy counting off the kids and keeping their fingers out of the machinery when a square-shouldered, handsome man in shirt sleeves approached.

"I'll take over," he said, dismissing their guide. He looked at Virginia and, with strong bare arms folded over his chest, he said, flashing a smile, "I'm Marsh Moffitt. Now all you kids listen to me and I'll tell you what makes a factory tick."

Marshall Moffitt, it turned out, owned the plant. It was a small tool business which he had rescued from bankruptcy and which was now humming along spectacularly on aircraft contracts. At the end of the tour the boys all wanted to be machinists and the girls were doing their best to ask intelligent questions. He helped count the kids and get them back on the bus, waved Eunice into a back seat, and halted Virginia at the door.

"What do you teach, Miss Cooper?" he asked.

"Art and Latin," she said.

His eyebrows rose. "Odd combination. Caesar to Picasso. How do you do it?"

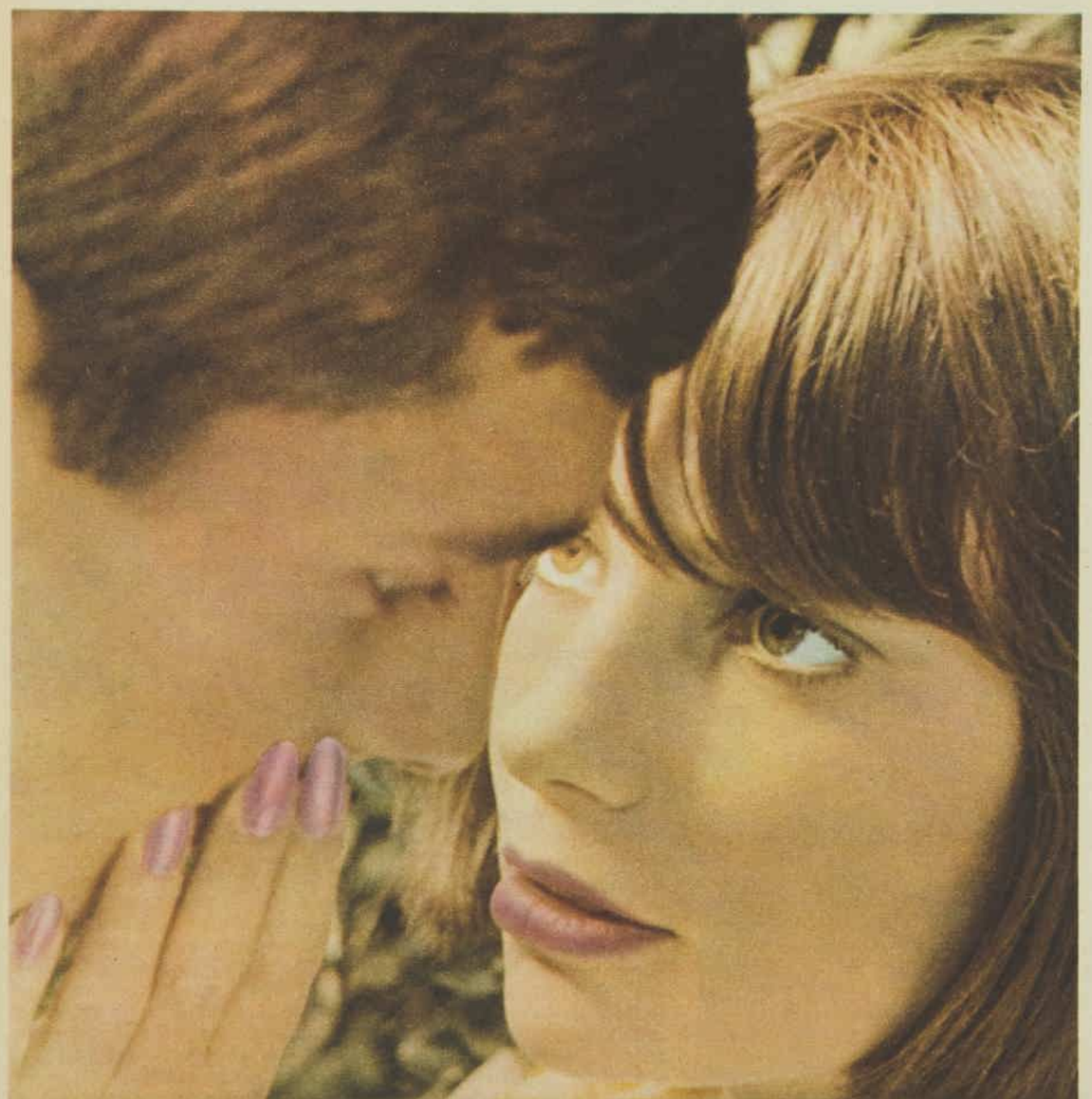
"Split personality," she said.

"Nice meeting both of you," he said. The bus driver tooted. Marsh Moffitt shook her hand. "See you again."

She thought it was a figure of speech until the following Friday when a boy brought a message to her Latin class that she was wanted in the office.

"This is highly irregular, Virginia." Mr. Jackson pointed to the phone and smiled slyly. Virginia recognised the voice instantly and was surprised how much it excited her.

To page 71



Steal your way into his heart

Suddenly, you're warmer than he's ever seen you. Warm as he wants *his* woman to be! Lips speak magic spells. Fingertips are colored in the same soft promises. Cutex "Male Robber" colors make the promises — you keep them when you steal his heart (though he'll think he stole yours).



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Continued from page 70

I LOVE YOU, MISS COOPER

"Miss Cooper," Marsh said without preamble, "do you like Shakespeare? There is a production of 'Macbeth' down in Vancouver tomorrow . . ."

"Vancouver? You mean you'd drive a hundred miles for 'Macbeth'?"

"Why not? We could make the matinee, have dinner by the bay, and still get home by midnight. How about it?"

"Well, I don't know. I really don't." For Mr. Jackson's listening ear she tried to sound more calm. "I was sort of planning . . ."

"Change it. Please. Of course, if it's a solid date . . ."

"Oh, it isn't."

"Good. And give my thanks to Mr. Jackson."

He called for her at ten o'clock the next morning and it was one of the best days she could ever remember living. They reached a first-name basis in the first mile, but he seemed to enjoy calling her Miss Cooper in a half-teasing, half-serious way. They talked all the way to Vancouver. She was able to tell him without selfconsciousness how much she liked teaching. Connie and Eunice, she knew, counted the days from spring to summer, from fall to midterm, and never admitted joy until the last cruel day was over.

"I'm lucky," she said solemnly to Marsh Moffitt, "I like being a teacher." And he answered, "I know what you mean."

He told her that he was twenty-nine and had been married briefly but it hadn't worked out. "Love at nineteen," he said, as if it were the title of a book he knew word for word. He spoke without bitterness and even smiled, but to Virginia the scars of a painful third-degree burn were suddenly visible.

Besides Shakespeare, he admitted that he liked Norman Mailer, without always understanding him, and preferred Beethoven to Shostakovich.

"Your psyche is split more ways than mine," she said.

"Kindred spirits," he said.

She was warmed by his compliment, but on the way home, even with moonlight dappling the sea and the air as soft as summer, she bet herself a new coat he wouldn't kiss her goodnight, and sadly paid off the bet on pay-day.

As the weeks passed and their meetings grew steadily, Virginia wondered more and more why he didn't kiss her. She found him more attractive than any man she had ever met and it was a low trick of fate if he didn't feel the same about her. She thought of dates who had demanded too many kisses. It would be ironic if she said farewell to Marsh because he wanted none.

"What do you think's the matter with me?" she asked her sister Dee one afternoon. They were drinking lemonade in the backyard swing. Dee looked at her with a glint in her eye, as if she were glad the subject had finally arisen.

"Well . . . a salesman has got to believe in his product," Dee said. "It doesn't matter whether you want to get kissed or get married, the product is you. Believe in it."

"It's a nice theory." Virginia sipped from her glass slowly. "But in practical application I don't think it's going to make Marsh kiss me."

Dee was thoughtful a few moments. "Have you told me everything? Has he been married?" When Virginia nodded, Dee was silent again. "It makes a difference, you know," she said at last. "If he's gun-shy, you may have to kiss him."

"Oh, no . . . it's got to be his idea."

Dee bristled. "The rest of us girls proposed to our men fast enough when we found what we wanted. You teachers are all alike—full of nerves and tensions and romantic notions."

"And all you old married women are full of beans," Virginia said.

For a while she suffered from a series of embarrassing dreams in which she chased Marsh and woke up moaning and breathless just short of catching him. She tried to blame her aberration on an Italian movie they stumbled into one night to get out of the rain, but another, more honest voice made her face the truth. Daydreams or nightdreams, Marsh was on her mind for one reason: she liked him too much.

And then one night he did kiss her. They were driving home from an evening of bridge with Connie and Jim. She was very quiet and when Marsh asked if anything was wrong, she said yes, she thought she was coming down with something and as far as she was concerned she hoped it was fatal and the quicker the better.

She knew, of course, what was really the matter. They had spent the evening with the Gordons, who were demonstrably in love after four years of marriage, and she had had enough of looking at someone else's happiness. At the same time she was ashamed of her childish outburst and exclaimed, "Oh, don't mind me. It was a rotten day at school."

Marsh stopped the car. He took her hand, but she drew it away. "Please . . . " she said. She was shivering and he touched her forehead and then slowly, without warning, he bent forward, his lips meeting hers in a kiss that was hard and stinging.

It was a kiss to remember. She was on the light end of a teeter-totter, up above the world so high, and the view was wonderful. She felt the warmth of his cheek against hers, the comfortable fit of her head into the curve of his shoulder. It didn't last long. He moved away gently.

The gentleness should have warned her. After that night, he said hello with a kiss and goodnight with a kiss and it might have been considered a step forward, except that there were degrees of kisses as every girl knows. None that followed ever equalled the first.

She became so unhappy that it showed in little soft lines around her mouth and across her forehead. By the middle of May she made her decision. She drew her savings out of the bank and, telling no one, booked the first flight to Paris after school closed. If she was going to be loveless she would be loveless on foreign soil where she wouldn't understand the language of those who felt sorry for her.

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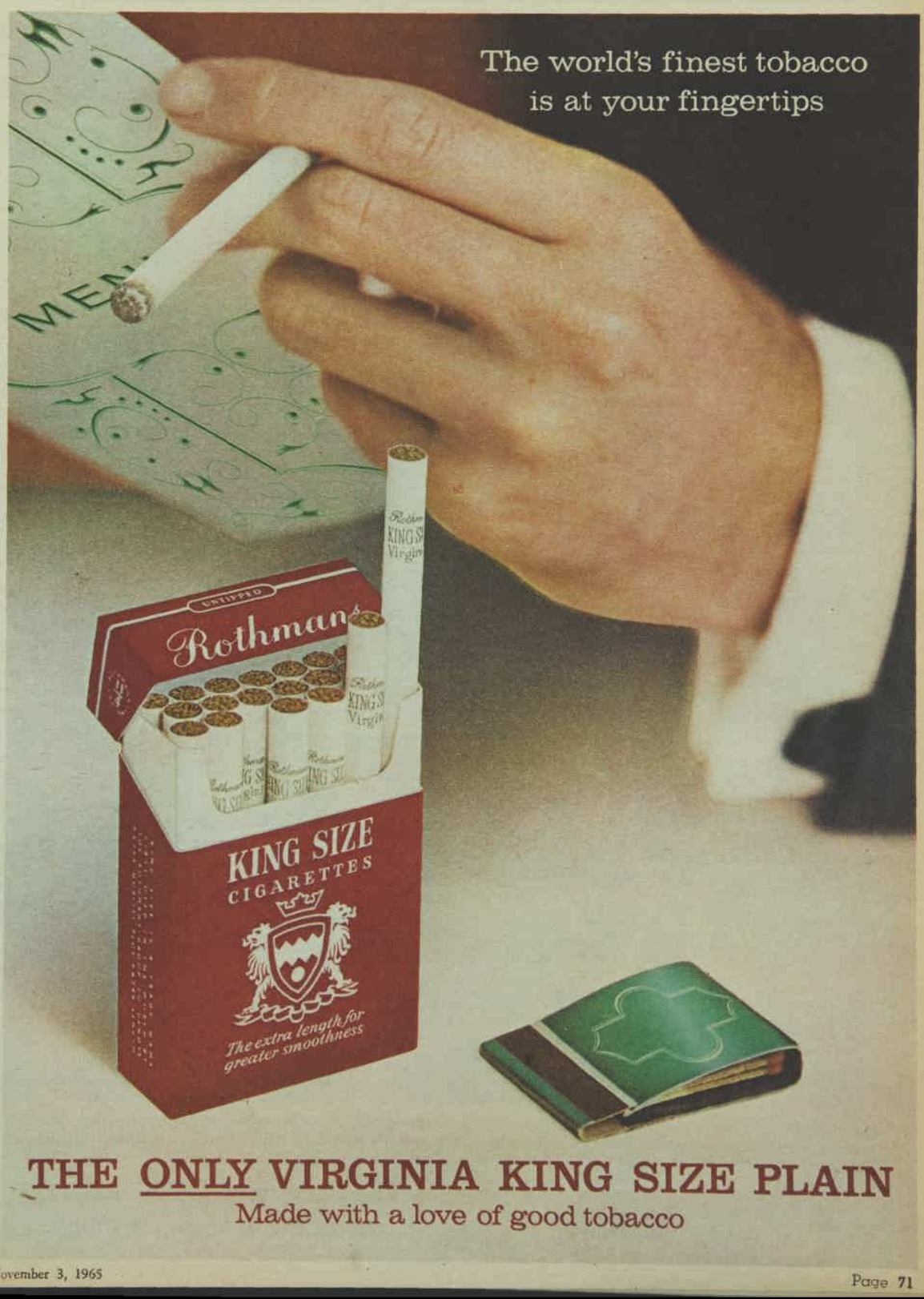
She moved stiffly on the bed and sat up with a sigh. She got out the

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.***

— Proverbs 11:24.



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Continued from page 71

I LOVE YOU, MISS COOPER

nail polish and put on two coats of zippy orange. For a long time she sat blowing on her nails. Then slowly, with great care, she dressed for her date.

"Say, Miss Cooper . . ." An hour later in the living-room Marsh Moffitt inspected her with a deep penetrating look. She hoped with all her heart that what he saw pleased him, but all he said was, "You haven't changed a bit."

She had spent three months plus an hour and a half earnestly trying to change and this was the thanks she got. She brushed her cheek to his. "I didn't remember that you were so tall," she murmured.

He flashed his brilliant smile. "Shall we go?"

At the kerb a long, low avocado-colored sports car was parked. Virginia walked past it, looking for his familiar four-door black sedan, but Marsh pulled her back to the avocado.

"Yours?" she gasped.

"Mine. Hop in."

She folded her knees and curled selfconsciously into the bucket seat. Marsh snapped their safety belt. He pressed a button. "We're off."

After they roared on to the freeway, conversation was impossible, so she concentrated on preserving her hairdo the best she could and watched Marsh out of the corner of her eye. He drove with a fire that had never been possible in the black sedan, but it was more than speed that made him different. She felt instinctively that all the romantic things that had not happened to her in Paris had happened to Marsh right here at home, and irony of ironies, a fast-wheeling librarian had been his teacher.

He took an unfamiliar turn and she asked in her loudest playground voice, "Aren't we going to Jerry's Place?"

"Not on your life," he said. "Not tonight."

She had been counting on going to Jerry's Place. They went there often for clam chowder and a chess game, and she had dreamed about the little redwood shack every Saturday night that she was away. Once in a mood of terrible homesickness she had sent a postcard to Jerry and Mrs. Jerry from a famous Parisian restaurant, on which she wrote, "Wish I weren't here."

It was one of those confessions without penalty, because who would believe anything so ridiculous. But it took the edge of her loneliness for several minutes at a time whenever she pictured her card pinned to the bulletin board near Mrs. Jerry's cash register, and she took to writing cards in a similar sardonic vein to other friends. If Marsh had any sense at all, Jerry's would be the first place he would take her.

"Well, here we are," Marsh said, suddenly turning in to a parking lot. "*Le Petit Chou*. That's French for something or other."

"Little Cabbage," she murmured. How nice."

"I thought you'd like it," he said, helping her uncurl. "They have frogs' legs."

"Oh, lovely," she said.

He must have found the restaurant by radar, and inside it was even darker, very Old World and *intime*. It didn't take any great insight to know that Marsh had been here before and knew his way around. Except for saying no-thank-you-not-tonight to the frogs' legs, she let him order.

By the time her eyes adjusted to the gloom, they were looking at one another over the tops of flickering candles and sipping pink wine, but for some silly reason she couldn't think of anything to say. There ought to be an anonymous organisation to help a girl at moments like this. A secret number to dial. "Listen," a girl could whisper, "I'm stuck. What now?"

"You aren't eating the turtle soup," Marsh said. "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"That's a pretty dress."

"Thank you. This shade is very big in Paris right now. It's called Blue-Boy blue."

"I guess you liked Paris."

"Liked it? I loved it. Everybody falls in love with Paris. In fact . . ." She had the ball in her hands at last. "In fact, everybody falls in love, period. *L'amour. L'amour.* It's everywhere." She coughed a sad little cough. "Couples arm in arm on the boulevards . . . in the cafes . . . and it's all as natural as breathing. In Paris loving is living."

SHE felt an odd pang. In this moment she was tempted to blurt out the truth about the bleak beauty of Paris to a girl who was alone with no lover or friend beside her. "You should see the parks — miles and miles of green lawn. And, oh, the babies, Marsh — I never saw more babies."

"With all that *l'amour* there's bound to be a baby or two. What I've always wanted to see in Paris is the sewers," he said. And before she had a chance to be indignant he got to his feet, bowing and smiling beside her. "Will you dance with me, Miss Cooper? One more lesson and I get my diploma."

"Dance?" she said. She couldn't take many more shocks. He had always disliked dancing. She walked stiffly into his arms.

For a few steps he was the same as always, needing a sign around his neck to warn other dancers the way learner drivers do, and then they were off, if not gracefully, at least together. It was too much, though, to expect her to endure his embrace as if she were a bundle of dried wood. She held herself away from him and coughed without even thinking of Camille.

"You're tense," Marsh said, looking at her anxiously. "And you have a funny cough. Would you like an aspirin?"

She was beyond aspirin. If she recovered from this fever with anything less than total paralysis, she would be lucky. "It's been a long day," she said tiredly. "I think I'd better go home."

He was very polite. He paid the bill and escorted her to the car. Meekly she allowed herself to be strapped in. All exits were barred. It was home and then goodbye, I've enjoyed every minute, but goodbye. Maybe she was going to be a collector of goodbyes. It was a nice ladylike hobby, neater than dried beetles, less expensive than primitive Indian masks, and no storage problem. You only had to find an old dark unused corner of your heart.

In two minutes they were airborne. The little car skimmed the road. She saw the needle climb on the speedometer, watched the miles click off. Either the pink wine had gone to her head or she was delirious.

"I'd like to drive all night," she said over the throb of the engine, hearing her voice as if it belonged to someone else. "I'd like to go on and on . . ."

Marsh glanced at her swiftly and touched his foot to the pedal. Wind tore at her loosened hair. A pulse

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I LOVE YOU, MISS COOPER

Continued from page 72

of excitement beat in her temples. The road ahead rose sharply. A slow, lumbering truck blocked their flight and, without clear vision of what lay beyond the hill, Marsh turned out to pass. It was a reckless thing to do, against all rules of safe driving, and the truck driver blasted his horn angrily as they passed into the open road, inches to spare.

"That was a dumb trick," Marsh apologised, slowing down. "I'm sorry if I scared you."

And she answered slowly, in wonderment, "I wasn't afraid. Excited, but not afraid."

What was the matter with her? Ordinarily she would have been terrified. She looked at Marsh, groping for the answer. She looked at his face, his strong, intent face which she had seen so seldom without a smile. He had been tearing around like this all summer. Speeding. Taking wild chances. She couldn't go home yet or she would never know for sure.

As if she had run a long distance and had just plunged across the finish-line, she said breathlessly, "I'm not tired now. Could we . . . could we go to Jerry's for chowder?"

THEY drove into the parking lot at Jerry's, but Marsh made no move to get out. He sat staring straight ahead. She watched the stars turn slowly in the sky for an eternity until he spoke.

"I should have known what was happening again, but I didn't, I swear it," he began, and then paused again before continuing. "When I was a kid I had a romantic maiden aunt who told me that the one sure way to know you were in love was if you couldn't stand being away from the girl."

He turned slightly toward her. "Do you know what the last three months have been like? You ran off to Europe and I couldn't stand it. I thought my world was *status quo*, then suddenly you were gone and I couldn't stand it. Everything went stale. I did all the damned fool things I could think of — dancing lessons, this car. I even dated another girl—is that crazy?"

"Yes. No . . ." She didn't know she was crying until tears ran down her cheeks, splotching her Blue-Boy blue dress. "Are you saying you missed me?"

"Every day. Every night," he said. "I didn't think I was ever going to say I love you to another girl again and mean it, and there I was wanting to say it to you more than anything in the world and you were a million miles away."

She thought wonderingly: There aren't any rules about love because every game is different.

"Do you understand?" he was saying. "Am I making sense?"

"Oh, yes . . . you're making sense," she murmured. "But . . . will you say it now? A few hundred times?"

His smile started slowly. It was no longer a curtain hiding old scars. It was a smile of pure joy. "I love you, Miss Cooper. I love you . . . love you . . . love you—"

Nothing, not her propriety, not her pride, not even the bucket seats could keep them apart any longer. Much later, after he had kissed her and kissed her, she said dreamily, "What a strange summer. Paris is already a dream. Like something that never happened. Do we have to talk about it?"

"No, we don't have to."

So that was the way they left it. Marsh wanted to sell the little car, because he didn't need it any longer, but Virginia pleaded for its life and even learned to have a respectful affection for it. Aside from that, they went back to being themselves.

The strange, perilous summer when Virginia ran away to Europe and Marsh nearly lost himself was gone and forgotten. A dot on the calendar. A mere bump on the road. A summer that never was.

What other girl, she sometimes wondered, dreaming in his arms . . . what other girl could make that statement?

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I AM very interested to find out the age and period of an old silver teapot. The stand is missing, but on the base of the teapot are the markings "Walker and Hall, Sheffield, England, 11271, 3, Patent No. 19759 Handle, 57."—Mrs. D. Taylor, Canberra, A.C.T.

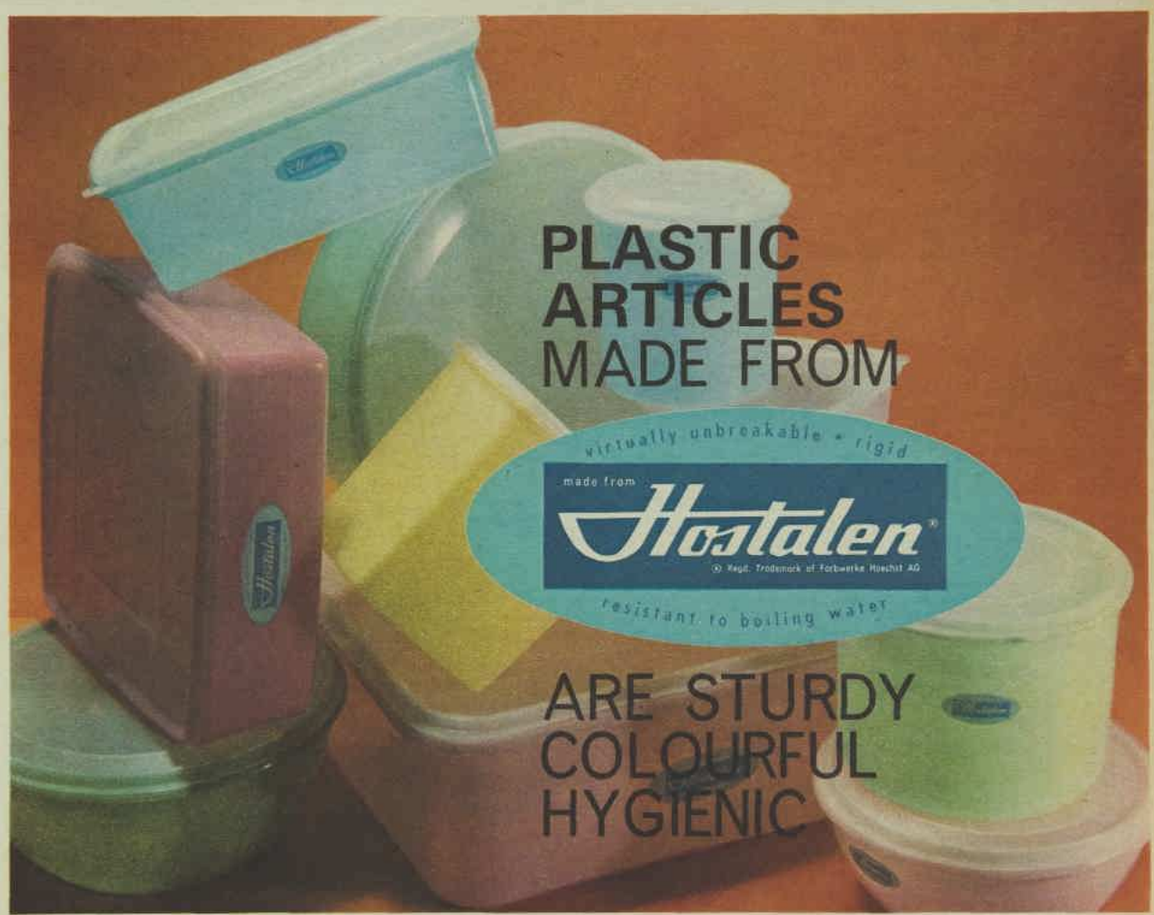
Your teapot is electroplate, of the Edwardian period, 1902-1910. This teapot or teakettle was originally supported on a matching stand with a spirit-heater.

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THE MATCHMAKERS

As was fitting, Mrs. Scott, the senior married woman, experienced her Interesting Symptoms first. Almost as early as Mrs. Scott's husband, Ronald, Mrs. Manson was allowed to share the doubts and certainties, the delights and squalors of Mrs. Scott's impending procreation.

And when, on a lovely blossom-scented day in May, Mrs. Scott was taken to the Cottage Hospital, her friend Mrs. Manson bit almost as much off her fingernails as did the pacing Ronald.

The baby was a boy: a fine, dark, sturdy baby with the instant and uncanny resemblance to his father that new-born babies so often, and so tactfully, achieve. They called the baby Jonathan, "Jonathan Roderick Paul" to be precise, and it goes without saying that he was unique, miraculous, unutterably gifted, and quite different from all other babies before or since.

A bare ten months later, Mrs. Manson, too, achieved her heart's desire. In the same hospital, not three beds away from Jonathan's historic birthplace, she was brought to bed of a fine baby girl.

Although Tansy — but not just "Tansy," of course, "Tansy Augusta Rosalind"—was quite different from Jonathan, being a tiny baby with long, fair hair and the soulful eyes of an exiled chimpanzee, she, too, stood out at once as being utterly superior to the humdrum run-of-the-mill babies in the neighboring cots.

And so, on opposite sides of Holly Gardens, their nursery windows facing each other across the flowering cherry trees which lined the street, the babies grew.

Mrs. Scott, an experienced, positively blase mother who sometimes forgot the existence of her sleeping son for whole seconds at a time, was invaluable in quietening Mrs. Manson's early terrors. That silent babies had not inevitably smothered, that screaming babies were not necessarily at the point of imminent and total rupture were facts which Mrs. Scott could prove — simply by pointing at the fatly smiling Jonathan.

Together, the two young mothers, running backward and forward to each other across the street, navigated the straits of Early Mixed Feeding, of nappy rash and wind, of pot-training and erupting teeth. Thumbing frantically through books and periodicals, they became amateur psychologists, neurologists, osteopaths, and dentists.

If the young mothers, battling so heroically on behalf of their young, made a touching picture, the babies themselves must have brought sighs of pleasure from the most jaundiced misanthrope. Jonathan, so dark, so placid, and seraphic, and Tansy, so lithe and quick, babbling and bubbling, shedding bootees and mittens like a miniature merry-go-round . . .

IT was hardly necessary for the mothers to put it into words. It was so obvious, Jonathan's sturdy good humor, Tansy's eager volatility and charm . . .

"Wouldn't it be lovely if —" said Mrs. Scott, as they sat in the garden watching Jonathan, his behind majestically humped, straining to crawl toward the quick-moving Tansy.

"Lovely," agreed Mrs. Manson fervently. Thus, in two half sentences, the destinies of their young were forged.

Although they were naturally looking forward eagerly to the day when Jonathan, manly and handsome, should lead a radiant Tansy down the aisle, both Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson were aware that matchmaking was a delicate business. There was no point in hurrying things — one just had to be ready when the moment came.

It was without a thought, therefore, for her matrimonial plans that Tansy was allowed to graduate from nappies to frilled underpants, gloat over her first doll's pram, and go off, Mrs. Manson bravely clutching the gate post, to her first day at school.

Similarly unconcerned, Jonathan, chuffing, whirring, now a train, now a jet coming in to land, proceeded happily to dismember the furniture and fittings of Number Twelve in the pursuit of those manual skills so essential to the developing male. Teeth, so laboriously acquired, were triumphantly shed. Jonathan moved into the sticking plaster era, his knees rarely showing patches of unbandaged skin for more than a day at a time.

Tansy spent her days in a massed huddle of giggling girls, half suffocated by the humor of their own jokes. Both did well at school, passed the dreaded grading exam and appeared, de-personalised but proud — Jonathan decked out in a maroon blazer striped with yellow, Tansy in bottle-green serge.

Time gathered speed, raced on. And then, one day shortly before his fifteenth birthday, Jonathan left the tea table, went upstairs — and combed his hair.

It had, of course, been combed before, as his neck had been washed, his fingernails scrubbed . . . but these processes had been achieved by that unending blend of guile, bribery, and violence so well known to those who have been blessed with sons.

It wasn't that his hair had been combed that shook Mrs. Scott. It was the spontaneity of the thing.

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She hadn't told him. Nor was it a flash in the pan. The very next morning, passing the bathroom, she watched him carefully and meticulously washing his neck.

That night she ran over to her friend. "I think it's almost time, Joan."

Mrs. Manson nodded. "I've been wondering myself. Come upstairs a minute."

Mrs. Scott followed her. From the white-painted door of Tansy's bedroom, slow, sensuous chords rolled out toward them.

Mrs. Manson opened the door a chink. Tansy was lying on the floor, her fair hair spread around her, her feet on the bed. The record player was beside her ear and her eyes were misty."

"Tchaikovsky," said Mrs. Manson, with a mixture of pride and apprehension. "The piano concerto. And only the slow movement — she won't have anything quick."

Mrs. Scott nodded. "Has she been washing her hair?"

Mrs. Manson sighed. "Three times a week. I just can't keep her in shampoo."

Their eyes met.

The plan they made was simple, not to say classical. Moreton, though a pleasant enough place, was not, they felt, the setting for a dawning romance. If these children were to stop regarding each other simply as part of the environment, as inevitable as their parents or their pets, they would have to be taken out of it.

ACCORDINGLY, Mrs. Manson and Mrs. Scott, plundering the housekeeping, fiddling very slightly the accounts, and telling their husbands only those sort of financial half-lies which are essential to the smooth running of every marriage, arranged a grand trip to London. Lunch in a softly shaded restaurant followed by a musical — the biggest, most glittering musical in town with a theme song to catch at your heart.

"Just think, all their lives they'll remember 'Young Love Is True Love,'" sighed Mrs. Manson, humming.

Mrs. Manson had her hair set, Mrs. Scott bought a new pair of gloves. But the real effort went, of course, on the children. Jonathan got a new white shirt and a sports coat with a subtle, grey-blue tweed. To set off Tansy's fair hair and heart-shaped face, her mother bought her a corduroy dress of the softest, gentlest green with a tiny white collar and a black velvet ribbon at the throat.

And on a fine Saturday in springtime, the expedition set off. Ronald and Frederick, their respective husbands, had been firmly left behind. Both were excellent men in their way, but like most men, their vision was limited. All you got from Frederick and Ronald when you'd had a good idea like this one, was a lot of stuff about letting people live their own lives and not meddling.

No, on a day which was to change their children's lives, the men were far better off at home, digging their gardens.

Women less stalwart than Mrs. Manson and Mrs. Scott might perhaps have been just a little daunted at the expedition's start.

For though both children were a delight to look upon, they seemed remarkably unaware of each other, sitting at opposite ends of the rail-

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THE MATCHMAKERS

way compartment and communicating only so far as was necessary to swop their highly colored comics.

Moreover, the suspicion that Jonathan had a piece of chewing gum concealed in the folds of a back molar, haunted Mrs. Scott, who knew better than to challenge him directly, yet found herself constantly alert for signs of mastication.

"Never mind," she consoled herself, "on the way back it will be quite different."

In town, everything went as they had planned. Lunch was excellent and it was in a mellow, cheerful frame of mind that they took their seats at the theatre.

The musical was of the old-fashioned kind: Viennese counts, impoverished little governesses, waltzes, peasants in dirndls — the lot. The mothers lost in delight themselves, forgot their offspring. And when the curtain fell for the last time, they had their reward.

For the children were changed — no doubt about it. Tansy, so bouncy and volatile on the way up was quiet, subdued. Her eyes were misty and she was given to sudden deep sighs. Jonathan, although he was holding the box of chocolates, was not chewing at all and his face wore a look of bewildered awe.

Deeply touched, the mothers looked at each other. Their darlings were in love. Calf love, of course, but it would grow, strengthen . . .

In the train the children sat, comics forgotten, staring with rapt eyes at the darkened windows.

"Oh, that count," sighed Tansy. "When he said that speech about not being good enough for her because the world had soiled him . . ." She sighed again. "And what a profile!"

Jonathan turned his head. "How old would you say she was?" he asked his mother, studiedly casual.

"Who?" said Mrs. Scott, bewildered.

"Maria, of course. The governess . . . The heroine."

And he, too, sighed.

Dismay surged up in Mrs. Manson and Mrs. Scott. In consternation they looked at each other. Their children were in love all right—only not with each other.

In the months that followed, Tansy fell passionately in love with the second sorting clerk at the post office, Albert Finney, a minor pop singer called Little Lenny and, retrospectively, the poet Chatterton, who would never have killed himself so sadly in his attic had she been there.

Jonathan's bedroom wall sprouted a series of pneumatic blondes which were replaced, gradually, as his taste matured, by big-eyed, hungry-looking French film stars, clothed mostly in their hair. Finding these ladies were soothingly inaccessible, he spent his time pursuing females of a different sort; classy old Rolls-Royces, derelict sailing dinghies, discarded motor bikes — on which he lavished his vast store of tenderness

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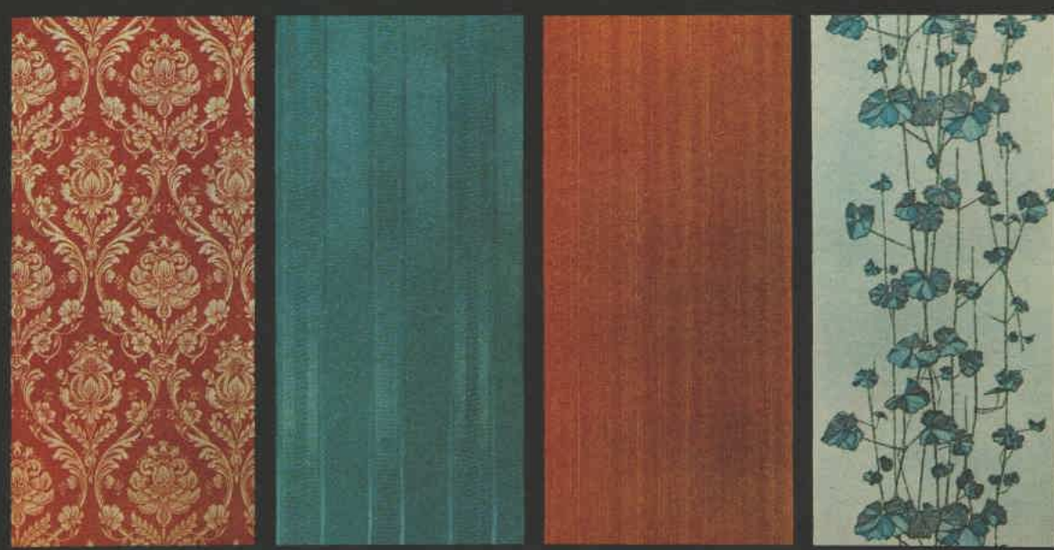
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THE BOYFRIEND



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THE MATCHMAKERS

and care. "We were silly," the mothers said comfortingly to each other. "It was much too early."

But soon it looked as though any minute it might be too late. At the end of that year Jonathan took his diploma and began to work for his university entrance. He wanted to be a naval architect and had his eye on a famous college in the north.

Tansy, too, did well. She wanted to teach and was destined for a well-known training college in London. Sooner than either of their bewildered parents could believe, it was time for them to leave home.

That September was a sad one for Mrs. Manson and Mrs. Scott. Jonathan left first, his taxi piled high with kitbags, squash racquets, fishing rods, and crates of books. Tansy, demure in a new blue suit, her eyes a little apprehensive under her freshly cut fringe, went to London a week later.

Squaring her shoulders, each mother sniffed back tears, made tea for the other, and plunged gallantly into voluntary work. Mrs. Scott became a key figure in the Women's Institute, it was at this point that her gooseberry jam leapt into local prominence. Mrs. Manson took on the Girl Guides.

One thing comforted them greatly in the silent, tidy deserts that their houses had become. Nothing could be better than separation for the budding romance between Jonathan and Tansy. They would come back with fresh eyes at Christmas, rediscovering each other anew, seeing in the familiar childhood friend a mysterious, alluring stranger.

"Mysterious, alluring stranger" was certainly one way of describing Tansy when she returned, early in December, for the Christmas vacation. Gone was the tentative young girl with swinging hair and apprehensive eyes. Tansy had met Jake, and Jake was mature, not like the silly young students she met at college, not like Jonathan . . .

Jake liked his women sophisticated, alluring. None of this casual, off-beat stuff for Jake, who owned a Jaguar Mark X and ran a string of garages.

Shuddering, Mrs. Manson pegged out the black lace scalloped bras, Turkish nightgowns, and plunging blouses on which her daughter had spent her dress allowance. And in the morning she waited patiently over the coffee pot while Tansy applied to her fresh, young face a maquillage which even an ancient opera singer under archlights might have held to be excessive.

Jake, too, had ideas about Life. It was to be enjoyed, grasped with both hands, sucked dry like an orange. Mr. and Mrs. Manson, who had never sucked anything dry in their lives, felt their spirits sink lower and lower as they heard about Jake.

BUT when, a few days later, Jonathan came home, the Mansons forgot their own troubles and rallied to the support of the Scotts. For one thing, Jonathan had grown a beard. Even among those predisposed toward beards, which Mrs. Scott, alas, was not, Jonathan's could not be classed as a success. It was curiously uneven in texture, areas of luxuriant growth contrasting, for some reason, with patches of near-desert.

With the beard went a strange, mottled, and remarkably dirty sweater, a donkey jacket of the kind which the miners in the pit towns of the north have discarded, and a set of very violent principles.

Jonathan, in short, had met Rebecca, who had hitch-hiked to Istanbul and who frequently slept in railway stations and bus shelters. In spite of this, or because of this, the Scotts were never quite clear, she, and therefore Jonathan, were anarchists, Zen Buddhists, pacifists, and members of a thing called Humanist Youth.

Although Jonathan spent his first week home following his parents round the house and lecturing to them in a voice which had got much louder in the past three months, they remained hopelessly muddled about these ideologies.

What did emerge beyond doubt, however, was that they themselves were not, as they had hitherto imagined, ordinary people leading ordinary lives, but parasites, the dupes and tools of a decadent, class-ridden society. Even Mr. Scott's golf was apparently nothing but a status symbol.

At night, when their children were out, the two mothers mourned. For, needless to say, Tansy and Jonathan in their present guises had as much to say to each other as chalk and cheese.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" sighed Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Manson shook her head. "It's Jake, Jake, Jake all day long." She got up and opened the windows to air the room of "Latin Passion," Jake's favorite scent.

Mrs. Scott nodded. "I get it, too. 'Rebecca thinks this, Rebecca says that' all day long."

Mrs. Manson sat down again. "Edwina, suppose we ask them both down. You ask Rebecca and I ask Jake. Don't you think that when Jonathan actually sees Tansy with another man . . . ?"

Mrs. Scott considered. "I believe you're right, Joan. When Tansy really grasps that another girl is after Jonathan . . ."

Jealousy, the oldest matchmaking tool. No, they weren't licked yet.

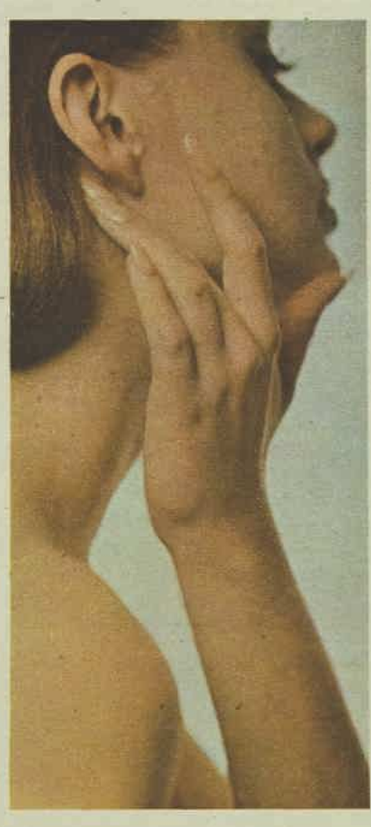
Rebecca accepted Mrs. Scott's invitation with alacrity. Jake, for reasons of his own, was rather more

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Frenzy, by Goya

Goya

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THE MATCHMAKERS

hesitant. In the end, however, he, too, agreed to come.

On the last Friday in December, therefore, a sleek cream-colored Jaguar drew up at Number Nine disgorging a handsome, if slightly fleshy man in a fur-collared driving coat and yellow kid gloves. An hour later a milk lorry stopped at Number Twelve and set down a girl in black slacks, a black duffel coat, black eye shadow, and long black hair. In short, Rebecca.

Almost at once, the devoted mothers seemed to see signs of success. Jonathan didn't just dislike Jake, he was — as he took trouble to point out — practically sick every time he saw him. As for Tansy, normally free from petty female cattiness, the sight of Rebecca sitting barefoot and unkempt in Mrs. Scott's kitchen and laying down the law, reduced her to a rage which rendered her speechless.

It needed only a little party, thought Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson, with their darlings looking their best and just enough alcohol to step things up a little . . .

Whether Tansy looked her best in a skin-tight black satin sheath edged with sequins was anybody's guess—and her mother, for one, had firmly opted out. Nor was Jonathan, perhaps, at his most festive in down-at-heel sandals and the same sweater he had worn since his arrival.

But the party, with the two young couples and a sprinkling of local friends, was all that Mrs. Scott's and Mrs. Manson's energy and contrivance could achieve: plentiful food, new records, candlelight . . .

POPPING in and out with the sausage rolls, punch, little things on sticks, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson met each other's eyes with glee. Tansy, whenever she was unobserved, was giving Rebecca looks which would have done no discredit to Medusa. Jonathan was sitting on his hands.

Very soon after midnight, the longed-for climax came. Relaxing in the kitchen with a cup of tea, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson heard screams, scuffling sounds; a thud. They rushed into the sitting-room. Jonathan had Jake on the floor and was trying to punch him on the nose, while two of the guests held frantically on to his arms. Over by the window, Tansy was tugging with all her might at the screaming Rebecca's tangled hair.

"It really worked," whispered Mrs. Manson joyously, running to admonish her child.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Scott, frowning, held up her hand. "Listen."

"You slob, you bloated rat-faced plutocrat," Jonathan was yelling. "You stinking oaf — if you don't stop leering at Rebecca, I swear I'll kill you."

"You've been making eyes at Jake the whole evening, you nasty little hussy," hissed Tansy.

In sick disbelief, the mothers stared at each other. Once again they had been defeated. Their children were jealous all right. But not about each other.

What Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Manson had so signally failed to do—namely dispose of Rebecca and Jake. Time, ever-healing, ever-soothing, achieved with no trouble at all. Jake found to his incredulous disgust that Tansy was that most ludicrous of all anachronisms, a "good" girl. When his entire seduction kit had failed, he firmly dropped her.

Jonathan, in turn, discovered that anarchism, Zen Buddhism, and sleeping in railway stations took up a great deal of time, and that a degree in naval engineering required a certain amount of effort. He began to work, and Rebecca, in disgust, turned her attention elsewhere.

Returning home at Easter, Tansy and Jonathan were two very different people. Gone were Tansy's scalloped bras, her Turkish nightgowns — she was heartbroken, wretched, disillusioned.

In spite of this, life at Number Nine, Holly Gardens, was very much more comfortable than it had been the holidays before. At Number Twelve, too. Mrs. Scott rejoiced in the presence of her clean-shaven son, now fully restored to her, and quite prepared to admit that golf might be a useful way of getting exercise for a man in a sedentary job.

Tansy and Jonathan fell into their old, easy relationship — going to the cinema together or spending a day at the sea, wandering along the beach. Clearly, they enjoyed each other's company. Equally clearly, romance, in spite of incessant encouragement from both sides of the road, entirely failed to blossom.

"We will have to think of something," the two mothers said.

But before they could hatch yet another plot — and a foolproof one

To page 84

LULUBELLE



"Mummy! Your second teenager-hood!"



Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

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QUIBBLE QUIZ

● A high score in this quiz (from the Observer Foreign News Service) could be interpreted as an indication of superior intelligence — or as the sign of a twisted mind.

1. Which is the heavier: a pound of gold or a pound of mushrooms?
2. Can you write down two numbers (one exactly one greater than the other) which together make 12?
3. What English word is invariably pronounced wrongly by well-educated people?
4. Tom has a dozen apples. Three, which are rotten, he throws away; two more he loses, and the remainder he gives to Bill, who eats all but one. How many apples are then left?
5. Only five seconds allowed for this one: what is a half of 20 divided by a half?
6. Can you think of a situation in which it would be quite grammatical to use a sentence containing the word "and" five consecutive times?
7. I have four straight sticks. Their lengths are 78in., 42in., 35in., and 8in. Which three of these four would you select in order to form a triangle with the largest possible area?
8. Which instrument in the orchestra is played by the cembalist?
9. If you buy four apples and tell me to buy two, I shall have two too have to two for myself. Which words are misspelt in that statement?
10. Where in an atlas would you look for a colon?
11. "Last year I was 20," said the bright young thing at the party as I escorted her to her seat. "And next year," she continued when I claimed her for the next dance, "I shall become 24." What sort of a party was it?
12. How many times can five be subtracted from 26?
13. WHO is WHAT?
14. Which is it correct to say: "Eight and five IS 14" or "Eight and five ARE 14"?
15. If it comes before seven what could you say about that number?
16. If ERNIE stands for Electronic Random Number Indicator Equipment, what computer system is represented by OTTFFSSENT?
17. What is the next largest number to 19?
18. If right is wrong what is right?

ANSWERS

1. A pound of mushrooms (7000) grains Avoirdupois) is heavier than a pound of gold (5760 grains Troy).
2. 12.
3. The word "wrongly".
4. One. The one he all but ate.
5. Twenty. $\frac{1}{2}\times 20\div\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}\times 20\times 2=20$.
6. If Johnny were to write "upanddown" his teacher would be justified in telling him to leave more space between "up" and "and" and "down."
7. The three smallest. It is impossible to form any triangle at all with any other selection.
8. The piano. (The cymbals are played by a cymbalist.)
9. "If you buy four apples and tell me to buy too, I shall have to, to have two to four myself." (NOT "... two too for myself.")
10. Near the Panama Canal. (Look it up.)
11. A New Year Party, and the clock must have struck twelve between those two dances.
12. Once. The second subtraction would be from 21, not 26.
13. World Health Organisation.
14. Neither. 8+5=13 (not 14).
15. If IT comes before seven, then IT's even
16. One Two Three Four Five Six Seven Eight Nine Ten.
17. 18. (20 is the next smallest number to 19).
18. Left.



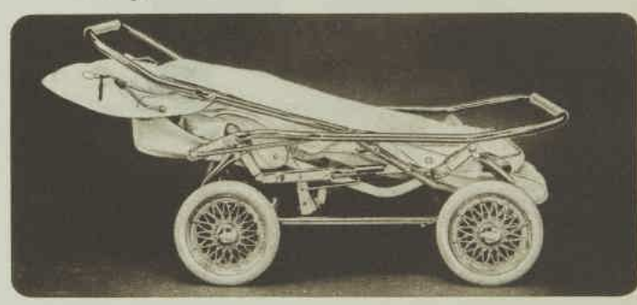


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CH31

The heartbreak of the boy with the golden skin

● While I sit here trying to put down my story in a rational manner, but with very little success, my son is sitting in his bedroom, sobbing his heart out. He is suffering from a disease called ignorance — not his, but other people's.

HE is so tiny to be so heartbroken. He is just four years old, his name is David, and he has large brown eyes that usually sparkle with joy (but just now they are red with tears).

He has beautiful curly hair and a wonderful out-going nature. But he has something else, too, that has just been cruelly brought to his notice once more. He has colored skin!

I am of negroid descent—a half-breed, to be exact. My skin is brown.

My son, a quarter-caste, has skin the color of the sand, golden brown. White people bask in the sun for hours every summer just trying to be the color he was born.

He was born to me by my first marriage, which was short and tragic and ended miserably in the divorce courts. Two years later I remarried, this time to an English boy of 22, just one year older than myself.

He is a wonderful person with a heart of gold, and he loves both me and my son dearly.

Until he met me he had had no personal contact with any colored people. In fact, he thought, as do most white people, that the colored races are just that much inferior.

But I am well educated, better even than most, and my family are fairly well off. When he met me I drove my own car and worked only as it pleased me.

I was a model and sat for portraits and occasionally for photos. With my dark coloring I was very much in demand for this type of work.

We had a quick courtship and a brief but sincere wedding ceremony. Apart from the stares of other people when we are out together our home life is typical, if not just a little better, than most others. We are still very much in love, even now, after 15 months of marriage.

Bringing him up the strict way

His easy move into the role of father to my son would have to be seen to be believed. My son idolises him, and he in turn idolises my son. It is a truly marvellous relationship.

My own upbringing was pretty strict, and I feel that I am a better person for it, so we have decided that our children will also be strictly supervised.

My son, although only four, has a solid grip of the English language and has picked up easily the little French that I have taught him. He has learnt and uses his manners.

We have tried to teach him to respect other people so that he will not be rude or cruel and to respect anything that belongs to other people so that he will not destroy or steal. And, most of all, he knows that he must respect women.

He knows that he must never, never raise his hand against any female . . . whether in play or in anger, regardless of their age, be they two or a hundred and two.

When I see how the young children of today are left to play together, then it is no small wonder that these youths grow up without any respect for women. At what age are they told not to hit girls any more?

Nothing less than a gentleman . . .

I think they should learn that from infancy. I cannot allow my son to grow up to be anything less than a gentleman. He will be looked down on enough without giving anyone a real reason to look down on him.

Until recently he has been very sheltered. He went only where I went and played only with his cousins, who, although white, have played with my son since birth and have always accepted him.

He is a lovable child, with his curls and his big brown eyes, and he appeals to anyone who is free from prejudice.

He is neat and tidy in himself and keeps his toys neat and his body spotless. He has his chores to do each day, and he does them cheerfully, knowing that he is contributing his small efforts to keep our home clean and neat.

He feels needed in our daily life, and that is very important to him.

Having taught him to live harmoniously with us, I felt that it was time for him to learn to live with other people, and I enrolled him in a kindergarten. I recall how joyful he was when I told him.

He had missed the presence of other children at his daily playtime. He had spent many days just wiling away his lonely little hours. Now his dream of other children to play with every day was realised.

He was so happy that first day at the kindy and chattered of the good times he was sure were in store.

He welcomed the opportunity to mix with other children. But other children were not prepared to mix with him. I shifted him from that kindy just two weeks later, after the supervisor requested me to hand back his registration.

The parents of two other children had taken their babes away rather than let them be corrupted by going to the same kindy

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An Australian mother . . . whose young son has had a cruel kindergarten lesson on the color problem . . . appeals to parents to teach their children tolerance

as my son. Can you imagine my shame and sorrow at this time?

The supervisor was sorry and expressed her regrets at having to ask me to withdraw him, but, as she explained to me, the kindy was her business and every child that they lost by having my son attend was money lost.

She told me that neither she nor her staff had been able to fault him personally and that he was much brighter than most of the other children.

I think now that maybe that is what was wrong. Maybe white people don't like to see their own children beaten by a colored child, in intellect as well as socially.

Maybe they would prefer him to be ragged, thin, badly spoken, and with a cowering and inferior manner. Maybe they would like to see him like that so that they may be righteous and look down on him—and perhaps even help him, so that they may congratulate themselves on helping the needy.

Does it bug them that he can get along without their help and stand squarely on his own two feet?

After this I enrolled him at another kindergarten . . . this time not so "exclusive," and he still attends there.

For the first time in his life my son is beginning to rebel. He cries bitter tears each morning when he is told to dress to go to kindy. Each afternoon he comes home in tears, begging me not to make him go again.

This afternoon he came in and stood in front of the mirror for a while, staring at his own reflection. Then he raised his little fist and struck out at the mirror, at himself, at his own skin.

Then, with his head resting on his bent little arm and tears streaming down his face, he asked me in heart-rending tones: "M u m m y, why am I so different? Why am I so black?"

Before I could answer he ran off to his own room, crying, and he is still there. I am glad he ran away and did not wait for me to answer, as I have no reply.

What can I say to him that will make him able to accept other people's attitude to the color of his skin? He has, until now, accepted the fact that he is brown.

His new daddy lovingly calls him the "Little Brown Bomber." And when he was learning colors he always said proudly that he was brown, and even that Daddy was white.

No, it is not that he needs to be taught to accept his color, but he must be able to accept the fact that white people — especially children, who are so unwittingly cruel — cannot accept him because he is colored.

The parents are the ones to blame

I am not so much a fool as to blame the children of the kindy. It is the parents of these children who are to be blamed. The parents of any children who have not taught their own the need to respect their fellow human beings also are to be blamed.

The four- and five-year-old children at the kindy do not suddenly dream up words like "Black Nigger" or "Darky" without ever having heard them before.

They hear these words at home and then wield them like knives to cut deeply into someone's heart. And they teach the other children to use them, too.

Surely, if they are allowed to hear and repeat these cruel hurting things, then they lack the respect that is so necessary during their lives.

What then do I need to teach my child now? While he lays sobbing, I sit thinking. Is this only the beginning of the misery that is to be his life?

How can I protect him — or prepare him? Dare I have another child, as we dearly wish for, now that I know the score? Can I ever consider bringing another babe into this world to face this appalling situation? But for now . . . what words can I use to comfort my child when he so badly needs it?

Shall I tell him to turn the other cheek? To accept insults as his lot in life? To be less than the man he hopes to be? To play with the other children regardless of their insults?

How can you tell a child to cope?

Or do I tell him to reply in kind? To act like a savage? To taunt his tormentors with such words as "White Trash," or something similar? To beat up the other kids physically until they respect him — or else? To smack them in the teeth every time they say something he doesn't like? Even the girls, whom he has learned to respect?

Or shall I just let him solve this problem by himself? Sit at home, hoping that, at four years old, my son will find a way to cope with a problem that even I cringe from?

This is a true story, submitted by a reader. She has supplied her full name and address, but for obvious reasons she would like to remain anonymous.

Even now, at my age, if anyone says something rude about my color I go home and shed tears because of their ignorance. I cannot reply that they are mistaken, as I could if they were to say I was a liar or a thief.

When they say I am dark, they are speaking the truth, but is it a sin to be born another color? And even if I don't like it is there anything I can do to change — short of cutting my own throat?

No, my only solace is in my tears, and so it is with my son. He cries and begs me not to force him to mix with white children.

Yet he used to love the idea of going to kindy, of playing with the other children. But now, after a few short weeks, they have changed him so completely. Now he is a snivelling babe, unsure of his own worthiness.

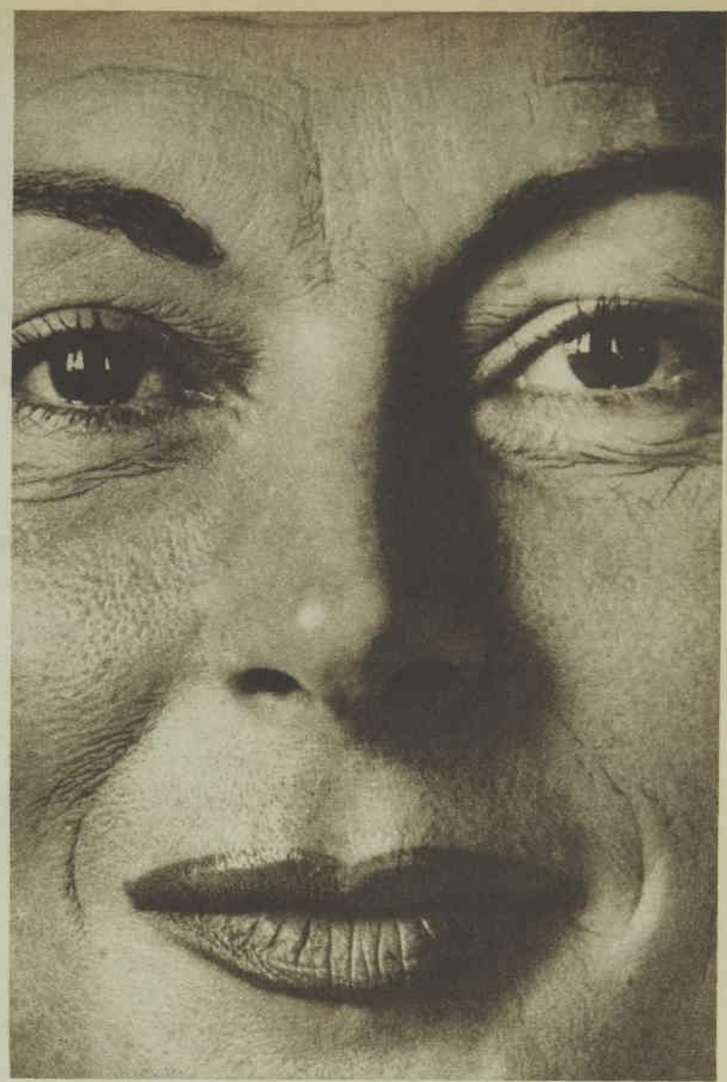
He feels that he is less than he should be, somehow deficient. At his own request, at four years of age he is willing to forsake the company of other people and be content in his loneliness.

I beg of you, of all mothers of children old or young, to help me. I do not know what to say to my own child.

I cannot tell you what to say to your children, nor can I explain to them the grief that they are causing a fellow child.

But you can each help me just a little by teaching your children that which I should not have to beg you to teach: respect for fellow human beings.

I wonder how many of you will? I wonder if you even realise that it might, just might, be your child who is chiefly to blame at the kindergarten which my son attends? How many of you have taught your children the meaning of heartache? And how many of you care, anyway?



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Always the guest: never the host...

● I write this in protest against visitors who never return hospitality, in the hope that some will recognise themselves and reform.

IF you visit unexpectedly, do you make a point of asking your hostess to visit your home at a later date?

If your adolescent children call at a particular friend's home regularly, do you suggest that they occasionally take a very small gift to the lady of the house in appreciation of her hospitality?

If newly married, did you ask your husband if he has any social obligations to fulfil? You will probably find there are families who have provided him with meals and entertainment for years.

I have been married five years now, and during that time my husband and I have led a fairly social life — thoroughly enjoying the company of our friends.

We have our circle of very close friends who visit us, usually on invitation, and we visit their homes in return. Unless there is some special function, our relatives just drop in and we do the same with them. We find these are very happy relationships.

It is not these people, nor the occasional visitor, who draw from me this protest. It is the surprising number

By a reader who wishes to be anonymous

of friends who call uninvited at regular intervals, with no thought of a return of hospitality.

I do not think that our friends are any less thoughtless than thousands of other couples, and can only presume that there are many people, like myself, in the position of always giving and rarely receiving hospitality.

My mother-in-law has five sons—all gregarious and with many friends. Since I have known my husband, I have watched them bring home their friends for weekends, for meals, for morning coffees and afternoon teas — all provided cheerfully and charmingly by my mother-in-law.

It is plain that these young men—well-bred and well-educated—regard the sons as their hosts and perhaps repay to them the hospitality extended. But it is my mother-in-law, now elderly, who cooks and usually cleans up. Despite the fact that the same young people are entertained constantly, it is a very rare occasion when anyone shows appreciation by more than a casual thank-you.

If mothers would train their children to show tangible appreciation to the women of the houses they visit and not take for granted the work involved, it would make a difference to the spirits of the hostess. An occasional box of chocolates, flowers, or some other small gift would give a tremendous amount of pleasure.

To the newly married wife, I suggest that you check on your husband's obligations, and gradually entertain at your home the people who have entertained him in their homes over the years.

Finally, I ask people who regularly drop in to think a minute. Have their hostesses dropped in on them in turn? If not, perhaps these women don't subscribe to visiting without invitation, so ASK them to call back on you in the future.

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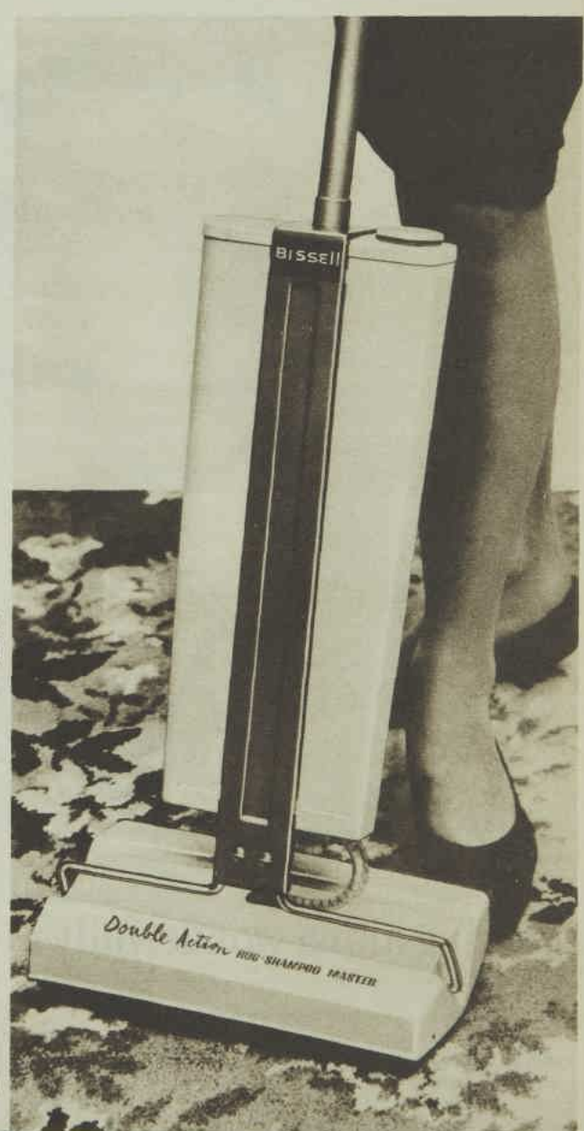
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THE MATCHMAKERS

Continued from page 77

this time, the holidays had fled and Tansy and Jonathan went back to college. And in the weeks which followed something happened which entirely changed their plans.

The two ladies quarrelled.

It was a terrible quarrel. Even in Moreton, where quarrelling as a fine art had been practised for generations, this one, everyone agreed, was to rank very high indeed.

It began at the Women's Institute Tea, held, as always, on the second Wednesday of the month in the old Corn Exchange. Mrs. Scott, by this time, was the President and everyone agreed that technically she was within her rights.

However, there were those who maintained that in disqualifying Mrs. Manson's sponge cake from the contest because it was filled with lemon cream instead of jam, as the regulations somewhat archaically demanded, she was pushing the letter of the law too far. For there was no doubt about it, Mrs. Manson's sponge, had she not been disqualified, would have been an easy winner, its lightness, firmness, and general sponginess putting it head and shoulders above the other twenty-four.

The row started quite quietly. Mrs. Manson pointed out, gently, that her old friend was being just a little frosty in sticking to regulations which were so clearly out of date. Mrs. Scott, equally polite, explained that as President of the Moreton Institute it was her duty to see that rules were kept.

After that, things warmed up quite quickly. By about three o'clock, the original topic had been left far behind and an exhumation of the two ladies' ancestors was in progress.

The great-grandfather of Mrs. Scott, plebeian, alcoholic, unemployed, had been taken out for airing and was being contrasted with Mrs. Manson's Great-Uncle Patrick, a potato-peeling Papist from whom the scraggiest chicken in County Donegal fled in terror.

By half past, they had got down to more personal details. At four o'clock, both ladies burst into tears and were led away.

Jonathan and Tansy, returning for the summer holidays, found Holly Gardens a changed place.

"I'm going over to see Jonathan for a minute," said Tansy, when she'd unpacked. "My bike's got a puncture."

"No!" Mrs. Manson, her breast heaving, barred her daughter's path. "I must forbid you to go across to Number Twelve these holidays."

Tansy stared. "Mother, you must be mad."

"If you knew what that woman has said," began Mrs. Manson.

Over the road, Jonathan shouted into the kitchen: "I'm just going to take these records over to Tansy. My record player's bust."

In her apron, Mrs. Scott rushed out. "No. No, you mustn't Jonathan. You mustn't go there ever again."

For one or two days, Tansy and Jonathan accepted the embargo on visits cheerfully. One might as well humor the poor old things and it would soon blow over. But when several days passed and the hostility between their parents grew, they got irritated. Tansy's puncture still wasn't mended. Jonathan wanted to play his records. Besides, it was all so absurd.

Jonathan and Tansy met for the first time in the market place.

"This is ridiculous," exploded Jonathan.

"Absolutely medieval," raged Tansy. "Why the Montagues and Capulets were positively civilised by comparison."

"Well, I'm not going to put up with it," said Jonathan. "We must meet. What about this evening?"

"Yes, let's," said Tansy firmly.

There was a brief pause while the picture of an enraged Mrs. Scott and a panting Mrs. Manson flashed through their offsprings' minds.

"Tell you what," said Jonathan, "no need to upset them. We could meet down on the towpath by the bridge — let's make it fairly late, so that there won't be many people about."

Tansy nodded. "I'll slip out while they're watching television. Ten o'clock?"

"Ten o'clock. It'll be dark enough by then."

It was rather fun preparing to slip out and meet Jonathan in secret. "Come gentle night, come loving, black-browed night," quoted Tansy, as she crept out toward the gate.

But when she got to the towpath it was like a different world. River mist rose from the dusky water; a swan, wraith-like, glided by. How still it was!

AND there was Jonathan, leaning against a tree, absorbed in the swift-moving water and the last pink-tinged clouds of evening mirrored in its surface.

Tansy approached silently. They mustn't spoil things now by being seen.

How different Jonathan looked tonight — absorbed, unaware of her. Odd to think that all these years he had been so familiar to her, and yet she had never really known his deepest thoughts. How dark he was — even in the near-darkness. How tall, too . . . how tall and strong.

A twig crackled under her feet and Jonathan turned and saw her. But was it her he saw? Was this Tansy, dear familiar Tansy — or a wraith, a river spirit with huge, dream-filled eyes and dew-drops in her hair?

"Tansy."

"Jonathan."

She came toward him, put out a hand. Their fingers met, then their hands, and suddenly, with unbelievable delight, their lips.

"What shall we do? What on earth shall we do?"

Half an hour had passed. The darkness engulfed them, and yet they could not draw apart.

Jonathan freed the arm on which Tansy lay and gently pushed back the silken tousled hair. "I don't know, darling," he said, and kissed her for the hundredth time. "We'll think of something. They've got to let us marry; they've got to."

"We could, of course, wait till I am twenty-one."

"No, we couldn't. I refuse to wait another minute, another second." Hopelessly in love, deliciously star-crossed, they kissed again.

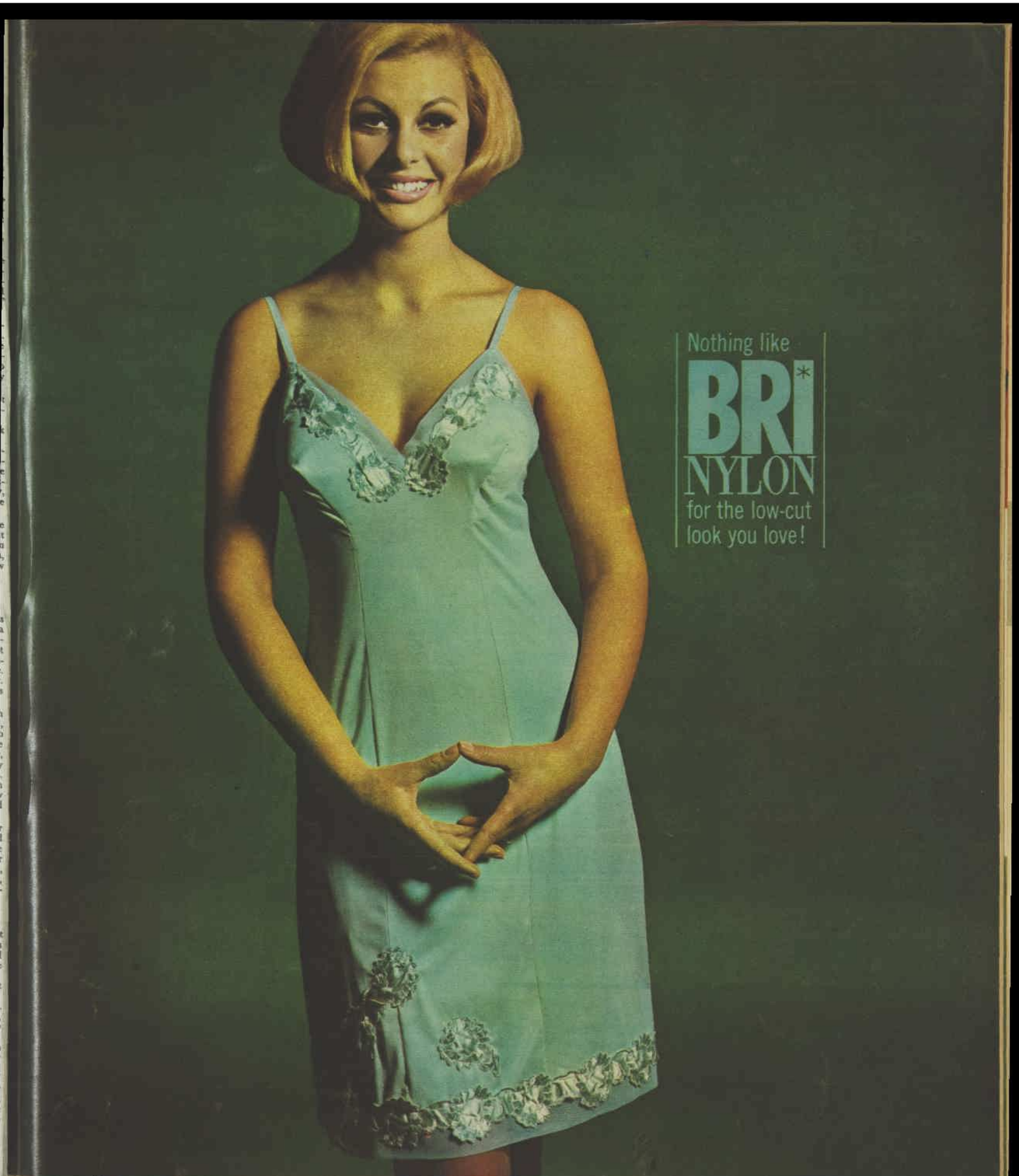
In the morning they rose from their respective beds, ecstatic, confident, very young, and began on the attack straight away.

"Mother, surely you and Aunt Edwina could make it up again? You've been friends for such years."

Mrs. Manson stiffened.

To page 88

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What's the secret of the success of this slip? Less bodice — more of you! Its 'BRI-NYLON' label tells you it's been tested — and found trustworthy. Fibremakers supplied the nylon yarn that made it, then said it was good enough to wear the 'BRI-NYLON' label because Dominant made it so well. That's why there's nothing like 'BRI-NYLON'

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He worked hard to give the children a good start in life and now, on our son's wedding day, he's no longer here to share our happiness.

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You've no idea how much worry and trouble they saved me over those dreadful few days when I couldn't seem to think straight. Nobody can tell me a big company doesn't have human feelings! They were kindness itself — and they seemed to have an answer for everything. Their experts worked out an investment plan to give me a comfortable income and provide for the children's education. I can truthfully say they have given me the 'perpetual' peace of mind that comes from knowing George's wishes are being carried out to the letter".

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PTA

PTA1

Make these Christmas gifts



SPICED ORANGE POMANDERS

MATERIALS: 1 firm orange; about 3oz. cloves; powdered orrisroot and cinnamon; staple hook; length of velvet ribbon; gift tag; tissue paper. To Make: Stick whole outside of orange peel with cloves; roll in spices until cloves are thickly covered. Wrap in tissue paper and leave until orange is dry and firm enough for velvet ribbon to be stapled on. This usually takes from ten days to three weeks, depending on the atmosphere and condition of the orange. Test the orange after ten days, and if the staple will not hold return orange to paper and try again a few days later. Repeat until staple holds. Explain inside gift tag that the pomander is to keep moths away or to keep a room smelling fresh and sweet.



PATCHWORK TEACOSY

MATERIALS: Scraps of gay cotton for patches; cotton for lining; calico for backing patches; cotton padding; bias binding for ties. For a family-sized teapot, make cosy about 19½in. long, 12½in. wide at each end, and 10½in. wide in the centre. Cut pattern of cosy from calico and tack patches of equal size on to calico, fitting each piece together like a jig-saw puzzle. Outline each piece in cross-stitch, using a brightly colored thread. Line cosy with cotton, leaving an opening to insert padding. Sew binding tags each side of cosy.

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"Do you know what she called your Great-Uncle Patrick?"

Across the road, Jonathan was faring no better. "Isn't it a bit childish? I mean, someone's got to be the first to apologise."

Mrs. Scott slammed down the coffee pot. "Well, it isn't going to be me."

That night, again creeping out into the darkness the lovers met. "It's no use, darling. I just can't budge her."

"I know. Mine's the same."

They clung together, the agony of a whole day's separation assuaged by the blessed night.

"Tansy, Tansy darling."

"Jonathan . . . Oh, Jonathan."

"Something must happen. It's just got to."

Something did, though it was nothing either of them could possibly have wished. Mrs. Scott, crossing the narrow High Street was knocked down by a youth on a motor-bike. Tansy, shopping on the other side, was

Continued from page 84

just in time to throw herself down in a frenzy beside Jonathan's mother and sit, cradling her head in her lap. When the ambulance came, they took them both along.

An hour later, coming out of her house, Mrs. Manson found Jonathan, white-faced and shaking, at his gate with a policeman. Within seconds she had given him brandy, phoned Ronald and Frederick, backed her car out of the garage. Then, minutes later, they were at the hospital.

"Mrs. Scott has been admitted," said the white-coated receptionist. "Her daughter's with her now."

"Her daughter? But she hasn't got — " began Jonathan.

"Never mind that, now," broke in Mrs. Manson. "How is she—quick, how is she?"

The receptionist took up the phone. "Fractured femur, cuts and bruises," she said

THE MATCHMAKERS

after an eternity. "You can go up, but only for a minute, mind."

In the corner of the ward, behind a tall, flowered chintz screen, they found Tansy, white-faced and swollen-eyed, bending over Mrs. Scott, who lay with her eyes closed, supported by the high pillows. "Edwina." Mrs. Manson kissed her friend, then turned and fumbled for a handkerchief.

"Hello, Joan." Still groggy from the anaesthetic and the pain of the setting, Mrs. Scott nevertheless managed to smile cheerfully at her friend. Neither of them apologised—there was no need for that. "Be as right as rain, soon," Mrs. Scott said, patting Mrs. Manson's hand.

The ward sister now rustled starchily up to them.

"You," she said, addressing Tansy sternly. "You gained admission by saying that you were Mrs. Scott's daughter. It now appears that Mrs. Scott has no daughter."

MRS. SCOTT hoisted herself up painfully on her pillows. Together, she and Mrs. Manson gazed at Tansy, now sobbing with relief in Jonathan's arms and at Jonathan's face as he gently stroked her hair. A deep sigh broke from them both.

"You misheard," Mrs. Scott informed the sister coolly. "Not daughter. Daughter-in-law."

The wedding, held as soon as Mrs. Scott was well again, was better even than their dreams. They had foreseen the triumph of the young lovers, but not their awed humility. They could not think of the way those two had looked without a catch at the throat.

It was after this wedding to end all weddings that the two ladies were celebrating by tripping down Holly-Gardens at midnight, confetti in their hair.

"We've done it, Edwina, we've done it!"

"Oh, that quarrel! I never thought we'd be able to keep it up."

Mrs. Manson giggled. "When you called Uncle Patrick all those awful names I was sure I was going to burst out laughing. That's so exactly what he was."

"Anyway, we did it," rejoiced Mrs. Scott. "We fooled them. And if ever they look like falling out, those two, we'll just have to cook up another row."

"They won't fall out. Not them."

Both women fell silent. It was all over. The finality of total achievement lay heavily upon them.

After a while, Mrs. Manson saw signs of activity in her friend: Mrs. Scott was thinking.

"Did you see that advertisement last week, Joan? The one about homes for foster children?"

Mrs. Manson looked at her. "I believe I did."

"The way I look at it, Joan, it's a duty to respond to a call like that. A little girl I thought I'd take—just for a change."

There was a pause. "Funny you should mention it, Edwina," said Mrs. Manson casually. "I've been thinking myself I'd like to try my hand at raising a boy."

A smile curved round their lips and their eyes met.

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A reader's story:

Please don't hurt the dentist (*he cares so much for you!*)

● ***This is a defence of the much-maligned dentist, and it's a subject I feel well qualified to write about, as I'm married to one and am sometimes assistant to same when his nurse is having her holidays. To this I might add that I am a mother and my interest in homo sapiens is boundless.***

THE first thing that strikes me in my yearly role as Chairside Attendant is the wide and varied behaviour pattern of the patients.

It runs the gamut of human emotions: from stoic acceptance to sheer uninhibited panic.

Some patients really DON'T CARE, they simply lean back in the chair and RELAX, even SLEEP. Others are so indifferent to the drill they read the daily paper.

We even had one patient who breast-fed her babe while having an amalgam filling — which is, I think, carrying nonchalance too far and is most distracting for the dentist.

Then there are the craven, and fear takes many forms. I'll never forget on my very first day: I was busy at the steriliser when the professional quiet of the rooms was broken by the most unearthly screams I have ever heard.

With Olympic speed I raced along the passage and opened the door, to be greeted by my husband triumphantly waving his forceps, and a smiling, happy patient saying, "Thank you, Doctor, it didn't hurt a bit."

Now this diverse behaviour pattern is just as varied with children as with adults. Some children are reluctant to leave; but there are others whom no amount of coaxing, cajoling, or bribery will induce even to sit in the chair.

"Practically painless"

Now, why is there this "difference" in the behaviour pattern of patients, no matter what age? True, some patients may be more susceptible to pain than others.

But modern dentistry is far removed from that of even a decade ago, and new and improved techniques have rendered it practically painless.

Personally, I consider ignorance of dental procedure and lack of popular propaganda the main cause of aversion to dental treatment.

Medicine has glamor — Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare — but what of dentistry? Most people regard a visit to the dentist as a last resort, not as periodic routine, vital to good health.

Margaret Sydney (A.W.W., 29/9/65) writes of trying "to indoctrinate her children into the delights of dentistry, or managing to sit with relaxed hands making polite conversation, etc., etc."

She is to be commended for her effort, although I have little or no faith in her modus operandi. Children are terribly quick to sense "an atmosphere" and there is nothing harder to create than an aura of normality.

Dental pain is today far more psychological than physical. Its main component is anticipatory FEAR. Begin with the toddler and treat him to a little applied psychology.

How often do we say, "Show me your pretty shoes." How seldom, "Show me your beautiful white teeth . . . Here is a toothbrush which will keep your teeth white and pretty."

Praise, praise, praise. From the cradle to the grave, regardless of age or sex, we're all flattery prone.

Say, "Soon you'll be old enough to go to the dentist." "How lucky you are to be going tomorrow." Never, never say, "I hope you'll be good when you go to the dentist."

The teenager is acutely conscious of appearances. Stress the fact that well-cared-for teeth are just as important to good grooming as a clear complexion and shining hair.

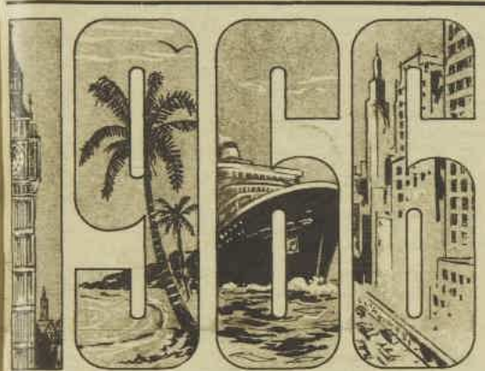
Call attention to the perfect teeth and captivating smile of his, or her, favorite TV star. Be firm, patient, logical.

Now we come to the crux of this article — THE DENTIST. Is he beast or benefactor, sadist or saviour?

Margaret Sydney feels sympathy for him and contends that with the passing of years he must become inured to his patients' apprehension. I wonder . . . The family dentist is like the family doctor, personally interested in the welfare of his patients. They are old friends of long standing; their relationship is intimate, close, sincere.

I have never yet met a dentist who didn't adore his work. To him it isn't only a profession, but a way of life. The desire to improve his technique, to investigate new materials and methods, is an ever-present spur.

But I think that the chief fascination of his calling lies in its eternal challenge. A challenge to his skill, patience, and above all — HIS HUMANITY!



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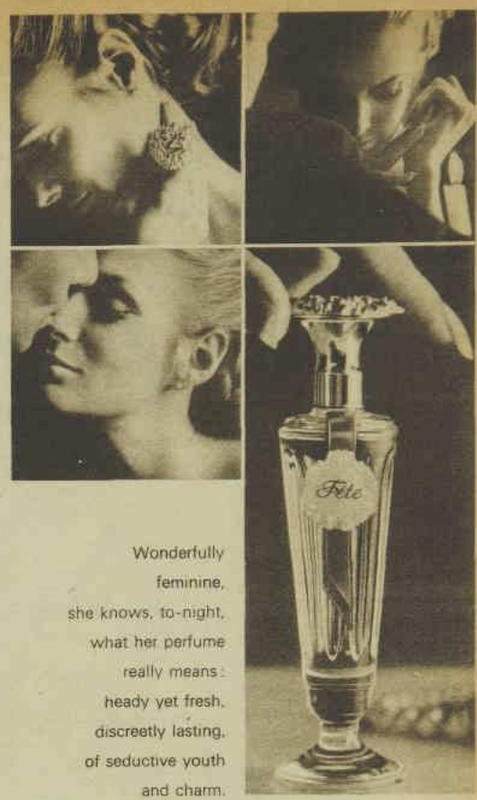
Depart	Return	Min. Cost
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CANBERRA April 4	IBERIA Sept. 30	£1,171
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The magazine of brighter reading 16

Everybody's

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4906057

Four pages of handknits and crochet

CROCHET SUIT AND BAG TO MATCH



SIMPLICITY of stitch and cut adds up to success in this crocheted daytime suit, which has its own matching bag. Note the delicate slim edging on the jacket.

● ***Choosing cool, comfortable, and smart clothes for town wear is sometimes a problem in summer. This cool suit, with bag, could be the solution.***

YOU will enjoy crocheting this useful daytime suit. Featuring a shirt-style collar and raglan sleeves, the suit will see you through a variety of occasions.

The matching bag, which is crocheted with one strand of cotton and one strand of matching Turabast, completes the ensemble and gives it that expensive individual look.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 26 2oz. balls Strutts Milford knitting cotton No. 4; No. 13 crochet hook; 8in. zip fastener; hooks and eyes; skirt belting; 3 buttons.

Tension: 11 sts. equal 2in. 5 rows equal 1in.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust. Length of skirt 24in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dec., decrease; patt., pattern; sl-st., slip-stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat.

PATTERN

1st Row: Miss 1 ch. * 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in tr., 1 tr. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

Repeat 2nd row for patt. always working d.c. over tr. and tr. over d.c. of previous row.

SKIRT BACK

Begin at lower edge, ch. loosely 111 (117, 123, 129, 133). Work in patt. for 12in. or length desired before dec. row. Check tension 20 (21, 22, 23, 24) in. width. Keeping to patt. dec. 1 st. each end of next row, then every 5th row 11 times, 86 (92, 98, 104, 108) sts. Work until piece measures 23in. from start or 1in. less (allowance for stretching) than desired length.

Next Row: Dec. to desired half - waist measurement (example; 13½in. for 27in. waist). End off.

SKIRT FRONT

Work same as for back.

JACKET BACK

Ch. loosely 99 (105, 111, 117, 121), work in pattern for 12in.

To Shape Raglan: Sl-st. over 4 (4, 5, 5, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and alt. rows for 20 (25, 28, 30, 30) rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of each row, 22 (19, 17, 17, 20) times; 26 (33, 38, 42, 40) sts. Work 1 row and dec. sts. to 22 (26, 28, 30, 32) sts. End off.

LEFT FRONT

Ch. loosely 61 (65, 67, 71, 73), work in patt. (marking 1st row of patt. for right side of work) until work is same length as back to underarm. End on wrong side of work for left front. (**Note:** End on right side when working right front.)

To Shape Raglan: Sl-st. over 4 (4, 4, 6, 6) sts. at beg. of next row (arm side). Work in patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

Continue in patt., shaping armholes as for back until 30 (34, 36, 36, 38) sts. remain.

To Shape Neck: Still shaping armholes, work to last 16 (16, 18, 18, 18) sts. Dec. 1 st., leave last 14 (14, 16, 16, 16) sts. unworked for lapel, 1 ch., turn. Continue to dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row and shaping armhole until 1 st. remains. End off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, making first buttonhole 3in. from beg. The next two are 5in. apart.

To Make Buttonholes: Work 5 sts. at beg. of centre edge, 7 ch. loosely. Miss 7 sts., work in patt. to end.

Next Row: Work patt. in each st. and each of the 7 ch., work to end.

SLEEVES

Ch. loosely 71 (73, 75, 79, 81), work in patt. for 5 rows, turn.

1st Inc. Row: *** 1 ch. loosely, 1 tr., 1 d.c. in first tr. (1 inc. made). Work in patt. to last st., 1 tr., 1 d.c. in last st. (1 inc. made). Work in patt. for 5 rows.

2nd Inc. Row: 1 d.c. 1 tr. in 1st d.c. (1 inc. made), work in patt. to last st., 1 d.c. 1 tr. in last st. (1 inc. made). Work in patt. for 5 rows. Rep from *** twice more, 82 (84, 86, 90, 92) sts. Check tension, 15 (15½, 15½, 16½, 16½) in. wide. Work even until piece measures 10¼in. or desired length from start to underarm for three-quarter sleeve.

To Shape Raglan: Work as for back armhole until 10 (12, 14, 16, 16) sts. rem. Work 1 row and dec. sts. to 8 (8, 8, 10, 10) sts. End off.

COLLAR

Ch. loosely 87 (89, 89, 91, 93), work in patt. for 4in. End off.

TO MAKE UP SKIRT

Pin pieces to correct size on padded surface wrong side up, press lightly with damp cloth or steam iron. Leave 8in. opening at top of left side seam. Join seams together with flat seam on right side. Sew in zipper. Cut belting to desired waist measurement and sew to inside top edge of skirt. Sew on hooks and eyes. Work 1 row d.c. around lower edge of skirt. Skirt may be lined if desired.

TO MAKE UP JACKET

Press pieces as for skirt, join all seams together with flat seam. Join cotton at right side seam and work 1 row d.c., 3 d.c. in corner st., then up front to lapel corner, 3 d.c. in corner st. continue around neck edge holding in back of neck to about 4 (4¼, 4½, 4¾, 4¾) in. 3 d.c. in next lapel, corner st. down front across left front and back to right side seam. End off. Work 1 row d.c. on side edges of collar. Join centre of collar to centre of back, with wrong side of d.c., row of collar sides, matching wrong side of d.c., on lapel. When turned down join with flat seam, with ends of collar 1¾in. from lapel edge. Sew on buttons.

HOW TO MAKE BAG

Materials: Three 2oz. balls Strutts Milford knitting cotton No. 4; 18 skeins Turabast, matching shade; No. 9 crochet hook; 10in. detachable handbag mount; piece of material for lining.

Abbreviations: Ch, chain; d.c., double crochet; tr, treble; st., stitch; c.g., cluster group; c.o.h., cotton over hook.

Making Cluster Group: C.o.h., insert hook in ch. loop, c.o.h., draw through, c.o.h., draw through 2 loops, c.o.h., insert hook in same st., c.o.h., draw through, c.o.h., draw through 2 loops, c.o.h., insert hook in same st., c.o.h., draw through (5 loops on hook). C.o.h., draw through 4 loops, c.o.h., draw through 2 loops, 1 ch. Using one strand of cotton and one strand Turabast, 49 ch. loosely, turn and make 1 c.g. in 3rd ch. from hook, * miss 1 ch., 1 c.g. in next ch., rep from * to end, 3 ch., turn (23 c.g.).

Next Row: 1 c.g. in each space between each c.g. to end of row, 3 ch., turn. Rep. this row 16 times. End off. Make two pieces.

GUSSET

Twelve ch. loosely, turn, miss 1 ch., work 1 d.c. in each rem. ch. (11 d.c.), 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn. Rep. this row 98 times.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 5 d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st., 1 ch. End off. Join in thread and work other side to correspond. Join thread at other end of gusset and work to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Pin gusset to sides and join with 1 row of d.c., working 1 row d.c. across top of bag and gusset openings. Make lining same shape as bag and stitch in, making ½in. hem across top. Insert bag mount through hem.

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EASY CHANEL-STYLE SUIT

● ***This fashion winner — a sleeveless suit with its knitted skirt and crochet jacket — can be made in a variety of yarns.***

EVEN a beginner could successfully knit and crochet this easy-line sleeveless suit for summer wear.

The jacket, with its delicate edging and casual bow tied at the neckline, is worked in easy-to-crochet stitches; the skirt is knitted and shaped to the figure.

Inspired by Chanel, the cool ensemble would be a fashion success with any age group. If it is required for summer use, then make it up in easy-to-care-for synthetic yarn.

Materials—Jacket: 15 (15, 16) balls Emu Scotch double knitting, Emu double crepe, or Emu Bri-Nylon double knitting yarn; **Skirt:** 12 (13, 14) balls; 2 crochet hooks Nos. 8 and 9, 1 pair each knitting needles Nos. 8, 9, and 10 (if using Bri-Nylon double knitting yarn use Nos. 7, 8, and 10); elastic to fit waist.

Measurements—Jacket: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust, actual measurement. Length: 21 (21½, 22) in. **Skirt:** To fit 34 (36, 38) in. hips, actual measurement. Length: 24½ (25, 25) in.

Tension: Crochet — 2 patterns to 2in. Stocking-stitch — 5½ sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; y.o.h., yarn over hook; gr., group; 2tr.gr., 2 treble group (1 tr. into stitch, leaving last loop on hook, 1 tr. into same stitch, leaving last loop on hook, y.o.h. and draw through all loops); sl-st., slip-stitch; k, knit; p, purl; inc., increase.

BACK

Using No. 8 hook, make 64 (68 72) ch., plus 5 ch. for turn.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, (1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 2tr.gr. into next ch.) rep. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

* **2nd Row:** 1 d.c. in top of 2tr.gr., (1 d.c. into next space, 1 d.c. into top of next 2tr.gr.) rep. to end, turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into 1st d.c., (1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 2tr.gr. into next d.c.) rep. to end, 1 ch. for turn *.

Rep. from * to * until work measures 14½ (15, 15½) in. or required length, ending on the right side of work (2nd row of patt.).

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 1st 2 2tr.gr. patt. to last 2 2tr.gr., turn. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next 4 rows. Work straight until armholes measure 6 (6, 6½) in., ending on the right side of work.

To Shape Left Shoulder: Sl-st. over 3 2tr.gr., 2 d.c. in next 2 d.c., 2 h.tr. in next d.c., then work (1 ch., 1 2tr.gr. in prev. gr.) 2 (3, 4) times. Fasten off. With wrong side of work facing, join in yarn at neck edge, 7th (8th, 9th) gr. from armhole edge and work to correspond with other shoulder.

FRONT

Right Front: Make 37 (39, 41) ch. and work in patt. as for back until 14½ (15, 15½) in. or required length, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Armhole: Sl-st. over 1st. 2 2tr.gr. patt. to end, turn. Dec. at armhole edge 1 st. every row 4 times. Work straight until armhole measures 3in. (all sizes), ending at neck edge.

To Shape Neck: Sl-st. over 3 (3, 4) 2tr.gr. patt. to end, turn. Dec. at neck edge 1 st. every row until 7 (8, 9) tr.gr. rem., ending at neck edge. Cont. straight until armhole matches back.

To Shape Shoulder: Patt. over 2 (3, 4) 2tr.gr., 2 h.tr. in next gr., 1 d.c. in next st. Fasten off.

Left Front: Work to correspond with right front in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements on wrong side and press with warm iron over damp cloth. (If Bri-Nylon has been used, press over dry cloth.) Sew up shoulder and side seams with a small back-stitch.

BORDER

1st Row: With right side of work facing and No. 9 hook, join in wool at right lower edge and work 1 row of d.c. along front edge up to neck edge, around neck and down left front edge, turn.

2nd Row: As 3rd row of patt. for back.

3rd Row: As 2nd row of patt. for back. Fasten off.

ARMHOLE BORDERS

1st Round: With wrong side of work facing and No. 9 hook, work 1 round of d.c., join with a sl-st.

2nd Round: Work as 3rd row of patt. for back. Join with a sl-st. and fasten off.

TIE (2)

Using No. 9 hook, make 61 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and 1 d.c. in every st. to end, turn.

2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c., (1 ch., miss next d.c., 1 2tr.gr. in next d.c.) rep. to end.

3rd Row: As 2nd row of patt. for back. Fasten off.

Sew ties at neck edges.

SKIRT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 86 (92, 98) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in., ending with a wrong-side row. Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p) inc. 1 st. at each end of the next and every following 6th row until inc. to 96 (102, 108) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 24½ (25, 25½) in. or required length. End with a k row.

Next Row: K to mark hemline. Work 10 rows in st-st., commencing with k row. Cast off loosely. Make a second piece to match.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press with warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used, press over dry cloth. Sew up side seams. Make a herringbone casing over elastic at waist. Turn hem on to wrong side and slip-stitch neatly into position.



Knit and crochet this delightful suit for summer in a synthetic yarn which is cool and easy to launder. Note the carefree bow-tie at the neckline and delicate edging.



CROCHET COLLAR

Materials: 2 balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Emu Scotch 4-ply; No. 12 crochet hook.

Measurement: 21in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Make 101 ch. loosely, plus 4 ch. for turn.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 5th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in every ch. to end, turn.

2nd Row: * 5 ch., miss next 2 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in last st. turn.

4th Row: Rep. 3rd row.

5th Row: * 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end, turn.

6th Row: Sl-st. over 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in 1st loop * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep from * to end, turn

7th Row: * 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end, turn.

Rep. the last 2 rows twice, fasten off.

FLOWERS (Make 12)

1st Row: Using No. 12 hook, make 6 ch., join with a sl-st., 3 ch., 5 tr., and 1 d.c. in circle, turn.

2nd Row: 4 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch., 5 tr., and 1 d.c. in loop, turn. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, join to foundation loop with a sl-st. Fasten off.

Attach flowers to collar as illustrated.

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COOL AND CASUAL



DESIGNED with an easy-to-crochet lacy pattern effect, this overblouse (above) will serve as a protection against cool, unexpected breezes and the sun's hot, burning rays.

Beach overblouse

● Young mods and mums alike will appreciate the usefulness of this crocheted long-sleeve beach overblouse. In cool white nylon yarn, it can be worn alternatively with slacks or summer skirts.

Materials: 9 (10, 11) balls Emu 3-ply Bri-Nylon; 1 No. 11 crochet hook, and 1 No. 10 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 22½ (22½, 22½) in. Sleeve seam, 15 (15, 15) in.

Tension: 1 patt. to 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; l.tr., long treble; st., stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch; 1 gr., 1 group—1 tr. into st., leave last loop on hook, 1 tr. into same st., wool over hook draw through all loops.

BACK

** Using No. 10 hook, make 104 (110, 116) ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 gr. in next ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same ch., 2 ch., 1 gr. into same ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., (miss 2 ch., 1 gr. in next ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. in same ch., 2 ch., 1 gr. in same ch., miss 2 ch., 1tr. in next ch.), rep. to end of row, 17 (18, 19) patts.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr., 1 ch., (2 d.c. in next space, 1 d.c. in tr., 2 d.c. in next space, 1 ch., miss top of gr., tr., gr.), rep., ending with 1 d.c. in last tr., turn.

*** 3rd Row:** 5 ch., 1 gr. in 1st 1 ch. loop (loop made by 1 ch. of prev. row), miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c. above tr., miss 2 d.c., 1 gr. in next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same loop, (2 ch., 1 gr. in same loop, miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 1 gr. in next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same loop), rep. to end, turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in prev. tr., (2 d.c. in next space, 1 ch., miss 1 gr., 1 tr., 1 gr., 2 d.c. in next space, 1 d.c. in tr.), rep. to end, turn.

5th Row: 3 ch., (miss 2 d.c., 1 gr. in next 1 ch. loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same loop, 2 ch., 1 gr. in same loop, miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. in next d.c.), rep. to end, turn *.

Rep. from * (3rd, 4th, and 5th rows) to * until back measures 14in.

To Shape Armholes—Next Row: Sl-st. over 1 patt., work to last patt., turn.

Next Row: Dec. at armhole edges 2 sts. at beg. and end of row. Rep. last row until 14 (15, 16) patts. rem. **

Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 6½ (6½, 7) in., ending on a d.c. row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 4 patts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1st ½ patt., patt. to end, turn.

Next Row: Work 3 (3, 4), turn. Cont. until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 8) in. Fasten off.

Join wool at neck edge 5th (5th, 6th) patt. from armhole edge and work to correspond with other side, reversing all shapings.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **. Cont. until armholes measure 3½in. (all sizes), ending on a d.c. row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 4 (5, 6) patts., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1st ½ patt., patt. to end.

Cont. d.c., ½ patt. at neck edge until 3 (3, 4) patts. rem. Cont. until armhole matches back. Fasten off.

Join wool at neck edge 5th (5th, 6th) patt. from armhole edge and work to correspond with other side, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES (2)

Using No. 11 hook, make 68 (74, 80) ch.

Work in patt. as for back for 6in. Change to No. 10 hook and cont. until sleeve measures 14in. or required length, ending on a d.c. row.

To Shape Tops of Sleeves—1st Row: Sl-st. over 5 d.c., work to last 5 d.c., turn.

2nd Row: 5 ch., miss ½ patt., work to last ½ patt. 1 l.tr. in last d.c., turn.

3rd Row: As 2nd row of patt.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until 4 (5, 6) patts. rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves.

Using No. 11 hook, work 8 rows of d.c. around lower and neck edges, 7 rows around sleeve edges.

For a sleeveless top work four rows of d.c. around the armhole edges.

Long, lean sheath

● Need a new dress for those summer parties looming up? This semi-fitted sheath (shown below), crocheted in white cotton with a flowered pattern, would be ideal.

Materials: 7 2oz. balls Strutt's Milford knitting cotton No. 8, white; 7 2oz. balls contrast shade; a No. 11 wool crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust.

Tension: 3 rows equal 1in.; 1 3 tr. groups equal 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; st. (s), stitch(es); sl-st., slip-stitch; rep., repeat; grs., groups.

2 treble group consists of 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.; 3 treble group consists of 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. These groups will be referred to as: 2 tr. gr. and 3 tr. gr.

BACK

Using 1 strand white and 1 of contrast, make 101 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook (3 ch. to be counted as 1 tr.), miss 2 ch., * 1 ch. 1 dc. in next ch., miss 2 ch., 2 tr gr. in next ch., rep. from * to end. 3 ch. turn (17 2 tr. grs.).

2nd Row: 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in space of tr. gr. * 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch. turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in centre tr. of 3 tr. gr., * 2 tr. gr. in d.c., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr. of 3 tr. gr., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch. turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in d.c., * 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch. turn.

5th Row: 1 tr. into d.c., * 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr. of 3 tr. gr., 2 tr. gr. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch. turn.

The last 4 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 31in. or desired length to armholes.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 6 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 6 sts., work in pattern to end of row. Tr. gr. reduced to 14 3 tr. gr. Continue in pattern until work measures 7in. from armhole. Shape shoulders. Sl-st. over 12 sts. Work 3 2 tr. gr. 1 d.c. in centre tr. of 3 tr. gr. 3 ch. turn

Next Row: 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr. 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c. turn and sl-st. back over sts. Join cotton at centre tr. of 5th 3 tr. grs. (4 3 tr. gr. for neckline) and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as for back, making neckline 2 rows lower than back, leaving 3 3 tr. grs. for neckline.

SLEEVE

Work 58 chain.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, * miss 2 ch., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in next ch., miss 2 ch. 2 tr. gr. in next ch., rep. from * to end. 3 ch. turn. (10 2 tr. grs.).

2nd Row: 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 tr. grs., * 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., rep. from * to end of row, 2 ch. turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in 2nd tr., * 2 tr. gr. in d.c., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr. of 3 tr. gr., rep. from * to last 3 tr. gr. 1 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch., 1 tr. in last tr. of 3 tr. gr., 3 ch. turn.

4th Row: 1 ch. 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 tr. gr., * 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c. 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., rep. from * to last 2 tr. gr. 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c. 3 tr. gr. in loop of 2 ch., 2 ch. turn. (11 3 tr. grs.).

5th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr. 1 ch. 1 d.c. in 2nd tr., * 2 tr. gr. in d.c. 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr. of tr. gr., rep. from * to end of row, 2 ch. turn.

6th Row: 1 d.c. in d.c., * 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., rep. from * to last 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., 3 tr. gr. in loop of 2 ch., 1 ch. turn. (11 3 tr. grs.)

7th Row: 1 d.c. in centre tr., * 2 tr. gr. in d.c., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr., rep. from * to last 3 tr. gr., 2 tr. gr. in 2 ch. loop., 1 ch. turn.

8th Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd tr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., * 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 d.c. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row. (10 3 tr. grs.)

9th Row: * 1 d.c. in centre tr., 2 tr. gr. in d.c., rep. from * to last 2 tr. gr. Finish with 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., 3 ch. turn.

10th Row: 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., * 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch. turn. (10 3 tr. grs.)

11th Row: 1 d.c. in centre tr., * 2 tr. gr. in d.c., 1 ch. 1 d.c. in centre tr., rep. from * to end of row, 1 ch. turn.

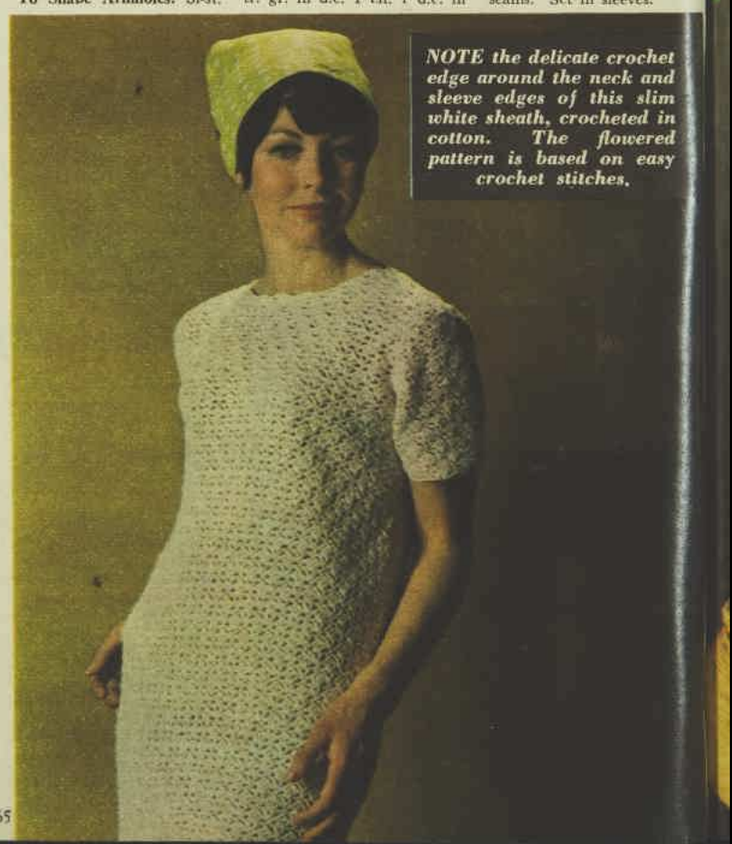
12th Row: * 3 tr. gr. in 2 tr. gr., 1 d.c. in d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch. turn. (9 3 tr. grs.) Continue in pattern and decrease both ends until 26 rows have been worked and 3 3 tr. grs. remain. Work 1 row of 2 tr. grs. End off. Work other sleeve to correspond.

BELT (optional)

Make 9 ch. 1 d.c. in each ch., 1 ch., turn 1 d.c. in each d.c., continue until belt is desired length, finish with buckle or bow.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with damp cloth or steam iron. Stitch side seams and shoulder seams. Set in sleeves.



NOTE the delicate crochet edge around the neck and sleeve edges of this slim white sheath, crocheted in cotton. The flowered pattern is based on easy crochet stitches.

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SUMMER CLASSICS

Easy cable designs

● Superbly simple and elegant in their design, these two spring knitted dresses would be worthy additions to a new wardrobe for any season.

Materials: 18 (19, 20) balls Patons Patonyle 4-ply knitting yarn; 1 pair No. 10 needles; set of 4 No. 12 needles; stitch-holder.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 40 (40½, 41) in.

Tension: 10 sts. to 1in. over rib.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 169 (181, 193) sts.

1st Row: P 2, k 3, * p 3, k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p 3, * k 3, p 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 32½in. (or length required to underarm, allowing for blousing).

To shape armhole (right side facing): Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, k 3 tog. t.b.l., rib to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P 3, rib to last 3 sts., p 3.

Rep. last 2 rows 2 (5, 8) times (141 sts.).

Next Row: K 2, k 2 tog. t.b.l., rib to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P 3, rib to last 3 sts., p 3.

Rep. last 2 rows until 71 sts. remain. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Leave rem. 51 sts. on holder for collar.

FRONT

Work as back until 95 sts. remain, ending on wrong-side row.

To shape neck: K 2, k 2 tog. t.b.l., rib 30 sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. 61 sts. on holder.

Next Row: K 2 tog., rib to last 3 sts., p 3.

Cont. in rib, dec. at armhole edge every alt. row as before, at same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 8 rows and next 3 alt. rows. Cont. in rib, dec. at armhole edge every alt. row as before until 10 sts. rem.

Next Row (right side facing): Cast off.

Return to sts. on holder, leave 27 centre front sts. on holder, and work on rem. 34 sts., rib to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: P 3, rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in rib, dec. at armhole edge every alt. row as before, and at same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 8 rows and next 3 alt. rows. Cont. in rib, dec. at armhole edge as before, every alt. row until 10 sts. remain.

Next Row (wrong side facing): Cast off.

COLLAR

Seam shoulders. Using set of 4 No. 12 needles, commencing at left shoulder seam, pick up and knit 27 sts. down left side of neck, rib 27 centre front sts., pick up and knit 27 sts. up right side of neck, rib 51 back sts. (132 sts.).

Next Round: * k 3, p 3. Rep. from * to end of round.

Rep. last round until collar measures 6in. or depth required. Cast off loosely in rib.

BELT

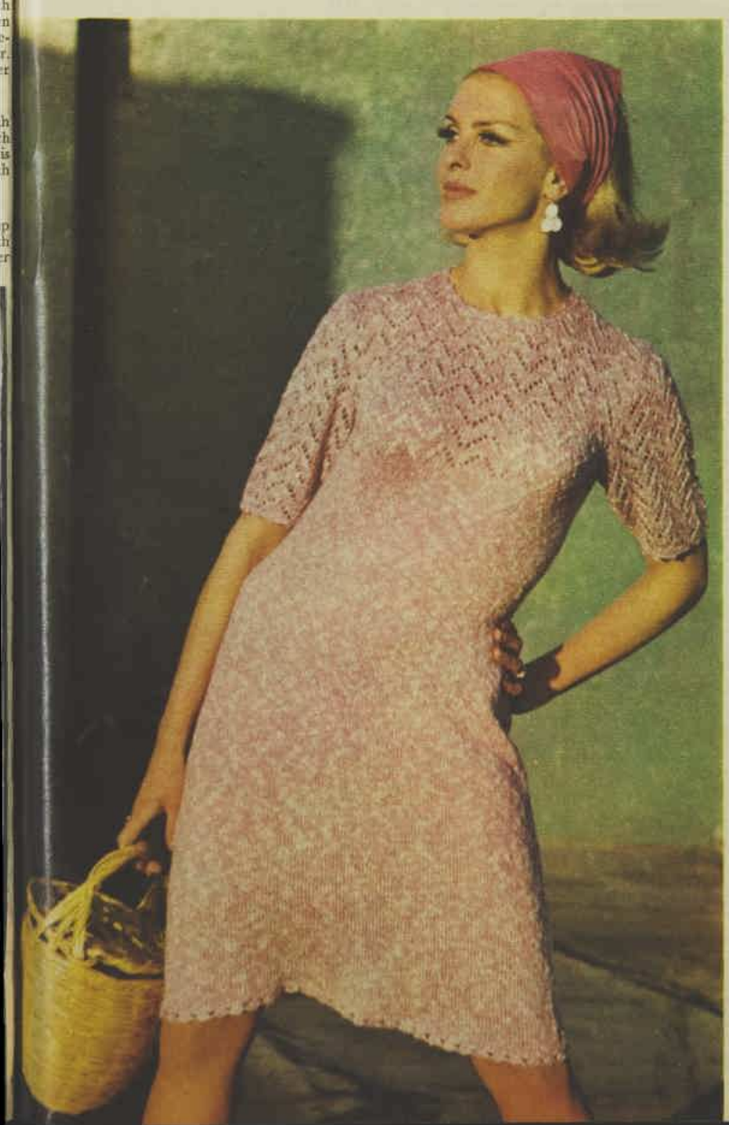
Using No. 10 needles, cast on 14 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 48in. or length required. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press lowest 20in. of skirt on wrong side. Seam sides. Work 1 row of d.c. around armholes if preferred. Lightly press all seams. Fold down collar.

● This dateless classic (right) — the ribbed tube dress — is knitted in gold 4-ply wool.





Lacy patterned shift

Materials: 11 (12) skeins Villawool Tivoli; 1 pr. Nos. 10 and 11 needles; No. 13 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (37) in. bust; length, 37½in. (all sizes); sleeves, 5in. (all sizes).

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. on No. 11 needles.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 3, (k 2 tog., y.f., k 1, y.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5) rep. ending k 3 instead of k 5.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, (k 2 tog., y.f., k 3, y.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3) rep. ending k 2 instead of k 3.

5th Row: K 1, (k 2 tog., y.f., k 5, y.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1) rep. to end.

7th Row: K 2 tog., (y.f., k 7, y.f., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) rep. to last 9 sts., y.f., k 7, y.f., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

8th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 123 (133) sts. and work in st-st. Cont. until work measures 13in. (adjust at this point for length required). Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until 111 (121) sts. rem. Change to No. 11 needles and dec. each end of every 6th row until 103 (113) sts. rem. Work 15 rows straight.

● Note the unusual flowered pattern effect on the bodice and pink knitted skimmer shift (left). The sleeves, neckline, and hem are edged with delicate crochet work.

Inc. 1 stitch each end of next then every 4th row until 111 (121) sts. Cont. until work measures 27in. (or as adjusted) ending on purl row. Cont. in patt. for 2in. (29in. from beg., or as adjusted) ending on purl row.

To shape armholes: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (6) sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 6 (8) times (91, 97 sts. rem.). Cont. until armholes measure 4in. on straight ending on purl row.

To divide for back opening: Next Row: Patt. 45 (48) sts., cast off centre 1 st., patt. to end. Cont. on the last 45 (48) sts. until armhole measures 7in., ending at centre back.

To shape neck and shoulder: Cast off on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 12 (13) sts. once, 2 sts. twice, at the same time, cast off from armhole edge at beg. of next and alt. rows 10 (10) sts. twice, 9 (11) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at centre back and finish as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5½in., ending on purl row.

To shape neck: Next Row: Patt. 37 (39) sts., cast off centre 17 (19) sts., patt. to end.

Cont. on last 37 (39) sts. to neck edge. Cast off on neck edge at beg. of next and every 2nd row 2 sts. twice, 1 st. 4 times. Cont. until armhole measures as back ending at armhole edge.

To shape shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 10 (10) sts. twice, 9 (11) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 71 sts. (all sizes) and work in patt. Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th, then every 7th (5th) row thereafter until 81 (85) sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. where possible. Cont. until sleeves measure 5in. (or length required) ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (6) sts. twice, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 26 (28) times, 3 sts. 6 times, 19 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Lightly press work on wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes.

EDGING FOR LOWER EDGE

With right side of work facing and crochet hook, work 1 row of d.c. and sl-st. to join.

Next Row: 3 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr. in 1st d.c. (miss 3 d.c., 2 ch., 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr. in next d.c.) rep. ending with 2 ch. in 2nd ch. and fasten off.

EDGING FOR NECK AND SLEEVES

Work 1 row of d.c. and sl-st. to join.

Next Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c. (3 ch., 1 d.c. in prev. d.c. (picot), 1 d.c. in each of next 4 d.c.) rep. ending with 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c. and fasten off.

Press all edgings.

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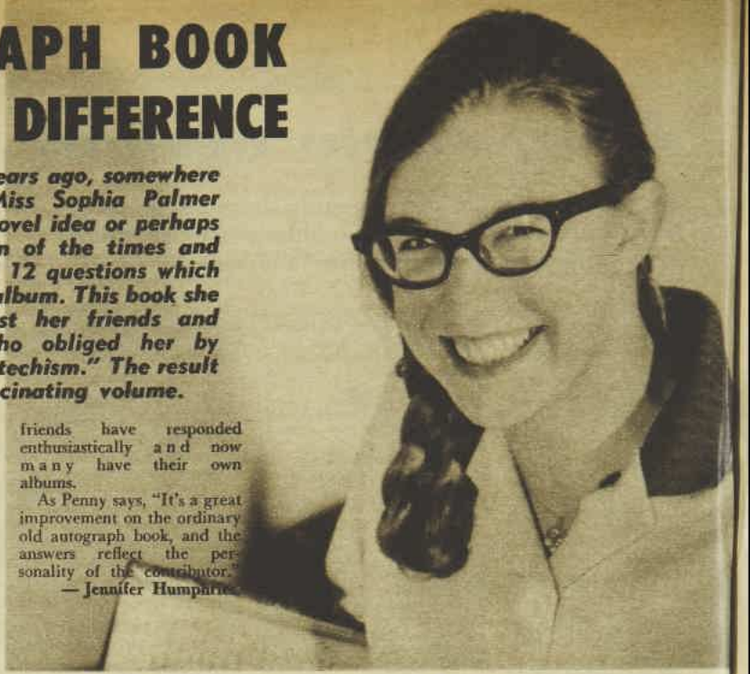
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUTOGRAPH BOOK WITH A DIFFERENCE

● *One hundred years ago, somewhere in England, a Miss Sophia Palmer either evolved a novel idea or perhaps followed a fashion of the times and compiled a list of 12 questions which she entered in an album. This book she circulated amongst her friends and acquaintances, who obliged her by answering the "catechism." The result was a very fascinating volume.*



PENELOPE HUNTLEY, who has started her own autograph book with a difference. "These days people don't write so many letters, so many of their ideas on life are never recorded," she said.

Sophia Palmer's questions were:—

1. What is your favorite occupation?
 and
2. That which you most dislike?
3. Which virtue do you most admire?
4. Name your favorite historical character and the one you most dislike.
5. Your favorite flower — scenery — art — and poem.
6. What man's and woman's name do you most affect?
7. Which do you value most highly: talent, wealth, or beauty?
8. Are you satisfied with your present condition in life? If not, for what would you change?
9. What is your favorite proverb?
10. What style of conversation do you most like?
11. What opinion do you entertain of life in general?
12. What is your ideal of earthly happiness?

The great British Field-Marshal Baron Napier of Magdala was one who submitted himself to the "catechism," and in answer to question 1 he confessed, "If I could manage it, I should think going up in a balloon and dropping bricks and other trifles on the heads of people that I don't like an extremely pleasant occupation." He gave his pet aversion as "playing croquet with middle-aged spinsters."

Another contributor was Frederick Garling Stuart, whose grandson, Mr. H. A. Stuart, of Lakemba, N.S.W., is the present owner of the album. Frederick Stuart's effort is in verse, and he combined his answers to questions 7 and 8 in the following lines:—

"Then which do I value, beauty, talent, or wealth?
Do I relish my lonely condition in life?
Electing all three I'll kiss beauty by stealth
And risk being plagued by a Turk of a wife."

Although it appears that most of the entries were made in England, between the years 1865 to 1869, it is worth noting that many of the contributors bore the surnames of families which made pioneering history in Australia, including those of Cox, Webb, and Faithfull.

Recently a 5th-year high-school student, Penelope Huntley, of Northwood, N.S.W., inspired by the novelty of the century-old album, decided to start a "catechism" of her own, using Sophia Palmer's questions as a basis. Penny's friends have responded enthusiastically and now many have their own albums.

As Penny says, "It's a great improvement on the ordinary old autograph book, and the answers reflect the personality of the contributor."

— Jennifer Humphries

Teen talk is too much

● If, like me, you don't understand teen talk any more, that's a sure sign you're *ancient* (over 20).

FOR teen talk (in case you didn't know) is that ever-changing language spoken and understood only by the 13- to 19-year-olds.

The peculiarity of the dialect is that words that are IN today are OUT tomorrow.

Now, when I was a teen (a whole six months ago) Surfie talk was all the rage.

Everything good was *gas, too much,* and *king;* and everyone was *stoked* (crazy, mad) about everything from the Beatles to the Stomp.

But now that Surfie talk is *flaking* (dying) what will be the next word fads?

My spies (disc jockeys, pop singers, and a few teens) agree that the latest talk on the American teen scene is *boss* (great) and should soon find its way here.

Over there everything good today is *boss, tuff, out-of-sight,* and *dyno.* Clothes are *vines* and hats are *brims* and *skies.* The telephone is the *ring* or the *bell* and the Saturday-night party is a *gig* or a *set.*

A close friend is a *cut-buddy* and a constant companion is a *shadow.* School is the *warehouse* and if you've got a *hustle* (job) you receive *green bark, change, bread,* or *coin* (wages).

A quick flick through my five-year diary (kept faithfully from 14 to 19) brings to light a good example of how words to describe boys have come and gone.

Dreamy, swoony, a *doll, cool, neat, mighty, fabulous, terrific, swinging, gas, too much, fantastic* . . . were just some of my words to describe current crushes.

Last year it was *divine.*

Everything from your latest love to a peanut butter sandwich was *too divine.* I remember everyone in my family, from my father to our pet budgerigar, caught that word fever . . . it was *divine.*

Remember when Kookie talk was so popular?

"Hey, *dad* (boy), *I dig* (like) your *swingin' pad* (home)," was a normal line of conversation.

And this hep-cat star of TV's Sunset Strip also started the *ville* craze — *dreamsville, goonsville, germsville* (hospital), and *antsville,* the word for a crowded room or dance floor.

Then the movie "Gidget" introduced *ginchiest* (dreamy, swoony) and everyone was "the *ginchiest*" . . . for a while.

Then there was the craze when everyone but you was *square* (and if you didn't understand you were a *cube* —which was squarer than *square!*).

Then the Cockney "Dad 'n Dave" (meaning shave) talk was revived.

If you went for a *dim-sim* (swim) you had to watch out for the *Noah's arks* (sharks). And you never wore your *bag of fruit* (suit) and *meat pie* (tie) to the *big peach* (beach).

Teens are *hooked* (mad) for using *gear* for everything and everyone. If someone's a sharp dresser, they've got *gear gear* And to be a *gear* gal is really *gear.*

It's the latest IN word—and it's a *gear* one.

Although I wouldn't go so far as to say I'm *hooked, hung,* or even *stoked* (glad) about being *ancient,* at least there's one big consolation.

I don't have to keep up with teen talk anymore.

—KERRY YATES.

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What the boys will wear this summer

Teenagers WEEKLY

● *The clothes on this page are a selection of outfits chosen by the Men's Fashion Council to show you what's "with-it" for young men this summer. The slub-weave linen look is seen in all ranges of garments. The silk look also keeps recurring in men's clothes this season. In bathing-trunks, red, blue, aqua — anything bright, young, and fun — is smart. In suits subtle-toned jackets and trousers are brought to life with gaily colored shirts.*



***RIGHT:** Popular with surfers and sailing enthusiasts is the "wet look" competition shirt (left) styled for easy, comfortable wear. The brilliant parka (right) has a zip front and bright terrycloth lining.*

***LEFT:** "Zip Fits" for the beach boy. Easy-fitting, brief, and smart, they feature "cut out" side vents and elasticised waistband. The Makaha trunks (right) come in the new longer leg look and have a dramatic panel effect.*





***ABOVE:** The sportscoat (left) with natural shoulder line and the "slub-linen-look" is teamed with slim-line slacks and a pastel check shirt. Brightly colored shirt teams with the silk textured sports coat (right).*

***BELOW:** Bold check Bermuda shorts (left) team with a Jac shirt which features a striking panel stripe. Knee-high socks give the "dressed-up" look for a casual occasion. Vertically striped Jac shirt (right) co-ordinates with cuffless and pleatless slacks.*



What's IN



Daisies are IN. Bell-bottoms are IN. Purple pants are OUT. Parents are IN. Bonnets 'n' bows are IN. Pointed toes are OUT. Fancy notepaper is OUT. Poetry reading is IN. Western movie re-runs are IN. Saying "gas" is OUT. Knees are IN. Lime-green and navy is IN. Blushing cheeks are IN. Tight skirts are OUT. "Oliver" haircuts are IN. Rubber thongs are OUT. Short-shorts are IN. Girls being girlish is IN. Culottes are IN. Mad drop earrings are IN. Elephant jokes are OUT. Epic films are OUT. Spotted underwear is IN. Sideburns for girls are IN. Grey hair for teens is OUT. Learning Spanish dancing is IN. Stiletto heels are OUT. Rainbow shoes are IN. Bare midriffs are IN. Mousy hair is IN. Horror movies are OUT. Sun-toned lipsticks are IN. Bermudas are OUT. Courreges sunglasses are IN. Hair-pieces are IN. Pink with orange is IN. Bikini bikinis are OUT. Pink telephones are IN. "Peanuts" is IN. Shoulder bags are OUT. John Lennon's "Spaniard in the Works" is IN. Going steady is OUT. Calorie-counting is IN. Skinny tops are IN. Chunky Italian sandals are IN. Artificial flowers in your hair are IN. Twisting is OUT. Shopping at junk tips is IN. Siamese cats are IN. Elvis is OUT. Pushbikes are IN. Boys' jeans are IN. Peter O'Toole is IN. Being an authority on pop and op art is IN. Wanting to marry a Beatle is OUT. Baby alligators as pets are OUT. Casual crushes on everyone is IN.



and what's OUT this summer?



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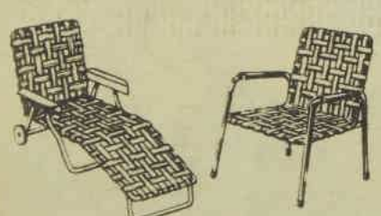
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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Making the best use of time

HOW shall we make the best use of time? There are three ways:

Gain a certain ability to maintain peace with yourself so that much can go on around you and you can still stay calm inside.

Give all your attention to the thing at hand, and then be able to put it aside and go on to the next thing without confusion.

Arrange a routine pattern for the days that allot certain activities to certain hours, and plan in advance.

The important thing is to pay full attention to the people you are with and to what they are saying.

To carry out a great deal of work it is essential to organise your time.

You cannot use the best of your time if you do not make some sort of plan. If you follow the above rules you will find life much more satisfactory. — *Bertram Britto, Medina, W.A.*

Taiwan pops

WHILE visiting Taiwan recently our ship called in at the port of Keelung. We were told that it would be hot and dirty and that people there lived in extreme poverty. We were also warned that this place and its people were very backward and that hardly a soul spoke English. This, we found out later, was all quite true, but what was the first sound to greet my ears as I walked down the main street? Why, "I Want to Hold Your Hand," by the Beatles, of course! — *Jenna Thorley, Mosman, N.S.W.*

Party idea

TO anyone looking for a party idea for the holidays I would like to recommend one we organised and which was most successful. This is a "Come-as-you-would - like - to - be - in-the-future" party.



"You're improving—but your concentration's awful."

It offers much wider scope in dressing than most parties with a set theme and is an ideal wind-up at the end of schooldays. — *"Nancy," Peppermint Grove, W.A.*

Between age

I THINK the worst age to be is the "between age." At this age, usually about 12 and 13, you don't quite fit into the category as a child or a teenager. Nothing seems to go right. You begin to envy your older sister and try to copy her—but, alas!

Your hair just will not go into any of the latest styles. About this time the pimples begin to appear. All at once you notice all those horrid freckles that just won't go away and your mother says that you are too young for make-up, which might have helped hide them a little.

At last you have some stockings, but they are too light and show up your skinny legs. Everywhere you look in fashion magazines there are wonderful clothes that look lovely on the models but look ghastly on you. At about this time you are shy, awkward, and self-conscious.

Thus your entry into society will have to wait. Yet you have one comforting thought — in a couple of years' time you will be 14 or 15 and it will all be over.— *"Betweenager," Marion, S.A.*

NEXT WEEK

SUMMER A'HEAD is the theme of next week's issue.

- **Color pictures of fascinating ideas to pretty up your hairdo using inexpensive accessories.**
- **Three easily made snoods that are as pretty as they are practical—they can be worn almost anywhere. In color.**
- **How to make a mini-scarf.**

Teachers' rules

THE following Ten Commandments For Teachers recently appeared in our school magazine:

1. A teacher should be neat and appropriately dressed.
2. A teacher should not apply make-up or comb her hair during class.
3. A teacher should not eat, drink, or take medicine in front of students.
4. A teacher should avoid playing favorites.
5. A teacher should not be influenced too strongly by first impressions.
6. A teacher should give at least a day's notice on all tests.
7. A teacher should not use force on students. (Students should not use force on teachers.)
8. A teacher should strive for a medium between being too personal and too distant.
9. A teacher should not cause students to fear him or her.
10. A teacher should keep his (or her) temper and not raise his or her voice. — *Lynne Ellwood, Carlton, N.S.W.*

Who pays?

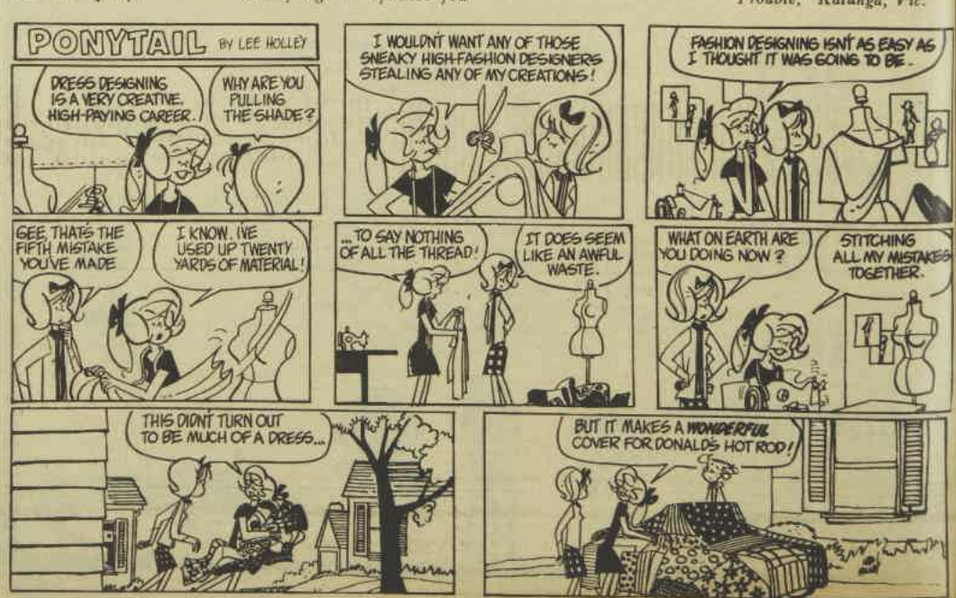
THIS is a question I would like to ask other teenagers (mainly the boys). When on dates, who should pay for whom?

My father says that if the date is with a working boy (I am doing Senior at school) he should pay for both of us, but if the date is with a fellow-student I should pay my own way. — *Suzanne Torok, Townsville, Qld.*

Tunic tip

SOME girls who wear a tunic to school have the problem of the back of the tunic hanging down, and the front climbing up.

If you pin the blouse to the tunic at each shoulder with a small safety pin, it straightens the level of the hem, and makes you look much neater. — *"Tunic Trouble," Katunga, Vic.*



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This giddy go-round of checks (and stripes) in a geometry of sizes illustrates a strong young fashion look for this summer.

GEOMETRY OF CHECKS

***CHECKS GALORE** in gingham with self-hat and embroidered organdie tie from Mary Quant's Ginger Group. Mary Quant says: "Wear this one short and crisp with Vidal Sassoon's new architectural haircut." Inset above is stylist Sassoon at work on one of his new hair shapes.*

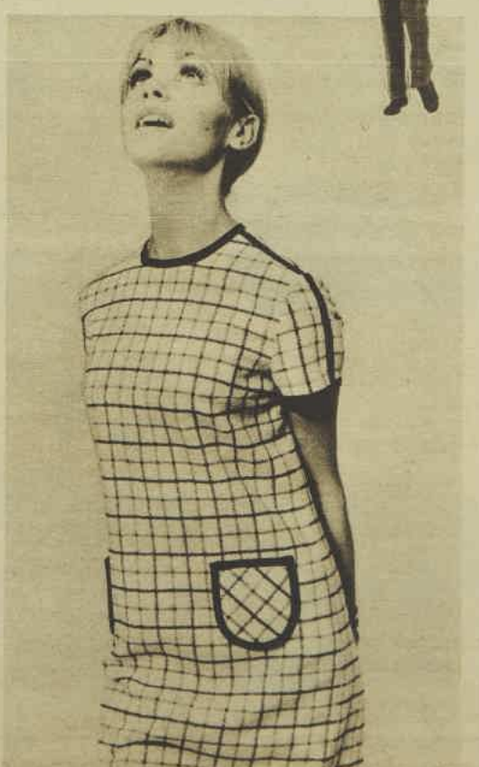




***ABOVE:** Kinky plait with flower at end is high-gloss plastic — and how about that stand-up collar, bar-striped? **RIGHT:** Tunic slacks suit in broad checks gets off the casual trend with a large matched tricorne hat.*



***DAZZLING** op print in a sporty suit with loads of throw-away fashion interest. Note the long Rajah-type jacket over cotton rib-knit sweater.*



***SHIFTY DRESS** in this season's favorite brown-and-cream Tattersall check. It's bound in thick black braid for a crisp geometric emphasis.*



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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Being "babied"

"I AM 14 and my problem is my parents. I think they baby me too much. I'm not allowed to go out at night, nor am I allowed to travel to the beach with my friends. I think they should allow me more freedom. They say it is not me they don't trust but that it is the louts who hang around the beaches and on the trains. How can I prove that I would behave myself and keep out of any kind of trouble?"

"Cooped Up," N.S.W.

You don't have to prove to your parents that you would behave yourself. As they have told you, it's not you, but the fact that they don't want to put you in a position that you couldn't handle. If such a situation is unpleasant for anyone older, it's plain frightening when you're 14. Believe me on this.

As it is quite a distance from your home to the beach, and you would have to be away all day, I agree with your parents. I think you are a little too young for outings like that, and also too young to be out late at night. Have you thought of arranging parties in your own home, or picnics somewhere locally? I don't think your parents would object to a Saturday or Sunday afternoon party for a few friends. By conducting yourself well at these, and by showing your parents in this way how you and your friends behave, you will be opening the way to more freedom in the future.

Earlier marriage

"MY fiance and I are very much in love. I am 18 and he is 22. We were going to be married next April, but would like to put it forward to January. My father said it would be better for us to wait a little longer. This is for us to decide — not him. My fiance thinks the only thing to do is to elope. Please help us to convince my father. We want very much to have a real wedding in January."

"Impatient," N.S.W.

You and your fiance may well have 60 years of married life ahead of you. Why start off unhappily? Would three months more or less make such a great difference? Keep to your original plan and marry in April. It's not such a big sacrifice, and it will please your father. Until you are 21 he, legally, does decide whether you may marry at all.

They tease him

"I AM madly in love with a boy who travels on the same school bus and who is a little older than I am. He has red hair and wears glasses and is not very handsome in most people's eyes. I become quite furious when some of the other people tease him — and me, too — because I try to stick up for him. I love him madly, and I think he loves me, too, because he always smiles and grins at me. How am I to stop these people from teasing him?"

"School-bus Worrier," Tas.

The only way to stop teasing is not to react to it. Don't get furious and don't defend him or yourself from now on, and your friends will soon get tired of it. But keep on smiling at him so that he doesn't think you're on their side.

It's up to her

"I AM fairly attractive and have plenty of boyfriends. I am 15. For 12 months I have known this boy I am going with, and we have been going steady for three. He used to come over to see me, but now that he hasn't a car I ride over to see him. I always ask him if he wants me to come the next day and his answer is always 'That's up to you.' I get the feeling that he doesn't care, but when I do go over he tells me he loves me. What should I do?"

"Not Sure," Qld.

Next time he says that it's up to you, don't go. Give him a plausible excuse, though. If he doesn't take the initiative in organising the next meeting, drop him.

Changing religion

"I AM 19 and wish to change my religion. My parents want me to wait until I am 21 in the hope that I will change my mind. There are many reasons for which I don't want to wait, and I think my parents are unfair. I have gone into the subject in great detail and know what I am doing. As my parents will not consent I have decided to go ahead without their approval. In my opinion religion is strictly personal and should be my own decision, not my parents'. Your advice would be appreciated."

"Anxious," S.A.

Strictly speaking, it is a personal decision, but you should not refuse to consider your parents' attitude or feelings. If you have talked it over thoroughly with them, and still feel that you want to, and must, change your religion now, then I think you should. But make sure that you understand your parents fully, and that you absolutely can't wait for a year or so.

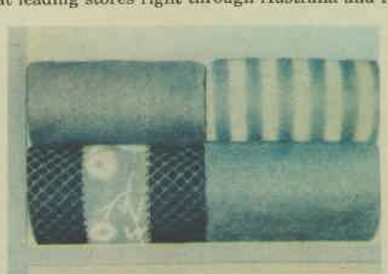
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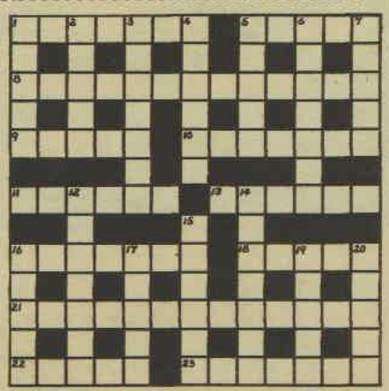
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE ICE cracks as Opolo finishes his story. Before he could be stopped Opolo parachuted into the huge crevice. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Rob the inside of small rodents and get a still smaller being (7).
5. Walks with slow or regular steps in space (5).
8. Study disturbed rest not in a fright (13).
9. Le roi (anagr., 5).
10. Geometrical figure without its head sounds like the bus which takes you home (7).
11. A shepherd or a clergyman (6).
13. Begins with pastry in a steamer (6).
16. Nag most in the crowd (7).
18. The senior tree (5).
21. Train can't last in such travelling (13).
22. He is inside this game of skill (5).
23. Hats of beaver fur on legs of furniture (7).

DOWN

1. Indicates greatness when starts a word (5).
2. Water-way made by a clan (5).
3. A province of Canada (7).
4. Mistakes remain mistakes even without the alternative (6).
5. Pal to a Greek philosopher (5).
6. A creeper, which without its head is flexible (7).
7. Dispatches keeping the finish in the middle (5).
12. Cost of warehousing could lead to rages (7).
14. Ensnares with cylindrical surgical saws (7).
15. Cast it with atmospherics (6).
16. It sounds very old, but it is only grotesque in cat (5).
17. Sudden blasts of wind (5).
19. The same (5).
20. Flemington scare (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3364.—Raglan-sleeved shirtdress with slightly bloused bodice, unpressed pleated skirt, self belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

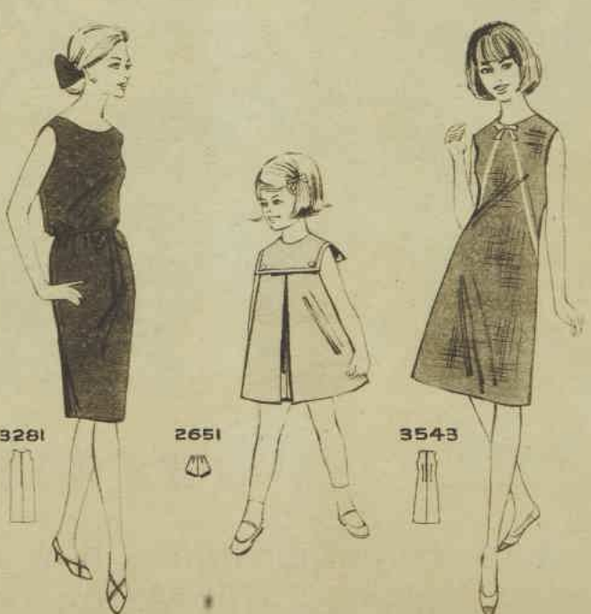
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